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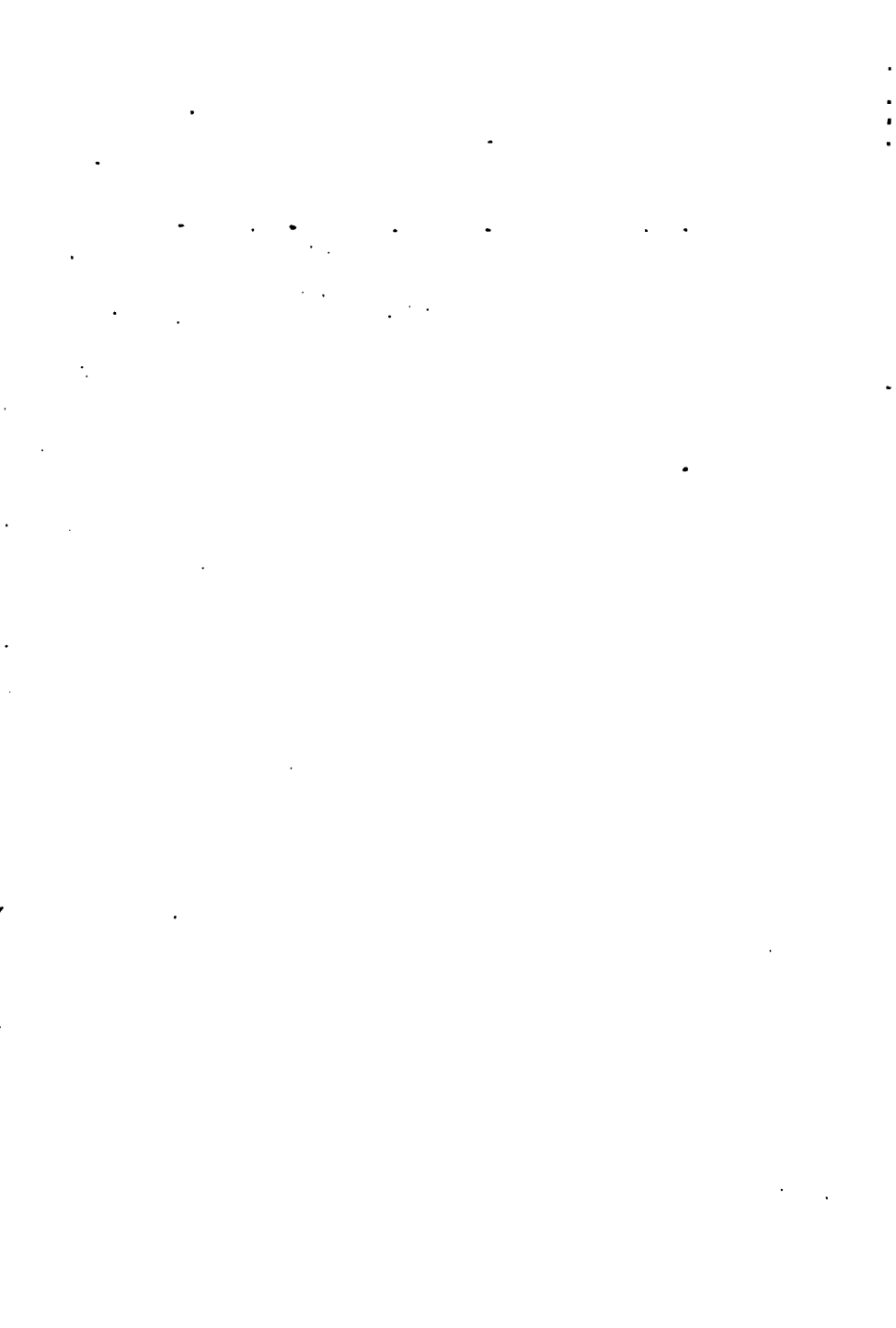
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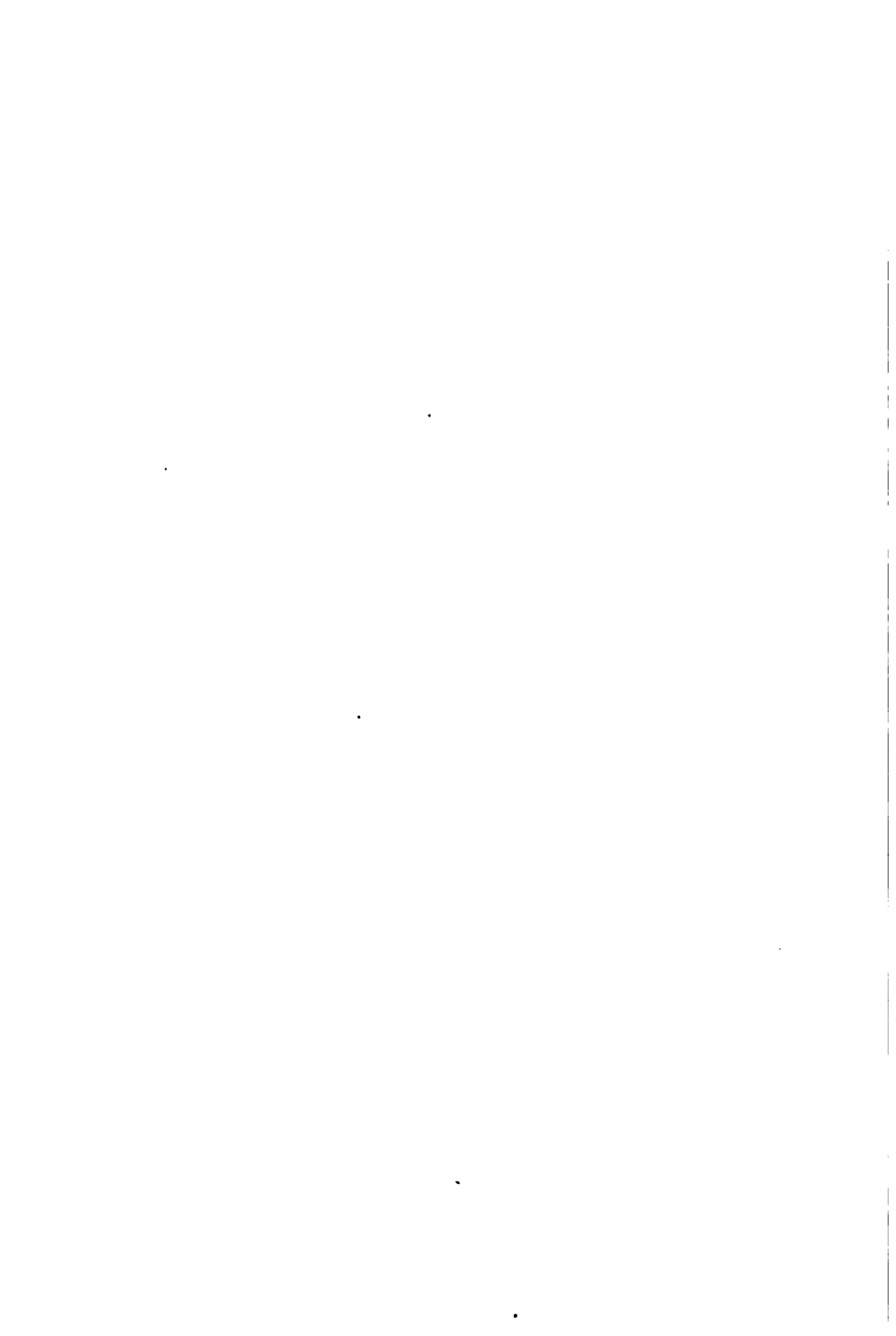


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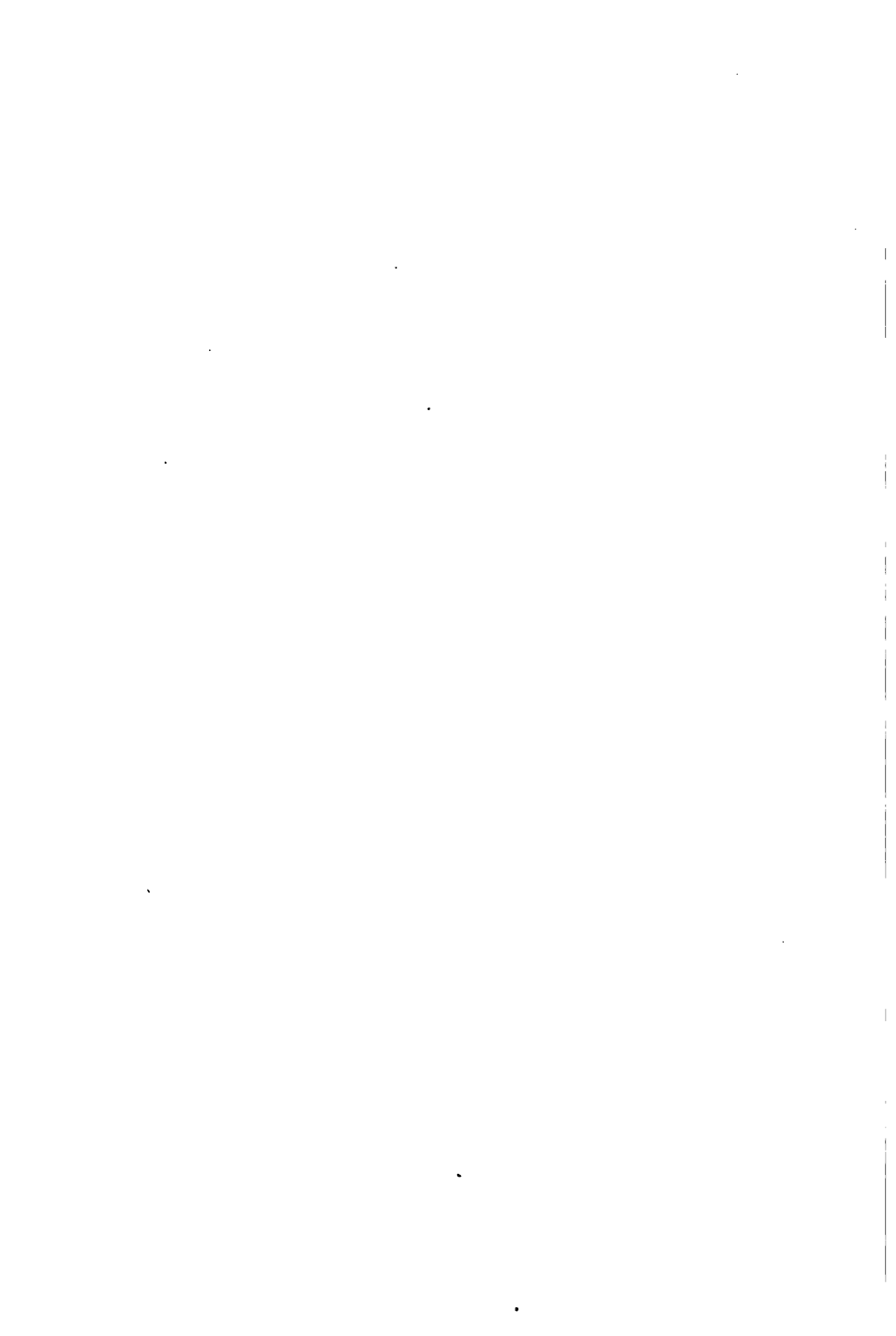
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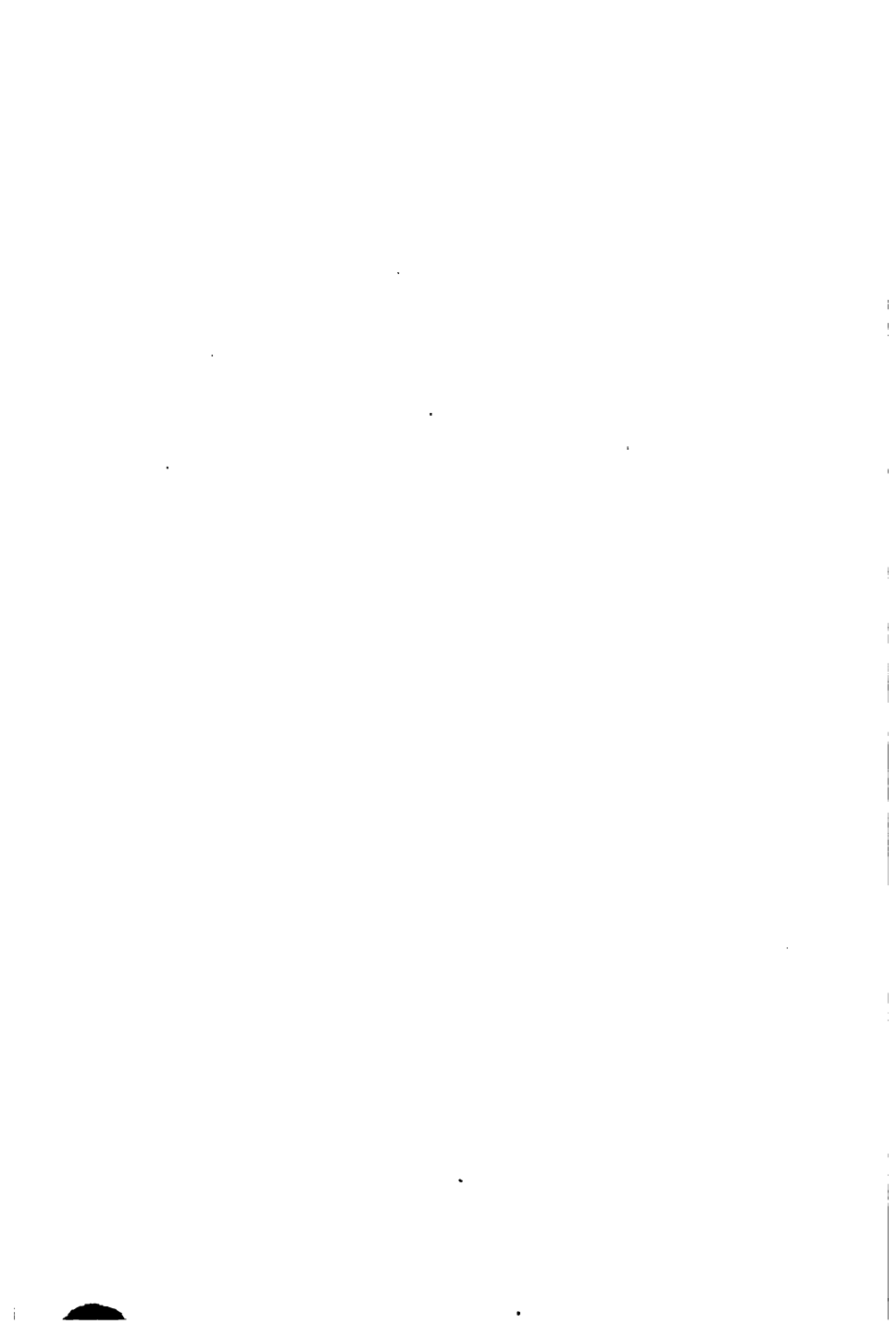
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"War Against War." By Jan Ten Kate. (See "Armies the Real Promoters of Peace," page 19).

Death is seen marching along, decorated with laurel coronet, medals, and other badges of honour. In his wake come the poor people who must furnish the means and sinews of War. The Christian mind presents to the diplomat and statesman the fruits of their work, in the horrors of War. Tolstoi lends his beneficent arm to rescue and protect suffering humanity. Bertha von Suttner lifts in its defence the cross (made from a broken sword). Bergson, Kings and Presidents are approaching the idea of Universal Peace. The wounded soldier becomes reconciled in death to the former enemy and Despair rests upon the defeated General.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 53.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 1.



AFTER an unusual and remarkable campaign, a campaign relatively free from bitterness and objectionable personalities, the voters of the country rendered their verdict on November third. The verdict was significant from any point of view.

The people elected William H. Taft, president and James S. Sherman, vice-president. They elected a Republican House of Representatives, reducing slightly the majority of the party now in power in that body.

The states that gave their electoral votes to the successful ticket are these: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Wyoming.

All but one of the "doubtful" states were thus carried by the Republicans, the exception being Nebraska, which gave Mr. Bryan its electoral vote, as it did in 1896. In the West generally the Democrats made gains, but not sufficient gains to overcome the Republican preponderance of recent years. In the East Mr. Bryan scarcely improved his position, the old distrust, growing out of the silver question, still manifestly clinging to him.

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The great surprise of the election was the failure of the "labor vote" to make any perceptible impression on the result. Though the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, an organization with over 2,000,000 adherents or members, had urged the support of the Bryan ticket, and though hundreds of trade unions and labor papers had endorsed the Democratic candidate, the great industrial centers of the country, and especially New York and Chicago, gave Taft majorities of various sizes. The carrying of Greater New York by Taft was the most unexpected of all the notable features of the election.

It is a cause for gratification that the verdict was decisive and that the popular plurality for the Taft ticket was so large (over 1,100,000) that none of the practical politicians ventured to ascribe the outcome to corruption or coercion. The people preferred Taft to Bryan on his record and his known characteristics, and their will is law. If they had not regarded Mr. Taft as a progressive and trustworthy man they would have chosen Mr. Bryan to continue the reformatory work of the last several years. But they believed Mr. Taft's assurances and had no fear of stagnation or reaction under him. The next administration and the next Congress are definitely committed to tariff revision, to additional railroad legislation, to modernization of the trust laws, to war on political and corporate dishonesty. The struggle for popular rule and economic justice, for equality of opportunity and honest representative government, must go on, and in it the defeated candidate, Mr. Bryan, will have an important part. His great gifts will remain at the service of the people, whether he remains in private life or enters public life at some future time.

The election, in brief, indicates merely that the majority of the voters regard the Republican candidates and party as safer instruments of progress. The differences between the two great parties, as we have repeatedly said, were never less marked or less important than now. Both candidates for the presidency were able and attractive men, and to both the people listened gladly and enthusiastically. There is no repudiation of Mr. Bryan's essential political views in his third

defeat. There is no personal disgrace in it for him. The Republican party must proceed with the execution of the policies that the people have indorsed, and the aid of the minority party, or of the "opposition," should be frankly sought in that work. Honest criticism and fair discussion by a strong minority are wholesome in a republican government.



The Referendum in Maine.

It is generally supposed that the West is radical and the East conservative. It was deemed natural that Oregon and Oklahoma should adopt the initiative and referendum as checks on legislative bad faith or subserviency to special privilege, but Maine, "rock-ribbed" Republican Maine, surely would reject what many regard as "a blow to representative government." No, she has not rejected it. At her state election an amendment establishing in that state the referendum and the initiative was added to the Constitution by the remarkable vote of 51,991 to 23,712. The majority for the amendment was nearly four times the majority of the Republican candidate for governor. And this majority was given in spite of the arguments and opposition of Senator Hale, who is loved and respected by his state, and of arguments of other leading Republicans circulated as "literature" during the campaign.

In one form or another the referendum and initiative now exist in South Dakota, Illinois, Oregon, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Maine. Oregon and Oklahoma have the most advanced forms of direct popular legislation. In Ohio and Illinois there is only an advisory vote on questions of public policy. Maine has taken a middle course. Any law or statute may be suspended upon petition of ten thousand voters until the people pass upon it. No act takes effect until it is ninety days old and the voters have failed to petition for its submission. Twelve thousand voters may by petition present any bill to the Legislature and secure its submission,

and amendments to any such bill voted by the Legislature must be ratified at the polls.

The number of signatures required in either case is high, but the amendment is nevertheless a sign of "radicalism" even in the extremely conservative East. The people of Maine evidently wish to have firmer control of their agents in the Legislature. As "principals" and "sovereigns" they have the right to restrict the privileges of their representatives. The progress of direct legislation is merely a part of the movement for popular rule and popular revolt against bossism, monopoly, fraud, and corruption in politics and government.



The World's War On Tuberculosis.

Peace has its victories as well as war, and among these none are of greater moment than the victories over dreaded contagious diseases. Cholera, small pox and other plagues have lost their terror in progressive and efficiently governed countries. Russia has had a severe cholera epidemic this year, and one somewhat less severe last year, but she is notoriously misgoverned. Lack of funds, of preventive measures, of efficiency, of discipline, accounts for the rapid progress of the plague in that unhappy empire. The advanced countries are now able to protect themselves fully against cholera invasions and epidemics.

But it is different with "the white plague," consumption in its various forms. All countries suffer from it, all need greater and more systematic efforts to combat it, all feel that they are backward and remiss. It is said that the United States loses at least 160,000 lives annually through such negligence. What the whole civilized world loses, in men and in treasure, is incalculable.

The recent international congress on tuberculosis at Washington has given a great impetus to the warfare against the white plague. It was a congress of notables and leaders in medicine, in science, in hygiene, in humane and unselfish

work. It discussed every phase of the question and brought together, in an extraordinary "exhibit," an astonishing variety of models, appliances, maps, charts, data, plans, etc., as evidence and illustrations of actual or possible progress. The most dramatic feature of the congress, perhaps, was the debate on the so-called Koch theory of the essential difference between bovine tuberculosis and human, and the slight danger of human infection from the milk of tubercular cows, for example. Most of the delegates believed that Professor Koch was wrong, but he stoutly maintained his position and demanded proof. There was very little actual proof—a few doubtful cases of transmission of bovine tuberculosis to human beings. The rest consisted of suspicion, inference, analogy, fear. The advisability of practical measures to prevent "possible" infection Dr. Koch does not dispute; his interest is centered in the scientific question. And he urged his opponents to continue diligent investigation and bring proof of their position to Rome in 1911, the year of the next congress.

Aside from this, the value of the congress lay in its accentuation of the social and industrial aspects of consumption. The disease, it is now known, is curable if detected and attacked in its first stage. But the cure depends on a score of factors and conditions—living arrangements, work, food, air, climate, associations, etc. The question of preventing and curing consumption is a question for the family, the employer, the trade union, the railroad company, the charity society, the settlement, the church, the city, the county, the state and the nation. Each has its work to do in the broad field. It is necessary to build sanatoria, to provide proper food, to ventilate homes, factories, cars, and offices, to spread elementary knowledge of the subject among the masses, to insure prompt attention to incipient sufferers, to enforce health ordinances and laws for the registration of patients, and, if necessary, their isolation. It is necessary to establish dispensaries for the poor consumptives, as has been done in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. Co-operation of many forces is imperatively required, and happily there are signs that it is growing apace. Many American states, cities and hospitals

have received medals from the congress for their excellent work in one or more of the directions just specified. And the campaign has but just begun. Not more than half a dozen years back the indifference and the ignorance, even in intelligent circles, regarding tuberculosis were profound and alarming.



The Election in Canada.

Our neighbors of the dominion voted for members of the House of Representatives on September 26, and their pro-liberal verdict was not a surprise to either of the parties. The campaign had been one "without issues," strictly speaking. That is, as matters now stand there are no vital differences between the liberals and the conservatives of Canada. A decade ago there were such differences, chiefly with regard to protection and nationalism, imperialism and tariff preferences for England. The liberal leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was then a free trader or revenue tariff man, while the conservatives were ardent protectionists. But Laurier, made premier in 1896, gradually adopted the protective policy and has for years been a champion of national development and internal improvement. He has remained an opponent of extreme imperialism and of the schemes of tariff-union with the mother country, and on the whole his sympathies are with the British liberals. His policies and legislation, however, have deprived the conservatives, who have been out of power for twelve years, of their platform and leading issues.

In the recent campaign the liberals, with Premier Laurier at their head, pointed to the wonderful progress of the dominion in the last decade, to the great railroad and waterway projects undertaken, to the growth of manufactures and population and revenue, and to the laws for labor, old-age, etc., as arguments for keeping them in power and enabling them to complete their work. The conservatives, led by Mr. Borden, an able and vigorous man, indorsed the constructive and

reformatory work of the liberals, but went even farther in the advocacy of government regulation, social reform legislation and national development, and charged the government with extravagance, inefficiency, and weakness. Corruption had been found in some of the departments of the government, and that was largely ascribed to "spoils," favoritism, nepotism, and general laxity. In fact, the conservative campaign was made altogether an anti-spoils and anti-fraud campaign, a campaign for merit and efficiency in administration. That Sir Wilfrid was honest, patriotic, and enlightened, and that his leadership had been successful and inspiring, could not be denied; but it was urged that he could not, with advancing age, control the whole government and the office-holding class subject to it.

What the voters thought of the situation may be inferred from the results of the election. The liberals were returned to power and given another term in which to complete their work. Their majority in the House will be smaller, but for all practical purposes it will be sufficient. The work of railroad and water way extension will be continued, and in regard to the tariff preference, senate reform, control of corporations, etc., the legislation will constitute no departure from the policy of the last decade. The progress of Canada is assured and would have been in any event.



Canada's Old-Age Annuity Scheme.

As a nation Canada is very youthful, and her resources are scarcely scratched. Her population is still small, and she finds it advisable to subsidize desirable immigration. The question of old-age pensions, so vital in "mature" and overburdened countries cannot be urgent in undeveloped, expanding countries where the demand for labor exceeds the supply and wages are high.

Yet Canada has been influenced by the agitation the world over for better provision for "industrial veterans"

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and for old age generally, and her parliament, after considerable study and discussion, recently passed a government bill establishing a form of old-age pensions that differs little, in principle, from the Massachusetts plan of old-age insurance through the mutual savings banks. It would be idle to argue against one scheme, adapted to one set of conditions, on the basis of another, suited to totally different conditions. But, comparisons aside, the Canadian scheme is interesting and suggestive.

Its essential object is to encourage thrift and foresight, to make the reasonably prudent man his own old-age pensioner. The government will accept payments and create an annuity fund: Annuities will not in any event be paid to persons under fifty-five, and in no circumstances will the annual amount exceed six hundred dollars to one person or married couple. The contributors may pay in the whole amount at fifty-five or any other age and become pensioners for life, or they make small annual or monthly payments into the treasury.

The government gives nothing from its own funds. It merely guarantees the pensioners' money and fair interest on it. In case of death prior to the maturing of the annuity the total paid in will be returned to the estate with three per cent interest. For cases of physical disability different provisions are made by the act.

The administrative features of the scheme are yet to be worked out and set forth. As in Massachusetts, the question is how popular the scheme will be and whether, without agency work and expensive pushing and soliciting, the majority of those most in need of old-age pensions or annuities will take advantage of the government's fund and facilities.



The Averted Crisis in the Balkans and in Europe.

Recent events in the Balkans, the storm center of Europe, have illustrated both the extreme delicacy of the diplomatic



William H. Taft, President-elect of the United States.



President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, recently resigned.

"balance," or the apparent instability of the peace of the world, and the deep, real aversion to war on the part of the great powers. The superficial moral of the recent crisis is not the true moral. There is much vague talk of German intrigue and ambition, of dangerous hostility between England and the ruling classes of the Teutonic empire, of the imminence of a terrible conflict. Had any first-class power desired war, it certainly could have found a cause or pretext for it in the sudden moral and political disturbance which the anti-Turkish steps of Bulgaria and Austria precipitated early in October. One imprudent act, one aggressive utterance, and a clash of arms would have become inevitable. The situation was full of peril; inflammable material, so to speak, lay on every hand; suspicion, fear, jealousy, resentment and like emotions had abundant scope. Yet the desire for peace was so strong that the dreaded explosion was averted and the obstacles to a reasonable solution of the problem were overcome one by one with patience and skill.

There is much to regret and deplore in the events in question, but even their most unfortunate phases have tended to emphasize the world's progress toward peace, national restraint and reasonableness in foreign policy.

It is a great pity and an instance of the irony of fate that Turkey should have suffered in prestige just when her constitutional and progressive forces were seeking to reform the abuses of the old regime of tyranny, persecution, fanaticism, and corruption, and to establish toleration, equal rights, and honest, just administration. No one believes that Bulgaria would have proclaimed her absolute independence, or Austria the complete incorporation and annexation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, if the revolution had not taken place and the "Sick Man" of Europe had not given signs of recovery. In fact, it is the announced desire of the 'new, the reformed' Turkey to recombine and consolidate its territories, harmonize racial differences, grant autonomy and liberty to all, that alarmed Bulgaria and Austria. They realized that they must strike while the conditions were still chaotic, and that a reformed Turkey would be a strong Turkey.

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That assaults on the territorial integrity and the sovereign rights of Turkey might discredit the constitutional cabinet and the whole reform movement, encourage reaction and fanaticism, was a consideration those powers did not permit to influence them. "Business is business," evidently, and liberty and reform must not interfere with schemes of self-aggrandizement. Happily, at this writing there is no reason to think that Turkey will again lose her constitution as she lost one because of the war with Russia in the seventies of the last century. Her present guides and rulers are evidently sagacious, reasonable, and enlightened statesmen. They say that Turkey has enough territory and more than a sufficiency of racial and sectional conflicts to occupy her attention, and that she does not want war with any power, great or small. She does, however, expect some compensation, moral and material, for the losses so suddenly and lawlessly inflicted upon her. In Bulgaria the political change of status is merely a "paper" change. Bulgaria has been independent since the Congress of Berlin in 1877, and the suzerainty of the Sultan was nominal. She has paid no tribute, and has enjoyed perfect autonomy. But the Proclamation of Independence was a violation of the Treaty of Berlin and raised a question of international good faith, of the value of agreements, of the moral authority of the concert of Europe. Moreover, Bulgaria had seized a section of the Oriental Railroad running through Eastern Roumelia, part of her territory, and had refused to surrender it to its rightful owner, the Turkish Government. For this compensation must be given, and doubtless will be.

As for Austria, her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, provinces which the Congress of Berlin put under her jurisdiction to administer as trustee in the interest of order, security and justice, was altogether unwarranted. It was a gross violation of the treaty and an outrage on the population of the provinces. Reformed Turkey would have given them autonomy, which they would have preferred to Austrian domination. What intrigue and trickery had prepared the actions of the two states no one knows. The world was

certainly startled by them, and even Germany protested that she had not expected or known of the double "coup." At any rate, all the powers at once realized that to prevent strife and bloodshed, with the probable reopening of the whole question of the Turk in Europe and the division of his possessions there, another congress of the powers was necessary, as well as a revision of the mutilated and torn treaty of Berlin. The holding of such a congress was not free from danger, but neither was the alternative, for Serbia, Albania, Montenegro, Greece, Crete, Macedonia, and neighboring principalities, states, or provinces were belligerent and angry, and some of them were clamoring for invasion of Austria and the "rescue" of the provinces.

After much hesitation and private negotiation the decision to summon a congress was reached by England, France, and Russia, but there are obstacles yet to overcome, and the idea may be modified or abandoned. Delicate and perilous questions will be carefully avoided by the powers; no attempt will be made to undo what has been done; but every effort will be made to adjust matters and allay apprehension.



China's New Rulers and Her Future

Kipling's famous line, "The East is East and the West is West," must have come to the mind of many when they read the first news from Peking telling of the death of the young emperor and the fatal illness of the empress dowager, the masterful and remarkable woman who had controlled the destinies of the great empire, either as the power behind the throne or as the actual ruler, for about half a century. There was a strange, mysterious, suspicious atmosphere about the whole situation, and the suspicion was not relieved by the subsequent announcement of the death of the empress. In fact, there were and are rumors of "foul play," of poison, of court plots, and so on.

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The great outside world, however, is concerned with the essential facts, and they are dramatic enough. Two figures are gone. Kwang-Hsu, the late emperor, was not a man of force and capacity, though at one time, in 1898, he displayed liberal leanings, summoned progressive mandarins and inaugurated a reform movement that was to affect the political, economic, judicial and social conditions of China. His weakness, however, was such that he could not even save the lives of his friends and servants, and the empress dowager, Tze-Hsi-An, beheaded or otherwise got rid of them and took the reins of power out of his hands. Reaction reigned for a time, but finally the logic of events compelled her to accept the advice of more progressive statesmen and to authorize gradual changes. Early in November she celebrated her seventy-third birthday anniversary, and demonstrations in her honor were held all over China. She seemed in good health and spirits. Only a few weeks before she had issued or sanctioned the issue of a so-called constitution, with a preamble and bill of rights. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and her disappearance from the scene of Chinese diplomacy and politics is an event of historic importance. She had, however, issued decrees naming Prince Chun, a brother of the late emperor, a man of promise and culture, regent and his infant son heir presumptive. Thus the Manchu dynasty will continue to rule, and no momentous departure is to be looked for, unless rebellion and civil war break out. The liberal element seems dominant at present, and though the regent is more amiable than strong, he is credited with an earnest desire to continue the reform policies of his late brother and of the more enlightened mandarins and counsellors.

Reverting to the recent "constitution," reports regarding the intention of the Peking court to grant representative and constitutional government to the people of the "celestial empire" have been frequent since the termination of the war in Manchuria, but they have been vague and perplexing. In the West they have received little if any credence, though all realize that there is a mental and moral stir in the "unchanging empire," and that Westernization is gradually taking place

there. It appears, however, that the talk of constitutional government now rests on a more tangible and trustworthy basis.

The constitution promulgated in September, and its preamble—a rhetorical, lengthy, confused tissue of words and promises—definitely state that in nine years the empire is to have a parliament, a ministry with a premier at its head, and a truly constitutional form of government. The transition is to begin at once, for a program is mapped out which should make the intervening years busy and strenuous ones. Each year is to see some reforms, some steps toward the goal, and the current year is to witness the revision of the criminal code, the reorganization of the finances, and the election of local assemblymen. The government, indeed, with oriental extravagance, assures the people of “boundless daily improvement” henceforth.

The constitution includes a bill of rights that must startle the natives, though it is peculiarly worded and may not mean much in actual operation. The same may be said of every other part of the strange document. This much alone is certain—that the government, of its own motion, has solemnly and formally pledged itself to establish constitutional government in nine years and to go about the task immediately.

Whether the ruling classes of the empire have surrendered to the modern spirit and will permit the gradual transformation promised, or whether there will be further attempts at nullification and reaction, the next year or two should answer positively. The West remains dubious and skeptical, but is quite willing to be pleasantly surprised.



Note and Comment

Between September 8 and 12 last an International Pure Food Congress was held in Geneva, Switzerland, at which were delegates representing thirty-two governments. Many interesting addresses were given by prominent men, the emphasis being laid upon the necessity of securing commercial purity of foods, not absolute chemical purity which is usually attainable only in theory.

The French suffragettes threaten to petition parliament to be allowed to enter military service. Military service is but a logical extension of woman's rights, asserts one of the leaders, and the training should prove invaluable in future contests for the franchise.



The German Kaiser, like a modern Cassandra, seems to be fated to have his most heartfelt assertions doubted by his neighbors. Certainly his vehement pleas for international peace are constantly regarded as hypocritical by the great European rivals of Germany. France professes to see a Machiavellian purpose in each noble sentiment to which he gives expression and a large part of the English press is equally cynical. The English attitude has recently stirred the Kaiser to warm protest, by means of an interview with an English diplomat.

Protesting anew his ardent desire for the most amicable relations with England the Kaiser took occasion to discuss his attitude during the Boer War. Far from sympathizing with the Boers the Kaiser asserts he used his influence to prevent a coalition of France and Russia against England. Further, he even went so far as to send his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, a proposed plan for the conduct of the South African campaign which he and his military advisers had framed. This plan, says the Kaiser, was very similar to that adopted by Lord Roberts shortly afterwards, the implication being that Lord Roberts was indebted to the Kaiser for his general plan of attack.

This interview instead of pacifying English sentiment served only to inflame it. Patriotic Englishmen were up in arms at the bare suggestion that Lord Roberts' success was due in any part to other than his own military genius. The Anglo-German relations have therefore been anything but improved by the Kaiser's latest efforts to assume the rôle of European pacificator.





Armies the Real Promoters of Peace.*

By Colonel William Conant Church

Editor of The Army and Navy Journal.

THE question of peace or war is one that so vitally concerns the prosperity and even the very existence of a nation that it would seem to be the bounden duty of every citizen to study with intelligence and candor, and without prejudice, the facts concerning war and the means of avoiding war. The horrors of war are sufficiently appalling to make it difficult to understand why anyone should wish to exaggerate them, as has been done by the "Universal Peace Society," in a pamphlet containing an article copied from the Springfield Republican (Mass.) published some time ago and since circulated to the extent of many thousands. In this article we are told that 40,000 men lay dead and dying on the field of Gettysburg, —a foolish as well as false statement, for a reference to the nearest encyclopaedia would show that the total number killed and mortally wounded on both sides during the three days' fight at Gettysburg was much less than one fourth of the 40,000. It is difficult to say whether statements such as this, and others equally misleading and mischievous coming from the professional advocates of peace-at-any-price, are the result of an ignorance which discredits the intelligence of

*Of the earlier articles of this series, "The European Equilibrium and the Peace of the World," by Victor S. Yarros, appeared in the September CHAUTAUQUAN; "Danger Points Around the Globe," by Victor S. Yarros, October; "The Story of the Peace Movement," by Benjamin F. Trueblood, November.

Friendship of Nations

their authors or of a deliberate attempt to mislead. One constantly repeated statement of like character, and one involving the crime of libel as well as carrying the sting of malice, is to the effect that wars are provoked by military men to promote their own advantage. Though the proof of this statement has been repeatedly challenged, not one single fact has been cited by anyone in support of it, while the record evidence of its cruel injustice is overwhelming. An association of nearly half a century in war and in peace, on terms of intimate personal acquaintance, with nearly all the great soldiers and sailors who during that period have borne our flag aloft, qualifies the writer to bear testimony on this subject. In no single instance has he ever heard one of these patriotic men express any other sentiment than that of repugnance to war and a sincere desire to prevent it.

Witness the establishment of friendly relations with Japan by our navy under Perry; witness the terms and the circumstances of the surrender at Appomattox and the subsequent settlement by Grant, the author of the Appomattox Treaty, of difficulties with England which seemed to have in them the almost certain threat of war. Grant's action after the surrender at Vicksburg, in ordering his bands to play "Old Hundred" so that the vanquished might join with the victors in song; Captain "Jack" Phillips's action at Santiago, in telling his sailors to cease cheering in the presence of the humiliated and dying Spaniards; these, and like incidents which might be multiplied indefinitely, declare the spirit which actuates our fighting men, a spirit which, if it were universal, would prevent the wars which arise from the rivalries of commerce, the aspirations of national growth and the antagonisms of diplomacy, for all of which the civilian is solely responsible. The demon of war cannot be exorcised as the Chinese deal with their dragons, by sounding drums and beating tom-toms, and the foolish conception that we are to prevent war by denouncing everything in the nature of preparation for war is of this nature. Friendly interchanges between nations and treaties of arbitration cannot prevent war. It needs but a word to turn the dearest friends into mortal enemies, and paper agree-

ments can be torn up whenever they interfere with national or dynastic aspirations, as has been shown recently in the case of the treaty of Berlin.

How, then, can we avoid war? The military men are agreed in declaring, as Washington did in his day, that the best security against war is preparation for war, and experience would seem to show that they are right. The comparative prolongation of the periods of peace has been contemporaneous with the adoption of the idea of universal militia training. For the substitution of nations in arms for the former system of an army of hired soldiers we are indebted to the people instead of to their rulers; just as we are in a sense indebted to the people for the creation of standing armies in place of the still worse feudal system of the middle ages. The crowning of Charles VII. at Rheims as the result of the popular movement under Joan of Arc was the prelude to the creation by Charles of the first standing army, and it was the French Convention created by the Revolution which in 1798 went so far as to declare that every citizen should be a soldier and every soldier a citizen, thus establishing the present continental system of universal military service: a principle whose application is certainly as old as the time of David, in whose military organization of the Kingdom of Israel will be found not only the germ but the full development of the French and German systems of today. These systems establish authority upon the secure foundation of citizenship, and not that of special privilege, as in the days of feudalism. A nation trained to arms can never be made the unresisting victim of the merely personal interests and ambitions of a ruler as in former days.

In the countries where universal service prevails it is held that military duty is the discharge of a debt due to the State; hence the pay the soldier receives is merely nominal. Thus the exaction of compulsory service relieves the treasury of a country like Germany of the heavy charge made against our military treasury for pay, superior rations and accommodations, and for pensions, which we require to tempt the recruit. Germany obtains its immense, and its immensely effective army for a sum not at all in proportion to what ours costs us.

Friendship of Nations

If we include the appropriation for pensions the cost of the German army and navy is less than our own.

The contests of war are now between armed nations and not between monarchs; they are provoked by national aspirations and not by dynastic ambitions. The enormous economic changes involved in a war between nations, and the direct personal interest each citizen has in the question whether or not he shall risk his life on the field of battle, creates an enormous conservative interest in favor of peace. The extent to which the people of the continental nations are interested in the maintenance of peace or war is indicated by the table which follows, showing the military establishments of twenty-two of the principal nations, the number of guns they have ready for service and the term of service in each nation or of liability to service. Military service is voluntary in Great Britain, including India, in the United States, and in China. In Belgium, Holland, Mexico, Norway, and Sweden it is part by conscription and part voluntary. In the other countries mentioned in the table service is compulsory. The term of service, or liability to service, is shown in the last column where A = Active armies; R = Reserve; L† = Landwehr or Territorial army; L|| = Landsturm or Territorial reserve.

Nation	Peace Footing	War Footing	Guns (Approximate Number)	Term of Service or Liability	Total
				Years	
Austria	409,000	2,234,000	1,912	3 A + 7 R + 2 L† + 10 L 	22
Belgium	49,909	143,000	204	8 A + 5 R	13
Bulgaria	57,720	205,000	462	2 or 3 A + 8 or 6 R + 7 L† + 8 or 9 L 	25
China	About	100,000	trained men		
Denmark	14,000	50,000	96	† or 1‡ A + 7‡ or 6‡ R + 8 L†	16
France	604,350	2,516,000	3,720	3 A + 10 R + 6 L† + 6 L 	25
Great Britain	132,500	739,045	1,194	7 or 8 A + 5 or 4 R, 3 A + 9 R	12
India	146,645	222,219	336	From 3 years upward for natives	23
Germany	617,000	3,260,000	4,524	2 or 3 A + 4 R + 5 L† + 16 L 	28
Greece	22,104	82,000	120	2 A + 8 R + 8 L† + 10 L 	28
Holland	27,366	68,000	120	1 A + 1 R + 3 L† + 10 L 	30
Italy	284,823	3,330,000	1,726	2 to 5 A + 7 or 4 R + 10 L†	19
Japan	220,000	800,000	684	3 A + 4 R + 10 L† + 13 L 	23
Mexico	29,804	146,500	96		30
Norway	30,900	80,000	66	50 days A + 6 R + 6 L† + 4 L 	16
Roumania	63,280	173,948	366	3 A + 6 R + 5 L† + 4 L 	18
Russia	1,200,000	4,000,000	5,000	4 A + 13 R + 5 L†	22
Spain	119,432	500,000	408	3 A + 3 R + 6 L†	12
Sweden	37,200	570,000	240	68 days or 3 years A + 8 R + 4 L† + 8 L 	20
Switzerland	20,122	526,106	288	† A + 11‡ R + 12 L† + 6 L 	30
Turkey	375,009	1,150,700	1,356	4 A + 2 R + 8 L† + 6 L 	20
United States	83,286	188,286	504	3 A	3

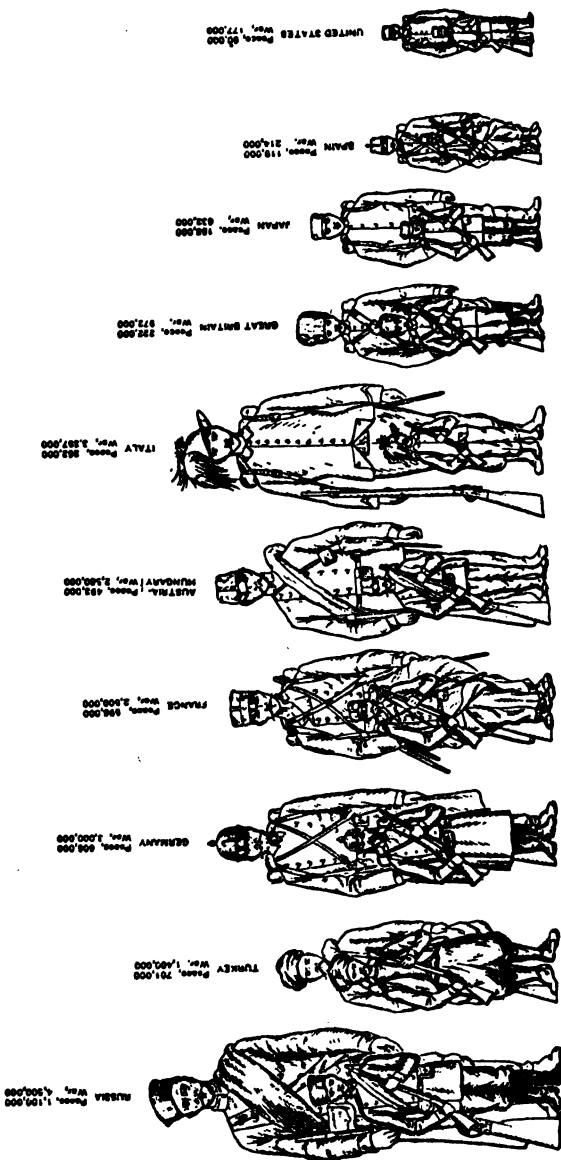
A more graphic showing of the actual and the relative strength of ten great nations is found in the illustration which follows, (page 24) for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Scientific American. It will be observed that the United States comes in at the foot of the class, which is headed by Russia, with its force of some four millions of men available for war.

In 1867 Japan had only 10,000 men in arms, and no regular army until shortly before the war with Russia. Its rapid transformation into a military power of the first rank seems to have escaped the attention of the Russian authorities, the reports brought by military attachés previous to the war being disregarded. Russia's estimate before the war of the Japanese army was 141,573 for the peace establishment and 358,809 men for war, or, with 50,000 untrained reserves, a little over 400,000. Japan actually put into the field, according to the estimate of General Kuropatkin, who commanded the Russian armies in Manchuria, a million and a half men. This estimate is based on the statement of General Kipke, chief medical inspector of the Japanese army, that the losses of that army in the war were 47,387 killed, 173,425 wounded, and 334,073 disabled by sickness. Of the sick and wounded 320,000 were sent from Manchuria to Japan. The total deaths from wounds and disease were 136,269. As General Kipke states that the 220,812 killed and wounded were 14.58 per cent. of the whole force, this would make the total Japanese force engaged in the war 1,514,485.

A comparison of national revenues and expenditures, national debts and interest charges on national debts, is shown in the following table taken from "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1908:

	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Debt.	Debt Charge.
Austria-Hungary...	\$ 835,725,000	\$ 800,455,000	\$3,159,240,000	\$134,742,500
France.....	766,844,450	766,765,050	6,069,617,950	247,263,500
Germany.....	598,827,500	596,817,500	885,875,000	34,361,750
Great Britain.....	574,070,365	697,076,255	3,870,823,520	142,500,000
Italy.....	401,974,350	396,551,550	2,654,334,000	113,037,500
Japan.....	247,352,350	247,402,400	1,275,335,705	85,618,000
Russia.....	1,799,749,500	1,713,438,500	4,591,774,500	202,189,300
United States.....	665,306,134	578,360,592	858,685,510	24,482,524
	\$5,879,849,649	\$5,796,866,847	\$23,364,686,185	\$994,225,074

Friendship of Nations



Peace and War Footing of the Armies of the World.

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Promoters of Peace

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The annual expenditures in the Imperial budget of Great Britain are as follows:

United Kingdom.....	£139,415,251
India.....	75,626,000
European colonies.....	578,860
Asiatic colonies.....	6,578,330
Australia and Pacific.....	34,161,800
New Zealand and Dependencies.....	42,170,000
African colonies.....	2,500,080
Local Expenditures:	
England and Wales.....	£139,118,631
Scotland.....	17,651,753
Ireland.....	6,956,683
Grand Total.....	£484,741,488

This is a grand total in American money of \$2,323,707,440 for the Imperial expenses and the expenditures of the various colonial components of the British Empire. The Military and Naval expenditures, including those of India, Canada, and other British colonies, are \$296,495,000, or twelve and eight tenths (12.8) per cent. of the whole expenditure for the British realm.

Calculating on the same basis, we find that the imperial expenses of Germany are \$687,514,000 annually. To this are to be added the expenditures of each of the fourteen states composing the German Empire, in all \$1,006,043,203. Adding this to imperial expenditures we have a grand total of \$1,693,557,203. The expenditures for the Army and Navy are in all \$264,488,000, which is fifteen and six-tenths (15.6) per cent. of the cost of governing the entire Empire of Germany for the defence of which this Army and Navy are provided.

Coming to the United States, we have the following figures:

Federal expenses.....	\$578,903,748
State Governments.....	292,000,000
Municipal Governments.....	572,080,111
Grand Total.....	\$1,442,963,859
Cost of Army.....	97,128,076
Cost of Navy.....	99,267,097
Expended by States for Militia, about.....	5,000,000
Total Cost of Army and Navy.....	\$201,395,173 }

From this it appears that the total expenditures of this country for the Military and Naval establishments is a little less than fourteen per cent. of the total cost of government, and these figures include the municipal expenditures of only 154 out of the 923 incorporated places in the United States

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having 5,000 inhabitants or more, and exclude altogether a class of towns having from 5,000 to 14,000 inhabitants each, of which there are seventy-one in New England alone. We are not able to say what municipal expenses in Germany, if any, are not included in this calculation.

These are days of large figures, and the \$200,000,000 spent for our Army and Navy will seem a less formidable total when we remember that four railroads, the Pennsylvania, the Long Island, the New Haven, the New York Central, are expending \$170,000,000 in improving their approaches to the single city of New York and that the city itself is expecting to provide \$161,000,000 for a new water supply, \$175,000,000 for new subways and \$80,500,000 for new bridges and tunnels. Adding this to the railroad expenses and the \$100,000,000 voted for the enlargement of the Erie Canal to increase the commercial facilities of New York, we have in round figures, \$786,500,000 for improvements centering in a single city, or enough to provide for either the Navy or Army for eight years and for both over four years. The property owned by the city of New York is valued at three times the cost of our present Navy, and the amount expended by that city on public undertakings in 1907 would build and equip eleven battleships.

A British Admiralty return gives the naval expenditure of seven nations for the last three years, as follows, translating pounds sterling into dollars at the rate of five dollars to the pound sterling.

	1906-1907.	1907-1908.	1908-1909.
Great Britain.....	\$157,360,435	\$157,097,500	\$161,597,500
France.....	65,016,190	62,433,965	63,986,540
Russia.....	62,452,220	44,251,200	49,169,575
Germany.....	60,029,355	68,119,620	82,982,805
Italy.....	26,610,770	28,309,110	31,330,965
United States.....	102,167,670	98,913,648	122,662,485
Japan.....	19,761,555	42,241,110	40,474,420
Totals.....	\$493,398,195	\$501,366,153	\$452,204,290

The amounts voted for new construction and armament

are as follows:

	1906-1907.	1907-1908.	1908-1909.
Great Britain.....	\$54,297,500	\$46,135,000	\$43,301,010
France.....	28,511,335	25,662,470	26,578,950
Russia.....	22,882,915	14,231,340	13,518,605
Germany.....	26,712,330	31,426,125	41,832,190
Italy.....	6,811,035	6,990,555	9,331,790
United States.....	43,003,870	33,916,525	38,994,075
Japan.....	3,762,975	16,166,490	14,839,590
Totals.....	\$185,981,960	\$174,530,505	\$188,396,210

The classification of the great navies of the world according to strength is determined by factors as to the relative importance of which naval experts are not wholly agreed. Number of vessels, or guns, or guns and vessels together, is not necessarily the chief factor. Speed, armor and armament, coal endurance, are other elements that enter into the calculation. Each naval constructor seeks for the best possible compromise between the different elements to be considered in securing the highest possible efficiency. The displacement being determined, he must decide how this is to be distributed among the several factors. Taking a small cruiser for illustration, say one of 2,650 tons: 1,250 tons are required in the hull, 450 tons for machinery, 300 tons for coal, 175 tons for armament, 210 tons for the protective deck, 75 tons for the cables, anchors, boats, masts, etc., 100 tons being reserved for officers, men and their effects, with provisions, water and other stores, leaving a margin of 20 tons for security.

The rapid depreciation in relative military value of warships due to the many improvements constantly being made in material introduces a further complication into the comparison of navies. Some ships built even ten years ago have depreciated in military value one half, and others twenty years old seventy-five per cent. In general, the ships of the navies of the United States, Germany, and Japan, being largely of recent construction, have a greater average value than those of older navies. England recently, at one stroke, reduced her navy by 100 vessels sent to the auctioneer's block.

Taking all the factors into consideration, the general conclusion of experts is that navies rank in the following order: British, American, German, Japanese, French, Italian, Austro-Hungarian, Russian. Jane, in the volume of his "Fighting Ships" for 1908, publishes the accompanying table on which he bases his conclusion that the navies are to be ranked in the order named. It will be observed that, taking the Dreadnought as the unit of value, Mr. Jane assigns to each class a certain percentage of that unit, according to his estimate of the relative value of the ships of that class.

Rate.	BRITISH.	U.S.	GERMAN.	JAPANESE.	FRENCH.	ITALIAN.	AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN.	RUSSIAN. (Black Sea B. Division).
I.	1 NEW (11) 3 ST. VINCENT (10) 1 TEMERAIRE (10) 1 HARRINGTON 2 LORD NELSON	2 DELAWARE (11) 2 DELAWARE (10) 2 S. CAROLINA (10)	3 NEW (11) 2 NEW (10) 2 NASSAU (10)	3 NEW (11) 1 NEW (10) 1 AKI (10) 1 SATSUMA	4 DANTON (11) 2 DANTON (10)	3 NEW (11)	3 TSCHECHOFF (10-11)	2 NEW (?)
II.	8 KING EDWARD 3 Invincible	1 KANSAS (10) 2 LOUISIANA 2 NEW JERSEY 2 IDAHO	"G" (11) "P" (10) 2 Kaiser 2 Kaiser 2 Kaiser	2 KASHIMA 2 Chishima (10) 3 Chishima (11)	4 LIBERTÉ 3 REPUBLIQUE		3 EL. PAVEL	
III.	2 QUEEN 3 LONDON 3 FORMIDABLE 2 WHITBURN 2 PRINCEALP 2 Hinchley 4 Warrior 2 Black Prince	3 MAINE 2 Washington (10) 2 Washington	5 DEUTSCHLAND 5 BRAUNSCHWEIG	1 MIKASA 2 SHIKISHIMA 1 IWAMI 1 HIKEN 2 Tachibana	1 RUFFREN	4 V. EMANUELE 2 REIN 2 R. Giorgio (10) 3 R. Giorgio (10)	1 SLAVA 1 TSEBAREVITCH (2 ESKAF) 1 PASTELERON (Black)	
IV.	9 MAJESTIC 6 CANOTUS	3 ALABAMA	2 Schamhorn	1 FUJI 1 SAGAMI 1 SOWO	3 CHARLEMAGNE 2 E. Quier (10-09) 1 Euxin		3 E. KARL	
V.	7 SOVEREIGN 1 HOOD 4 Drake 2 TRAFALGAR	2 KEARSARGE 3 INDIANA 1 IOWA 6 California	5 WITTELSBACH 6 KAISER 1 Bismark	1 TANGO	2 BOUVET 2 CARNOT 1 JAUREGOUTIERREY 1 Michel 3 Gaudin 1 HENRI IV.	2 ST. BON	3 HARSBURG 1 Baski Georg	1 TRI SVIATIELLA (1 BOSTIMLAY)
V-VL	6 Descriptive 2 Powerful	4 ARKANSAS	4 BRANDENBURG	2 Kampe 6 Anson 1 Ace	4 Gladys 3 Montebello 2 ROUVRES 2 JERMAFFES	1 DANDALO 3 Garibaldi	3 WIEN 1 K. Karl VI	3 Marshall 1 Grombald (1 D. APOSTOLOV) (2 G. FOMEDONOSTRE)

Race.	Portugal.	U.S.	German.	Japanese.	French.	Italian.	Austro-Hungarian.	Russian.
VL	1 BROWN 2 GUSTAFSON 10 Mennich	3 B. Lewis 1 Brooklyn 1 New York	2 Rom 2 P. Adair 1 P. Eulrich	2 MINOMIYA	2 FORMIDABLE 2 MARCEAU 1 BOCHÉ 1 Jeanne d'Arc 2 REGUIN 1 FURIEUX	3 SARDEGNA		1 Bessie (3 TOROMA)
20								
VL-VIL								
15	6 Duden 1 MONTEREY	1 TEXAS 1 MONTEREY		1 CHINYEN	2 COURBET 2 Bonis 1 D'Estimoussens	2 LEFANTO 2 Carlo Albano	1 E. u. M. Thomas	
VIL	2 Chevas 7 Major	1 PURTAN	2 BOIR 6 HAGEN 6 Barthe	1 IKI	1 Pavy de Léves 1 Polhem	1 Marco Polo		1 ALEXANDR (1 PETS VELJEY n)
10								
VIII	2 Zoussier 2 Herman 3 Arpagat 9 Kellipie Oladier	1 Olympia 2 New Orleans	1 E. Augusta	1 FURIO 1 Bays 1 Tugara 2 Calico 2 Malschiana	2 Chateaufort 1 Chaper 1 J. de la Gerviere	2 E. F. Jod	2 Bessie (2 Kellipie) 1 Kellipie 2 Anceur	
5								
8	8 Hermione	2 Columbia			4 Deserres 5 Frank		1 P. Ance	
IL	9 Apollo 1 Vahan	5 Chateaufort		2 Tene 1 Ouyre 2 Nikita 2 Bams	1 Yerde	6 Elia	2 Zante 2 Admiral Spass	1 Kersild
3								
X	6 Acadia 1 Bonillon 4 Topsy 8 Berta 10 Pictus	2 Chateaufort 3 Dorek 4 Jette	2 new (10) 3 Dorek (V) 1 Dorek 2 Batin 1 Koenigsberg (V) 1 Kellipie 5 Pictus 7 Gamble 1 Gaden	1 Bessie 1 Chryse 1 Dorek 2 Nani 1 Idman 2 Mepes 2 Berta	3 Lavin 2 D'Estre	5 Bismark 1 Pictus 1 Chabris 4 Berta	1 Alana 1 Jansing	
1								

Fleets of the Great Powers, in order of importance, arranged in Parallels of fighting Value with the Dreadnought as Unit.

Friendship of Nations

The *Scientific American* publishes the following table showing the vessels of the principal navies on June 1, 1907:

A. battleships*; E. torpedo boats;	B. armored cruisers; F. submarines;		C. cruisers†; G. coast defense vessels‡.		D. destroyers;		
	A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.
England.....	52	32	90	142	47	39	0
France.....	19	19	28	35	257	41	12
United States.....	22	10	41	16	32	12	11
Germany.....	22	8	38	60	48	1	8
Japan.....	11	11	19	54	77	7	3
Russia.....	5	4	15	93	57	25	4
Italy.....	10	6	11	13	66	3	6
Austria.....	3	3	5	4	36	0	6

*Battleships, first class, are those of (about) 10,000 tons or more displacement.

†Includes all unarmored cruising vessels above 1,000 tons displacement.

‡Includes smaller battleships and monitors. No more vessels of this class are being proposed or built by the great powers.

The navy of the United States has, since our war with Spain, rapidly advanced to the second place, from an inferiority which would exclude it altogether from the above table showing the relative strength of the principal navies. It will be remembered that at the time of that war foreign experts, by elaborate calculations, showed that our navy was inferior to that of Spain, which is too insignificant to appear in Mr. Jane's table. In 1881 we had in our navy 47 screw propellers and 6 other steam vessels; 24 ironclads, including monitors; 2 torpedo boats and 25 tugs. Of this total of 139 only 57 were in efficient service. The number of guns was 1,033. We had altogether 9,538 officers and men in the Navy, besides 1,577 in the Marine Corps. In November, 1907, we had 294 vessels, not including 29 under construction and 12 unfit for service. The total number of officers and men was 35,377, besides 8,316 in the Marine Corps.

In 1880 the total tonnage of armored ships of European nations was estimated by Chief Engineer King, U. S. N., at 1,014,500 tons, of which Great Britain had 317,000 tons. Now, including battleships, 825,630 tons, armored cruisers, 443,400 tons, and protected cruisers, 453,850 tons, Great Britain has 1,722,880 tons of vessels bearing armor, the armor being from two to three times as effective as the compound and wrought iron armor of the earlier period.

But a comparison of numbers gives no idea of the immense increase in strength due to the improvement in ships, guns and

powder, while to this is to be added the improvement in marksmanship, and in the case of our navy the great gain in skill in handling of ships and supplies resulting from the voyage of the Atlantic fleet around the world. The rapid increase in gun fire is shown by the comparison which follows and for which we are also indebted to the *Scientific American*. It shows the total energy of gun fire in five minutes of the United States battleship Oregon in 1897 and in the United States battleship Rhode Island ten years later, in 1907. This five-fold increase in energy is due largely to the greatly increased rapidity of fire, resulting from improved mechanism for handling and maneuvering the guns and to the greater attention now paid to the training of the gunners. The totals are calculated upon the number of carefully-aimed shots which each gun could deliver under battle conditions and not upon the extraordinary rapidity which has been obtained by crack gun crews in target practice. A comparison of the present British Dreadnought with the Dreadnought of thirty-six years ago shows that the destructive power of the modern ship is nearly one hundred times that of the old vessel.

Oregon in 1897.			Rhode Island in 1907.		
Guns.	Muzzle Energy Ft.-Tons.	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes' Firing. Ft.-Tons.	Guns.	Muzzle Energy. Ft.-Tons.	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes' Firing. Ft.-Tons.
4 13-inch	33,627	269,016	4 12-inch	44,025	726,412
8 8-inch	8,011	320,440	8 8-inch	13,647	1,091,760
4 6-inch	2,990	119,600	12 6-inch	5,714	1,714,200
20 6-pdrs	138	110,400	12 3-inch	658	394,800
Total energy all guns in five minutes.....		819,456	Total energy all guns in five minutes.....		3,927,172

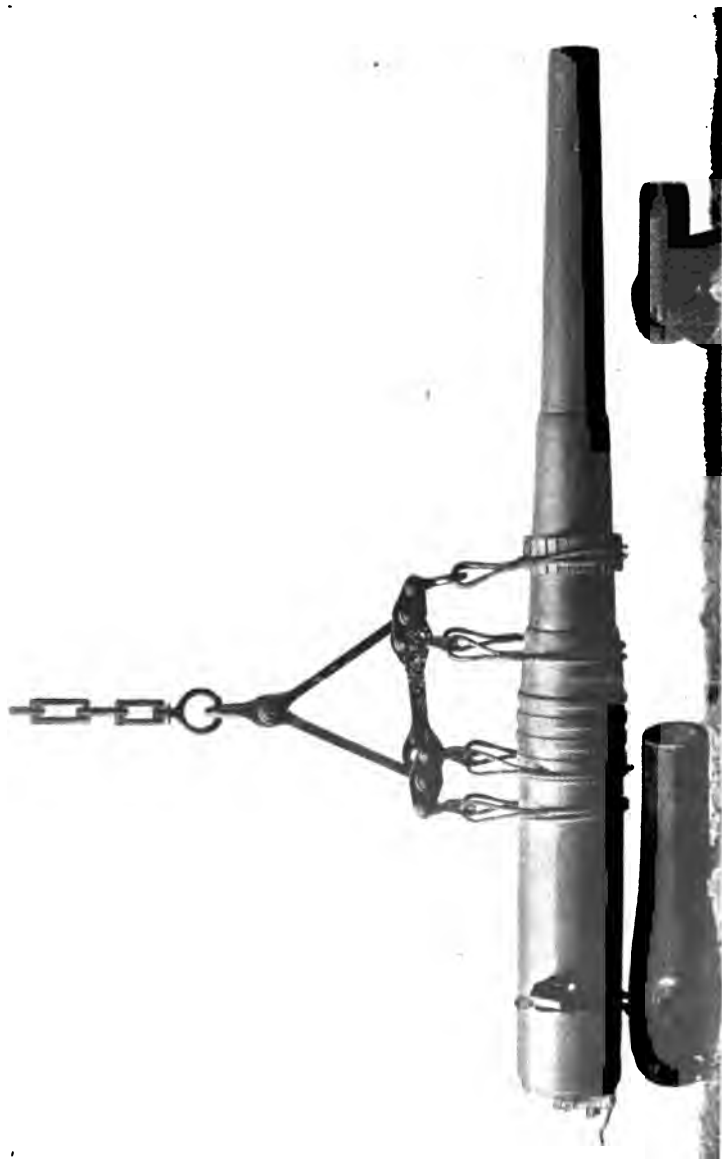
The increase in muzzle velocity from 1,450 foot seconds in 1879 to 2,700 to 2,800 foot seconds has quadrupled the power of the army gun, for the energy increases as the square of the velocity. A striking illustration of the potential energy of modern ordnance is shown by the fact that the range of the 16-inch breech-loading rifle now at Sandy Hook is estimated

at between 20 and 21 miles, the gun being elevated at the extreme angle of 45 degrees and firing a 2,400-pound projectile. At this range the projectile would rise at the highest point of its trajectory over five and one half miles above the earth, 29,040 feet. This would carry it over Mount Blanc, with Pike's Peak piled on top of it, Mount Blanc being 15,732 feet high and Pike's Peak 14,000 feet. The actual test of this mathematical calculation by ordnance experts will not, however, be made. Mortars are fired at high elevations, but not heavy rifled guns. The 12-inch rifle, now in the Service, has a trajectory at the extreme elevation of 15,000 to 16,000 feet, which would carry it over Mount Blanc.

The cut shows the difference in size and power between the present 16-inch Army rifled gun and the two principal guns of the Civil War, the Rodman 20-inch smooth bore and the 200-pound Parrott. There is but one 16-inch gun in existence and it has only been tested experimentally at Sandy Hook whither it was taken from Watervliet Arsenal, Troy, N. Y., where it was built under the supervision of General J. P. Farley, U. S. A., one of the most distinguished of ordnance officers, to whose courtesy we are indebted for our estimate of the power of this monster piece of ordnance. The 20-inch Rodman reached the limit of ordnance creation during the Civil War as did the 200-pound Parrott.

The increase in the power of the heavy guns used on shipboard and in our coast defences, which has been noted above, is paralleled by that of the small arms borne on the field of battle by the infantry and cavalry soldier. The introduction of the breech-loading rifle has more than doubled the rapidity of fire of small arms and their accuracy at long ranges, and the improvement upon the breechloader by the small bore repeater is correspondingly great.

Yet, singular as it may seem, the immense increase in the power of modern weapons of war is accompanied by a marked decrease in the percentage of losses in battle. According to the calculations of Otto Berndt, in his "Zahlin Krieg," published at Vienna in 1897, the average loss in battle during



A modern 16-in. Rifle, weight 358,400 pounds; Projectile, 2,370 pounds. At the left a 20-in. Rodman smoothbore, weight 116,000 pounds; Projectile, round shot, 1,000 pounds. At the right a 10-in. Parrott Rifle, weight 26,000 pounds; Projectile, 300 pounds.

the Napoleonic wars was fifteen per cent. and in the Franco-Prussian war only 9.50 per cent. Colonel Maude, whose figures are not perhaps so reliable, estimates that it took four hours on an average to kill a man at Marston Moor; at Waterloo on the British side about twenty-four hours; at Mars la Tour, breechloaders being used on both sides and rifled field artillery, forty-eight hours, and at Liao-Yang and Mukden, during the recent war between Japan and Russia, not less than a fortnight. These statistics do not make clear what is meant by "a fortnight," but they are sufficiently exact to show how far wrong are those who, reasoning from their sentiments, have proclaimed the increased deadliness of war as the result of the vast improvement in the weapons of war.

Is the soldier reproached by the civilian because of the loss of life that attends the practice of his profession? Then he may answer, as did the little boy to the clergyman, who had been sent for by the mother to pray with her son because he had brought home a black eye from a street encounter:

"You had better go home and pray with your own little boy; he has two black eyes."

Within the single fiscal year last reported upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the number killed and wounded on the railroads of the United States, 122,855, was twenty-three times the total of killed and wounded on our side in all of the battles in which our troops, Regulars and Volunteers, have been engaged since the Civil War and exceeded the total killed and mortally wounded on the Union side during the four years of the Civil War. In the twenty years during which the account has been kept by the Interstate Commerce Commission, 1,197,832 persons have been killed and wounded on American railroads, a large proportion of them being victims to the want of training in obedience to orders, and strict attention to duty, which military discipline teaches.

The term "murder," so often and so unjustly applied to the action of the soldier in the discharge of his sworn duty, means malicious killing for personal ends, and it can no more be applied to war than to railroad accidents or to executions

by sentence of law. - Under modern conditions the individual soldier has, as a rule, no more consciousness of being responsible for the death of a particular individual by his own act than has the superintendent of a railroad on which an accident occurs. The distances separating combatants on what may be a battle front one hundred miles long, as in Manchuria, are so great that in a large majority of cases there is no individual struggle between man and man as in the days of the Roman short sword. This is shown by the fact that in the battles between the Russians and Japanese the bayonet wounds were about one half of one per cent. of the whole. There is nothing in war, at least in war as now conducted, to stimulate the evil passions; quite the contrary, for some of the noblest impulses of human nature find their stimulus on the battlefield.

The value of the army as a training school and an educational institution is found by the Germans to be so great that it makes a return to the state in actual commercial gain far in excess of its cost. It is an appreciation of this fact that has established the German military system in the regard of the educated classes who are favored to the extent of having service in the ranks of the active army reduced to one year for all young men having an education equivalent to that of a youth who has finished half of his freshman course in one of our colleges. The educated young Germans are also appointed non-commissioned officers when they go into the reserve. The premium thus placed on education naturally stimulates the effort to acquire it. In a recent public address President Hadley of Yale has testified to the value of German Army training as a means of education.

It is further found that the time which is subtracted from the early years of the life of a German youth by service with the colors is fully compensated for by a corresponding extension of his working period, due to the physical training he receives in the army and the knowledge he acquires as to the best means of preserving his health and hence increasing longevity and working capacity.

Sir Joseph Whitworth, the English inventor and manufacturer, whose large experience with workmen should make him a competent judge, has expressed the opinion that the habit of prompt obedience and thoroughness acquired by military training increases the value of the workman thirty-six cents (1s. 6d.) a week, a statement which will be substantially confirmed by anyone who will inquire in the manufactories of Germany, where ex-soldiers are found to be the most valuable workmen, they being the average citizen plus the habits of order and discipline and the manual dexterity acquired in the ranks. On the basis of Sir Joseph's figures, F. N. Maude, C. B., lecturer on military history in the Universities of London and Manchester, estimates that the skill of the army-trained workman adds \$56.16 annually to the market value of the product on which he works, the value of this being estimated at three times the cost of the labor expended upon the raw material.

Whether or not we accept these mathematical calculations as exact, it would be possible to show that enforced military training has been the controlling factor in the progress of Germany to imperial greatness, in commerce, manufactories and all the elements of industrial wealth, during the one hundred years since she lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon I. It is military service that has created an Imperial Germany out of a medley of small States, just as it has created a united Italy by the same methods.

Military training by no means implies war, and a comparison of the experiences of the past century with those of the century preceding it would indicate that it is the most effective means of controlling the popular passions that lead to war. Of all men, those whose military training teaches them what war means are those most averse to war and those most competent to determine how it can best be avoided.

What has been said here offers no excuse for war, nor is it intended to justify war, but simply to explain the facts concerning war and to show the wisdom of following the guidance of those trained in the knowledge of the causes and consequences of war in the effort to prevent the deadly strife

between nations which grows more and more colossal in its proportions, more and more terrible in its consequences. War would not cease if every great army were disbanded today, if every sword were beaten into a ploughshare, and every spear into a pruning hook. It will end only when the struggles of individual and national selfishness, provoking the conflicts which the soldier is called upon to settle, are at an end. The warlike fever in the Balkan states, among the most insignificant in a military sense of any in Europe, and the concert of action among the great Powers to prevent war, offer a present illustration of the fact that the existence of great military establishments is not a provocation to, but an insurance against war. Not only the immediate expenses of war, but the economic changes involved in the results of war, may well make the most powerful and the most belligerent of nations hesitate to break the peace. It is the minor states of Europe that have sought to embroil their more powerful neighbors in a fight; just as the insurgent Cubans provoked us into a war with Spain. It is the boast of a member of Congress who was the special champion of the Cubans that he was responsible for the Spanish war. Certainly the members of the army or navy of the United States had nothing to do with provoking it. On the contrary, they strove in every way they could to prevent it, as they sought to prevent our Civil War and deprecated the war with Mexico, as, did General Grant, as he tells us in his "Memoirs."



Part IV. The Island of Walcheren and Zeeland.—The Dead Cities—Rotterdam

By George Wharton Edwards

THE traveler is recommended above all to enter Holland by way of Flushing in Zeeland, as the Island of Walcheren retains more of the old costumes and the original types of peasantry than perhaps any other of the provinces. The picturesque costumes of the women with their queer head-dresses and flashing gold and silver cap ornaments, show to great advantage and impress the tourist with the strange antiquity of the people. The milk-maid, going her round with utensils burnished like silver and gold and sparkling in the sunlight, the patient dogs drawing the little green carts, laden with brass milk cans, the curious carvings on the dark leaning house fronts; the funny, little mirrors (*spui*) at each window, showing to those within the passerby; the busy "*huisvrouw*," cleansing the footway before her dwelling or sweeping the immaculate bricks of the roadway; the sweet, soft, jangling chime of the bells in the "*Grootekerk*" with its lofty tower of four stages, dating from the fourteenth century; the gaudily painted brown sailed fishing craft, manned by the stolid, broad-beamed Dutchmen, are sights which will impress one most strangely. The town of Flushing or "*Vlissingen*" is about a mile from the harbor. This walk is most

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Walcheren Peasant Costume—Side and Front View.

entertaining. There is a huge dial showing the height of the water in the River Scheldt, a dial resembling a clock and with the letters on it "A. P." In Dutch this means "Amsterdamsche Peil," and shows high water mark at Amsterdam. Here is the town hall on the "Hout Kade" erected in 1733; formerly the mansion of a wealthy citizen, it was adapted to its present use after the English destroyed the other by bombardment. Now comes a curious house across a bridge of boats. It is adorned with the figures of the Graces. Then down a street lined with beautiful chestnut trees to the very heart of old Flushing. Here we find the peasant women, gathered in the "Oude Markt," all busily chaffering and wrangling over their various commodities. Across the canal to the "Beurs Plein," to the "Rotonde" on the sea front, with its lighthouse, and a raised walk upon which is a statue of Admiral De Ruyter, who was born here in 1607. His father was a rope maker but his mother descended from a noble family. It was from here that De Ruyter's fleet sailed out to attack the English fleet. The circular tower was built in 1663 and was once the chief gate of old Flushing.



Walcheren Peasant Girls.

The Island of Walcheren is about ten miles in length and eight miles in breadth and has played a most important part in Dutch and English history and its story many years further back is full of interest.

"Among the quicksands of storm-beaten Walachria, that wondrous Normandy came into existence whose wings were to sweep over all the high places of Christendom. Out of these creeks, laugunes, and almost inaccessible sand banks, these bold freebooters sailed forth on their forays against England, France, and other adjacent countries, and here they brought and buried the booty of many a wild adventure. Here at a later day Rollo the Dane had that memorable dream of leprosy, the cure of which was the conversion of North Gaul into Normandy, of pagans into Christians, and the subsequent conquest of every throne in Christendom from Ultima Thule to Byzantium ('United Netherlands')."

As to its connection with English history, every school boy has heard of the Walcheren expedition in 1809, when the Earl of Chatham was sent with troops to destroy the naval arsenal which Napoleon was creating in Antwerp. The incompetent English general, instead of carrying out the object of the expedition, stopped enroute to take Flushing, in consequence of which Napoleon had sufficient time to put Antwerp in a state of defence, while 7,000 English soldiers, left in charge



Walcheren Peasant Youth.



Walcheren Peasant Maid

of Walcheren, perished of marsh fever and £20,000,000 of money was sacrificed.

Flushing has made a magnificent endeavor to become a great port. And it is hard to understand why it has not succeeded. The map of Holland will show at a glance that its position is unequaled, and millions of guilders have been spent on its harbor works and docks. Steamers leave here regularly for Hull and different parts of the continent. The magnificent harbor is divided into three parts, known as the Outer port and the first and second Inner port. The Outer port comprises about thirty-two acres and has a depth of twenty-one feet at low water; a canal twenty-four feet deep connects the harbor with Middelburg and Veere, cutting the Island of Walcheren into two parts. The town is sheltered from the north and northeast winds and the ever changing sea. To the left is the coast of South Flanders, some of its villages being easily discernible. To the north are the downs with red-tiled farmhouses dotted here and there. To the northeast one gets a glimpse of Biggekerke and Koudekerke,

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Boats on the River near Rotterdam.

two villages worth visiting by the way. There is a little steam tram running between Flushing and Middelburg, four miles away, but a pleasanter way of making the journey is to take the little steamer, running at frequent intervals through the canal, in company with the gaily-dressed peasantry to or from their way to market. In this way a better idea of the country people may be had.

Middelburg was in the middle ages one of the richest and most flourishing cities of the Netherlands as may be seen from its well-built houses, once the homes of merchant princes, and from its spacious docks and waterways. Its municipal charter, dated 1213, is one of the oldest documents of the kind in existence. It was a great market for wool, and was crowded with merchants from all parts of Europe, especially from England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Its intercourse with other nations led to a large trade in wine. All wines coming from Spain and France, for example, for consumption in Holland and Germany had to pass through Middelburg and pay a heavy duty there. In 1572 Middelburg was the last place in Zeeland occupied by the Spanish. It capitulated to the Zeelanders in 1574. It has been described as the most peculiarly representative and Dutch of all the towns of Holland. On Thursday, which is market day, there is great opportunity of studying the Zeeland peasants for it is upon this day that they flock in from the country after their labors



On the Scheldt, Flushing (Vlissingen).

of the week. Their dress is peculiar, most picturesque, and perhaps the most elaborate in Holland. Both sexes wear a great deal of quaint, beaten silver ornaments which may be purchased from them sometimes but for which they ask twice the value. There are many little silverware shops in Middelburg where may be found the quaint, old Dutch spoons, such as are described by Thackeray in "A Roundabout Paper." On market days these shops are thronged with peasants, purchasing the curious Zeeland silver buttons and buckles. These are made of silver wire in concentric circles which are soldered to a base, and are quite moderate in price. The eating at the hotels here is not very good from our standpoint. The traveler will find a superabundance of, as well as many kinds of, cheese. There is cheese with caraway seeds and cheese without, soft cheese, hard cheese, yellow cheese, red cheese, green cheese, and white cheese, not to speak of a certain dark brown cheese, the merits of which I am unable to qualify. The bread is generally good. Of the meat I cannot say as much. My Dutch friend tells me that mutton is hard to get and I found it so, and the reason he gives is that sheep are only killed when they cease to be valuable for wool-bearing and lamb on the table is an almost unheard of rarity. Veal is the great staple and is served in all manner of forms and is generally well cooked. The soup, which is good, is plentifully besprinkled, especially in the north, with cinnamon; it



Headdress, Goes—Side and Front Views.

is rather full of greasy “eyes” and contains forced meat balls or tiny sausages. To a hungry man who has spent the day sight-seeing this food is more or less palatable and is generally served with a huge flagon of beer. The dining-rooms away from the cities in the small towns are redolent of tobacco, for the Dutch are great smokers, from the boy of five in the street to the nonagenarian. Eggs are eaten cold for breakfast and are served in a huge bowl in the shell, with various kinds of cheeses sliced and crumbled, a pot of boiling water and a little caddy full of tea with which one is supposed to make his own tea. After a few essays at tea-making, the tourist becomes quite expert but my own experiences are fresh in my mind, and are too unsuccessful to dwell upon here.

In studying Zeeland, the traveler would better make his headquarters at Middelburg rather than Flushing, for I found the hotel distinctly better at the first-named town, and its situation is certainly fascinating—occupying as it does one side of the quiet square enclosed by the walls of the Abdij as the Dutch oddly spell it. There, amid a grove of trees,



A Dutch Dyke as it appears from the Sea.

one sees delicate spires and a charming façade—the headquarters of the Provincial council, who, meeting in a fifteenth century hall, have had the temerity and taste (or lack of it) to furnish it with “art nouveau” furniture. A proverb of the Middelburger reads “Goed rond, goed Zeuwsch,” that is, “well rounded, very Zeelandish,” and certainly many of the inhabitants bear it out, and the shape of the town as well, which curves about the “Abdij.” Here one notices for the first time the peculiar costume of the women, who are comely, red cheeked, and quite delightful to behold in their lace-frilled caps and bright shawls. The peculiarity is in the color of their arms. The sleeves of their waists are cut off high above the elbow and so tightly worn that the bare arm from thence down seems bursting from the pressure above and, expanding, takes on the color of a ripe reddish plum mottled with delicate violet tints—most uncomfortable and unpleasant to look upon, too.

Middelburg presents a bright and happy exterior. There is everywhere the aspect and evidence of fresh paint, even the tree-trunks and plaster casts of statuary in the gardens are touched up with the paint and whitewash brush. The doors are immaculately white, likewise the marble steps, re-



Peasant Costume, Veere.



Peasant Type, Goes.

minding one of Philadelphia, and the shutters of the windows are ornamented often with a curious hour glass shaped painted ornament, which I am informed is the conventional form of curtains draped back behind the glass, and it may be so. It is certainly quaint. Green paint is lavishly used too, and the freedom is sometimes questionable, but in the main the effect is pleasing from its very novelty.

One is awakened in the morning by the profoundly plaintive music of the bells and carillon and of Long John (De lange Jan) in the tall tower of the Abbey at the "Nieuw Kerk." Day and night his voice is heard over Middelburg every seven and a half minutes, eight times in the hour. Think of it, forty-one bells every seven and a half minutes! Happy the man who can sleep under such a bombardment; as for me, I like it, for my student days were spent under the eaves in a small, red-tiled floored room in Antwerp in the very shadow of the cathedral, and I love the bells, the beautiful silvery deliberate persistent chime. Here at Middelburg is another celebrity (Gekke Betje) Foolish Betsey—so called from her



Canal at Flushing (Vlissingen).

steady wilfulness in disregarding her obligations to Long John. Betsey is the Great Clock in the Stad-Huis, and is the pride of the town even though she will not keep correct time.

One very curious custom will strike the traveler, that is the railing (often of brass brightly polished) maintained by every house owner *across* the sidewalk in front of the house at each side of his property, making it impossible for the passerby to use it. My inquiries as to the meaning of this were answered by uplifted eyebrows, a stare, and a shrug of the shoulders, so I forebore. But the streets and houses are certainly an unending entertainment: there is something at every turn to charm one from its novelty and unusualness; a rosy cheeked maid with her skirts tucked between her knees scrubbing the already immaculate doorstep; a fat baby in a low-wheeled box, while a puppy contentedly licks its unconscious face; a dog-cart filled with golden brass and ruddy copper milk cans; a gathering of ancient lace-becapped women, placidly drinking tea in an arbor bearing the painted motto "*Lust in Rust;*" two hip-jacketed, wide-breeched peasant boys gazing



De Groote Kerk, Dordrecht, of 14th century erection.



Ancient City Gate (De Groothoofd-Poort), Dordrecht.



Panorama of Rotterdam.



View of the River Maas, Rotterdam.



Bridge over the Maas, Rotterdam.



Typical Scene, Rotterdam.



The Delft Gate, Rotterdam.

into each other's eyes in a sort of trance, and saying not one word while I watched them covertly, for fully three minutes by the watch; the glint of sunlight on the patches of moss on the side of a moored barge in the canal, and the long reflections of its sails and cordage in the sluggishly moving water. There is an interesting museum, "Zeeuwsch Genootschap der Wetenschappen," dedicated to the history of Zeeland, containing many shells and stuffed birds, Admiral Ruyter's wheel on which he made rope when a boy, the first telescope, made by Zacharias Jansen, the inventor, two of the first microscopes (1590), a room furnished in the Zeeland style of old, and other curious and interesting objects which may detain the visitor. The other towns of Walcheren, Westcapelle, Domburg, Arнемuiden, and Veere can be easily reached from Middelburg on foot, or conveyance as one prefers. Of these, the most curious and charming is Veere—silent, dead, once the chief rival of Middelburg, but now deserted and abandoned; one can see its huge tower for miles across the level landscape, its fellow lies beneath the sea, they say. It is vast in its proportions, all unfinished as it is. One end alone is used for services and the rest, whitewashed, nude, and stripped of all its one-time ornamentation, is very melancholy, never having recovered from its desecration by Napoleon who used it for a barracks and a stable

On the silent quay is the fine Scotch house, formerly the headquarters of the Scotch wool trade in Zeeland. The exquisite Stadhuis claims attention with its lovely onion-bulb spire piercing the sky and its visible bells softly ringing and jangling. Here, too, one notes the curious painting of the shutters of the lower story, with their hour-glass shaped decoration. Seven statues of the counts and countesses of Veere adorn its front above the first story. It was built in 1470-74.

The Vierschaar, or Court House, paneled in oak is now a museum; its chief treasure is a silver-gilt cup, presented by Prince Maximilian to Veere in 1651. Notice the bronze hands over the fireplace. A person sentenced to be "behanded" might by law commute the punishment by paying a certain sum, and presenting a bronze hand marked with the name,

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crime, etc. There is a small hotel or two; the "Belvedere" may be mentioned as occupying the old Camp Veere tower, an ancient bulwark, with pleasant views across the water to North Beveland. Domburg away to the westward is a small bathing resort, reached by steam train via Kondekerke from Middelburg. At Domburg the men bathe to the right, women to the left. An ancient and picturesque man clad in red flannel armed with a fog-horn acts as master of ceremonies, and recalls the adventurous bather. He bears on his back the word "Badman," but this does not, I am sure, refer to his character, but to his vocation. The Bad Hotel, too, belies its name. It is, on the contrary, excellent in every way and there are other good hotels here, too.

The traveler may now return to Middelburg and Flushing and take train for Rotterdam by way of Dordrecht, passing through Arnemuiden. The train crosses an embankment over the Scheldt, the last glimpse of the gigantic church of Veere vanishes in the distance, and Goes on the island of South Beveland with its red roofs, orchards, and lofty church is seen. Now the train enters North Brabant, crossing an arm of the sea and arriving at Bergen-opzoom, a dull little town with a heavy towered church, passes on to Dordrecht.

Dort, as the Dutch lovingly call it, "that most picturesquely deeply dyed of the Dutch towns," stands on an island separated during the great flood from the mainland in 1421 and is the most ancient of Dutch towns, dating from the tenth century. There is a small hotel on the quay, "The Belvedere," where Whistler and I and Van Gravesande spent many happy evenings together some years ago, watching the shipping on the river and discussing art, life, and things—"eheu fugaces." Dort's leaning houses, we are told by the engineers, are the result of design, but whether or not, they are most alarmingly curious, for one may almost reach across certain of the streets from house to house at the upper windows, and clasp hands with one's neighbors. Certainly no other town occupies its place with calmer placidity, nor has any other so medieval an aspect as in that canal, far below the street level and crossed with a multitude of bridges.

Quainter than Amsterdam, it is the nearest in resemblance to Venice, and there are flights of steps to the water's edge, to the moored boats where the fisherwomen wrangle and wash clothes, and where walls green and mossy rise from the canals, and everywhere is bright green paint, growing flowers in window boxes, caged starlings and placid pussy cats sitting beneath them on the sills of the windows. Barges are constantly passing and the presence of the stranger is unnoticed, nor does his easel or white umbrella awaken more than passing interest. On Wijnstraat are some good examples of the quaint houses of the Hanseatic period with roofs rising in curious steps. The Picture Gallery is in the Linden Gracht, and there is a South African Museum adjoining it. The Groot Hoofd Poort is a picturesque gateway dating from 1618, of red brick enriched with escutcheons, lions, and heads. Inside is a sixteenth century Dutch room paneled in oak, and here are also some fine banners of the ancient guilds. The Groot Kirk is one of the most interesting churches in Holland. The choir and east end are discarded. And whisper! I saw once the washing hung up on a line to dry behind the screen—true, it was on a week-day, but nevertheless! The organ has three manuals and sixty-three stops. There is a fine white marble pulpit (1756). The screen was erected in 1744. The carved choir stalls, which were wilfully damaged at the Reformation, are considered the finest in Holland. They are by Aertz, a native of Oort. In the "Munt Poort" on Voor Straat are some fine Renaissance decorations. Dort was the birthplace of Albert Cuyp, Nicholas Maes, and Ferdinand Bol, the famous painters. There is a statue of Ary Scheffer, the artist, who was born here. His pictures, too, may be seen in the Wijnstraat at the Museum.

A good deal of business is carried on. Great rafts of timber which are made up on the Rhine in Germany are usually broken up here and disposed of—many of the wind-mills about the town are used to saw them up into boards.

Founded in the eleventh century, Dort was of considerable importance in the middle ages by reason of its customs. All products brought into Holland had to pay duty at Dort

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until the envy of Rotterdam succeeded in obtaining a portion of the trade. The first Congress of the Netherlands Commonwealth was held here in 1572 and while proffering loyalty to the king, determined to uphold the policy of William of Orange. This was a momentous gathering in the history of this distressful country. The great religious Congress or Synod of Dort sat here for nearly two years (1618-19). The Synod cost a colossal sum in expenses, and was less inspired by Christian love than any meeting ever held in the name of religion.

Rotterdam is reached by rail or steamer, the latter means being the more interesting, in about an hour and a half. Of its 200,000 inhabitants, one quarter are Roman Catholics, and there are about 7,000 Jews to be reckoned with in trade. It is named from its situation on the Rotte, that is, the Dam on the Rotte. It may be described as a most novel and picturesque medley of water, trees, curious draw bridges and vessels. One may loiter for hours upon the Boompjes (so called because of its row of beautiful trees, boompjes being the Dutch for trees, or *little trees*) which is the place "where merchants most do congregate." There is great animation and color everywhere—the streets are alive with people, so that one can realize the fact that Rotterdam has a population of 200,000. The multitudinous draw bridges are being constantly raised or lowered to let the brightly and picturesquely painted barges pass, and the delay is most cheerfully borne by the halted pedestrian. While it is not a particularly pleasant city to visit it is very cosmopolitan. Its chief claim to fame is that it was the birthplace of Erasmus, and his bronze statue may be seen in the Grotte Markt surrounded by fruit stands and jostling, scolding, chattering peasant women. Another illustrious son is that exquisite painter, Pieter de Hooch. He excelled in his management of light. Sunlight diffused is one of his mysterious gifts to art; his pictures are bathed in it. The traveler may stop here in Rotterdam for a few hours at any rate, and visit "Boymans' Museum," where he will find some good pictures,^f and at the "Museum voor Geschiedenes en Kunst," a fine collection of old furniture,

glass, Delft ware, and weapons. The church of St. Lawrence has no equal in the country; its sombre gray tower quite dominates. There is a typical windmill on the "Cool Singel," some storks in the Zoo, and a most picturesque and busy river.

Lucas says "All Dutch towns are amphibious," but some are more watery than others. He says, too, that they do not swim in their waters and this I can vouch for, but they certainly do wash everything else in sight; such a splashing and a dousing as goes on from morning till night can be seen nowhere else in the world. Lady Mary Wortley Montague sent an interesting letter to the Countess de Mar in 1716 from here. She says: "All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before the meanest doors are seats of various colored marbles, so neatly kept that I assure you I walked all over town yesterday 'incognita' in my slippers without receiving one spot of dirt." There have been some changes since Lady Mary's day, but in the main her account reads as if written today.

And now we must pay a short visit to Gouda (pronounced Hooda) sometimes called Ter Gouw, where we find a fine church surmounted by a bulbous tower sufficiently picturesque to satisfy one. And some magnificently stained glass windows of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are twenty-nine large and thirteen small windows presented by various princes, corporations, etc. The best of them are the twelve by the brothers Wouter and Dirk Crabath in 1555-57, and of their pupils. Before each window is thoughtfully placed a cartoon of its subject. Perhaps such an assemblage of antique glass can be seen nowhere else. One can examine window after window in wonder at its beauty and quality, and marvel that the town was not long since despoiled of its treasures. From here to the Hague is but seventeen miles also by rail. We will, however, defer our visit to this town, the favorite residence of the Royal family, until another article.



IV. The Painters of Domestic Scenes.*

By George Breed Zug.

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LUXURY followed peace in Holland. The women wore beautiful clothes and furnished their homes with elegant furniture and rich stuffs. The men, relieved from the cares and hardships of war, found leisure to adorn their persons and to loiter indoors in the company of maidens robed in satin, velvet, and ermine. Elegance and ease marked the home life of well-to-do people, and this easy and elegant life found its perfect expression in the work of the Painters of Domestic Scenes, who may also be called The Painters of Society. These excellent craftsmen chose for their subjects such incidents of everyday life as a cook at her work, a milkmaid in the buttery, a mother caring for her child, a maiden at her toilet, reading a letter or a book, or taking a music lesson, an officer visiting a young lady, well-dressed people playing cards over a glass of wine or breakfasting at the door of an inn. This class of pictures also includes interiors with figures, few or many, street scenes, tavern broils, and peasant gatherings. Taken in their entire range of subject these pictures present the manners and customs not only of those

*The first article of the series upon "Dutch Art and Artists" appeared in the September CHAUTAUQUAN, the subject "Frans Hals and the Portrait;" in October, "Rembrandt;" in November, "Rembrandt and his Pupils."

placed high in the social scale, but also of people in the humbler walks of life, and they accordingly form a complete gallery of furnishings and of costume, a complete chronicle of the social life of the Dutch people of the seventeenth century. The present paper treats of the painters of the well-to-do classes, the society artists. The painters of the peasants, the low-life artists, are the subject of the next paper of this series.

As a broad term for the class of paintings just referred to we have taken over from the French the word "genre." The word thus used has a more restricted sense than its literal meaning (kind or sort) would imply, for English usage has decreed that the expression "genre painting" shall connote a picture of small dimensions, only a foot or two high, which represents some such domestic or intimately human scene as has just been suggested. It is with reference to the small dimensions of their pictures that the Dutch painters of genre are often given the title of "The Little Dutchmen." As to the genre subject it has usually nothing of historic import, nothing of the heroic or the sublime. But these Little Dutchmen were not seeking dramatic expression or epic grandeur as did Rubens and some of the Italians. The old Italians strove for beauty; the Dutch genre painters strove for the expression of character. The former painted the body; the latter strove to express the workings of the mind. Still, these genre painters do not search the soul as does Rembrandt, but are content to interpret the trifling, the trivial, and, at times even the vulgar incidents of life.

These painters love the play of light on walls and furniture, they love the rich depth of oriental rugs and of fur, the sheen of satin and of velvet, and the lustre of metal and of pottery, and their delicate art translated properly and harmoniously whatever objects and whatever human figures they selected into something new and original and beautiful, and the result was a work of art.

One of the best of the Dutch painters of the upper class was Gerard Ter Borch, the younger. His father, of the same name, was a man of wealth and education, who in his youth had traveled in Germany, Italy, and France. He devoted his

leisure to painting as a mere gentlemanly accomplishment and passed on his talent to his son. Gerard, the son, was born in Zwolle in 1617. He was a precocious boy and has left sketches drawn at the ages of eight and nine, on one of which the father proudly inscribed the words, "Made in 1625 on the 25th of September by G. T. Borch, the younger"; and on another, "Drawn by Gerard, after nature, on the 24th of April, 1626." A small sketch book that still exists, shows how carefully the boy copied nature. He evidently drew with most pleasure the simple subjects,—the thatched cottages, the farmyards with peaceful horses and cows, the old walls of the town with their towers and gates. But, profitable as were these studies, they did not afford sufficient training for so unusual a talent, and the father accordingly sent the young Gerard to Haarlem to study with the painter Pieter Molyn, an artist who objected to the prevailing imitation of the Italians which had been the pride and the curse of Dutch painters for almost a century. Molyn, who was a great influence in his school, confirmed our young master's love of things Dutch. When Gerard was only eighteen years of age he went to England. That the father was still helping to direct the boy's life is shown by a letter he sent to his son in London on July 3d, 1635. "My dear child," the father writes, "I send you the mannikin but without the block which should serve as its pedestal, for that is too large and heavy to put in the trunk. You can have one made, however, at slight cost. Do not let the mannikin have too much repose, as you did here, but use it continually. Draw constantly, and especially choose large compositions with much action in them. When you paint treat modern subjects as much as possible. Have regard to purity and freshness of coloring, that your colors may harmonize when they are dried. Above all serve God, be honest, humble, and useful to all and your affairs will turn out well."

How long Ter Borch remained in London we cannot tell, but Houbraken, the Vasari of Dutch art, says that the young painter visited also Italy, France, and Spain, while the date on a portrait shows that he was again in his native country in 1646 and working in Amsterdam.



"The Guitar Lesson." By Ter Borch. In the National Gallery, London.



"The Visit." By Ter Borch. In the Berlin Gallery.



"An Officer and a Young Lady." By Metsu. In the Louvre, Paris.



"An Old Toper." By Metsu. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



"The Buttery." By Pieter de Hooch. In the Rijks' Museum, Amsterdam.



"The Country House." By Pieter de Hooch. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



"Young Woman Opening a Casement." By Vermeer of Delft. In the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York.



"Man and Woman Drinking." By Vermeer of Delft. In the Berlin Museum.
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York.

It was probably his growing reputation which soon led him to settle in Münster, where he seems to have lived three years. At that time this city must have been a fruitful field for a portrait painter since it was the meeting place of many notables: delegates, ambassadors, churchmen, and jurists came hither from all of Europe to take part in the complicated proceedings to which the approaching conclusion of peace gave rise. Ter Borch has left a number of portraits of important personages painted in Münster, and about 1648 he painted there the so-called "Peace of Münster," one of the most important of his works. This is a portrait group only eighteen inches in height yet containing the carefully delineated and delicately painted portraits of no less than sixty persons. Against a carved wainscoting the Spanish Ambassadors and the delegates of the United Provinces are represented standing about a table upon which lies the provisional treaty. "When the picture was on exhibition in Paris in 1868 it is said that the celebrated French painter, Meissonier, traveled all the way from Antibes for the express purpose of seeing Ter Borch's masterpiece, and that after standing before it for an hour he declared that he considered each separate head in the picture worth the trouble and time that his long journey had cost him."*

In Münster Ter Borch came into relations with the Spanish Ambassador, who persuaded the painter to make a second visit to Spain in 1648. There he was received with great favor by the king, who heaped upon him honors and gifts, and there, it is said, his prowess with the hearts of the ladies of Madrid created such ill feeling that he was forced to leave the country precipitately. After his return to Holland he lived with his family in his native town of Zwolle until 1654, when he married a young woman of Deventer and settled in that city where he was busily occupied in his profession until his death in 1681.

As a man of culture and of much travel Ter Borch must have become acquainted with the work of the best painters of

*The picture is now in the National Gallery, London. A reproduction is in Bates and Guild's "Masters in Art Series" on "Terburg."

Europe. It is believed that the masters that especially appealed to him were Frans Hals, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. However, it is difficult to point out any definite influence of these artists, for he was a master mind, an independent spirit. He was, therefore, able to learn from various masters while still preserving his own individuality and developing his own peculiar artistic style. As has been suggested, Ter Borch excelled in the painting of portrait groups and of single portraits, nearly always of very small size. Like Rembrandt he was fond of painting likenesses of himself and of the members of his family. But the works which one thinks of as typical of the master are the little genre pictures in the style of the two here reproduced.

In "The Guitar Lesson" a lady in yellow and white satin sits playing a lute, her master, leaning his elbow upon the table covered with a Turkish rug, is reading the music which he holds in his left hand, while he beats time with the right. A gentleman standing behind them is looking down at the music book. These two seventeenth century gallants, according to the Dutch custom of the time, keep their heads covered in the presence of the charming pupil. This is a typical subject for this whole group of painters. A music lesson of some kind offers one of the favorite themes for these little pictures. Sometimes the instrument is a spinet, sometimes a violin, and often, as here, a lute. Typical of Ter Borch's art in particular are several things which may be mentioned. Whereas De Hooch and Vermeer often represent a tiled floor and a raftered ceiling, here the ceiling and floor are plain; whereas in Vermeer and De Hooch the light of day enters through windows at the side or the back of the room and plays evenly over all the objects, with Ter Borch the light apparently shines into the picture from some invisible source and brightly illumines the figures in the foreground leaving the rest of the picture in semi-darkness. This focusing the light on the chief figures of the picture is an interesting convention used both by Ter Borch and Metsu. Peculiar to Ter Borch is the brown and white spotted spaniel introduced in "The Guitar Lesson," the Turkish rug, the candle-stick and the bed which

reminds one of a sentinel box. Typical also of this master's art is the introduction of but few accessory objects,—the candle-stick, the cloth on the table, the letter on the floor. This illustrates the master's skill and taste in selection in that he leaves out every unnecessary thing and puts in only such objects as will heighten the desired effect of unity. The composition should also be noticed. The standing figure occupies the center of the picture, the dark of the door at the left balances the bed at the right, the woman on the left is opposed to the master and the table on the right, and the dog on one side corresponds as a spot of light to the letter on the other. Again, could the drawing be more delicate and expressive? See how the fingers of the musician's left hand seem to extend towards us; notice the bend of the lady's right wrist; the placing of the fingers of the other hand on the strings; see how her jacket stands out at the back, and how true to nature the folds of her skirt fall to the floor.

Thus in lighting, in arrangement, and in drawing this little picture is a masterpiece. But no less masterly and no less typical are the coloring and the execution,—characteristics that can be fully appreciated only in the presence of the original painting. It is fortunate that one may see and enjoy paintings by Ter Borch in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, at the Art Institute in Chicago, and in several private collections in America. In these pictures one can appreciate the master's quiet harmonies in red and brown, dominated, as in "The Guitar Lesson," by his favorite model in her white satin gown. This satin dress with its brilliantly painted sheen forms here, as in so many of Ter Borch's pictures, the dominant note of light, and a contrast to the deep reds and browns. Again and again the master introduces into his pictures the same model, with her tip-tilted nose, her brown hair, her fresh complexion and her satin dress adorned with its border of gold. Sometimes she is receiving an officer; sometimes offering him refreshments, or she is represented at her toilet, or writing a letter. Why does Ter Borch repeatedly introduce this model? The question might as well be asked why did Michael Angelo and Raphael each invent a type of face

and figure and employ it repeatedly in their pictures? Or why do Botticelli's women always show the same wan, oval face, the same swollen nostrils and over-ripe lips, the same melancholy expression? Surely the answer is very simple; each artist learns to see things in his own way, attains his own personal vision of the world, and comes to excel in representing certain types and certain colors, and because of his success goes on repeating them.

All these Little Dutchmen were skilful in rendering the surface appearance of things; the texture of hair, of flesh, of silk, satin, and carpet. But of all the group Ter Borch is uniformly most successful in this respect, and he triumphs over all others in the painting of satin. For who has so succeeded in reproducing its color, its folds, its sheen? Metsu alone approaches him, but only now and then. Gerard Dou's satin is too hard and shiny, Netscher's is too much like metal. In view, then, of his supreme skill it is no wonder that Ter Borch loves to paint again and again the satin gown of his favorite model.

Such a gown is seen also in "The Visit." Here again the focus of light is upon the figures; again there is the exclusion of all unnecessary objects; again there is the interpretation of a quiet moment in the lives of people. A gentleman and a lady have come to pay a visit to the dame in white satin, and while his wife gently sips the wine of hospitality the husband talks earnestly to his hostess, emphasizing his remarks with a gesture. Another characteristic feature of Ter Borch is here seen in turning the back of one of the figures to the spectator, thereby enhancing the effect of naturalness, of unstudied art. In this picture the dominating color note is red, but in spite of the vermillion of bed and table and chairs, and in spite of the high sheen of the white satin, the effect is of a quiet harmony which is very tranquillizing.

Gabriel Metsu was born in Leyden in 1630, thirteen years later than Ter Borch. He was for a short time a pupil of Gerard Dou, and he seems to have known Jan Steen intimately and to have been influenced by Steen's art in his own pictures of the peasantry and of the market. In 1650 he

removed to Amsterdam where he came under the influence of Rembrandt and where he died at the age of thirty-seven. These are about all the facts of his life we can be sure of, for the rest we must look to his work, for, although he died at so early an age, his artistic output was such that over one hundred and eighty of his pictures are still in existence, whereas from Ter Borch, with his greater span of life, only eighty pictures are left. Ter Borch was not only the first to devote his brush to the life of the upper classes, but he held it exclusively to that class of subjects. Metsu, whose work at its best is as noble and as refined in spirit and in workmanship as Ter Borch's, was more versatile. He painted outdoor as well as indoor scenes, portraits, and, with less success, religious subjects. He depicted not only the wealth and luxury of high life, but also, under the influence of Steen, markets and tavern scenes and the merrymakings of the peasantry. With these, however, he was not so successful as with the more elegant subjects. Consequently his work is uneven. For well sustained high quality the palm goes to Ter Borch, but if variety and adaptability count for much Metsu is the greatest of the group. He is, moreover, the most human of the group. If he follows the incomparable Rembrandt at a distance, he still follows him more closely than any of his fellow artists in versatility, and in human and spiritual insight. Some of the host of genre painters who flourished at this time seem to introduce human figures as so much bric-a-brac of interest for color, texture, and play of light. Metsu seems to have been interested in the man within the clothes, and to have interpreted by facial expression, by pose, and gesture the very soul of the sitter. Yet, notwithstanding this greater range and this spiritual insight, Metsu's typical works, such as "An Officer and a Young Lady" remind one of Ter Borch's refined domestic scenes. And this picture seems to stand as evidence that Metsu was a follower of Ter Borch. Here is the same focusing of light on the chief figures, the same air of elegance and refinement, together with a similar skill in the painting of textures. Metsu is sometimes more elaborate, less simple than Ter Borch, but, at his best, as here,

he is as restrained and as refined, while he is often more skilful in the rendering of the effect of atmosphere by gradations of shadow and of tone. Careful as is Ter Borch in balance of arrangement, Metsu seems to lay even greater stress upon it. In "An Officer and a Young Lady" the man is set over against the young lady; the servant boy, with bashful tilt of head as he scrutinizes the officer, balances the table and the vase on the other side; and the little dog, with ears pricked up and nose thrust forward sniffing at the intruder, offsets the cane and gloves. By the incline of the heads and the pose of the bodies the artist subtly suggests the bashfulness of the boy, the gentleness and refinement of the lady, the aristocratic deference of the officer. By such little touches Metsu shows interest in people as people.

Such human sympathy is also apparent in "An Old Toper." This is not a mere portrait, but rather a portrait-study, a portrait with something of the genre element added. The old man as he leans slightly on the barrel, resting his pewter mug on his knee and looking out at the spectator with a blissful expression, is a delightful character study. No less delightful is the quiet color harmony made by the dull red cap trimmed with fur, the warm grey coat and the pewter mug set against the pearl grey background. Unobtrusive as are these two paintings of Metsu they are masterpieces of their kind, perfect examples of great art within small compass.

Without doubt Ter Borch and Metsu are the consummate realists of the Dutch genre painters, the masterworkmen of their group. They are the painters whom we most admire, while De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft are the painters whom we most love. These last are the artists of temperament, the most personal among their contemporaries. They are personal in their vision of nature, in their use of color, in their rendering of mood. Their supreme interest lies in the study of light, the varying and delicate effect of the sun's rays as they fall through casement window and open doors, or steal through heavy curtains, with power to light up a human face, touch a satin garment with gold, or glorify wall and floor of a modest Dutch interior. The two artists do not, as does

Rembrandt, employ chiaroscuro as a means for dramatic expression, as an aid to the interpretation of the spiritual nature, but rather as something worthy of treatment for its own sake, and in their study of light for artistic purposes these painters seem very modern.

The little that is known of Pieter De Hooch is that he was born in Utrecht in 1630, that he was actively engaged in 1653 at The Hague, and that in 1655 his name was inscribed on the membership roll of the Guild of St. Luke at Delft, while later there are traces of him at Amsterdam. Indeed, the great authority on Dutch painting, Bredius, includes De Hooch among the painters who worked mainly at Amsterdam. Such are the meagre facts of the painter's life as known to us. As regards his artistic development, we know that he was influenced by the work of Rembrandt without ever becoming his mere imitator, for he achieved a personal style of great originality. The comparatively early pictures of De Hooch convey a sense of peace, a feeling for the home such as few works in the history of painting can inspire. Witness "The Buttery" in the Rijks Museum. What could be more tranquil, more intimate than this simple interior with the woman and child? How true and how delightful is the action of the servant as she presents the jug for the child to sip! How charming is the gesture of the child, the tilt of her little head! Characteristic of De Hooch's subjects and of his delicate art are the tiled floors and the walls touched with light; and characteristic, too, is the vista of rooms seen through the open door, the windows admitting the sunlight from the glowing court.

"The Country House," on the other hand, is an example of a typical out of doors scene by our artist. Original as is De Hooch in his study of light in interiors, he is equally original in the color tone of his open-air subjects. In "The Country House" the young woman in the foreground is clad in rose color, yellow, and red, her guest with his brownish vest and bright red shoes makes another color note, while the servant scouring tins in the background is brilliant in blue and yellow. The sun shines brightly on the house with its red-tiled roof relieved against an intensely blue sky. It is in

such pictures as these that De Hooch tells the story of the sane and cheerful life of the middle class with directness and simplicity and yet with a lyric quality all his own. Later in his career when he seems to have become more popular he tells the story of the wealthier classes, yet still with his own individual use of color and light.

Jan Vermeer, of Delft, whose name is frequently written Van der Meer, was born in Delft in 1632. He was probably a pupil of Rembrandt's follower, Karel Fabritius, and was later somewhat influenced by Rembrandt himself. It is known that he filled honored positions in his native city where he was accepted as a leader by his fellow artists. This statement of our artist's high position is confirmed by the testimony of a French traveler and art lover of his day, who records that when in 1661 he visited Delft and met Vermeer the latter's vogue was so great that the painter had no pictures in his studio to show him and in order to see one of the master's works the Frenchman had to go to the house of a baker who possessed a single picture of Vermeer, for which he had paid no less a sum than six hundred livres, equivalent to about \$150,—a large amount for those days. Yet, strange to say, in spite of Vermeer's contemporary fame his very name was forgotten fifty years after his death, and during the two centuries following he was entirely neglected, so that his pictures which were to be seen in many of the European collections usually bore the name of De Hooch. Thanks, however, to the painstaking researches of certain French critics it is now possible to enjoy the works by the great painter of Delft and to note the qualities which differentiate them from the works of the other artist.

The "Young Woman Opening a Casement" is eminently typical of Vermeer. He loves a restricted glimpse of an interior, often with a single figure outlined against a grey wall whose space is broken by the rectangular lines of a map. Whereas with De Hooch the light usually comes from more than one source, entering through windows and doors in the background, with Vermeer it nearly always comes through a leaded casement at the left, as in the two paintings here reproduced, and falls equally on dark blue chair, Persian rug, and

soft grey wall. Whereas De Hooch's colors are strong brick reds, a velvety black, naples yellow, and the intense blue of the sky, Vermeer is addicted to a delicate lemon yellow and a cool sky blue. It is this beautiful pale blue such as permeates "The Young Woman Opening a Casement" which one associates with the art of Vermeer and which helps to give the impression of a luminous atmosphere. Vermeer seems to care less for the story than does De Hooch, while his drawing is at once more accurate and more delicate, just as his color is more dainty and refined. Words are hardly necessary to point out how tenderly the light caresses the objects in the pictures of Vermeer, or with what unconscious beauty he invests each trifling act in the quiet dramas of his art. He seems to have a sense of beauty beyond that of his contemporaries and a peculiar sensitiveness to delicate cool colors.

Of the host of painters of domestic scenes in this prolific period of Dutch art the men to whom we have paid but too brief a tribute,—Ter Borch, Metsu, De Hooch and Vermeer, are the greatest. Rembrandt's pupil, Gerard Dou, and Ter Borch's follower, Caspar Netscher, introduce so many details into their pictures that the result is confused. Moreover, their workmanship is too smooth and metallic in appearance. Other painters of the time underline the story to satiety, while still others show the forced gracefulness, the superficial charm that come from an unfortunate Italian influence. But many, even of these minor masters, occasionally produce most worthy works. This whole large group of Dutch painters are the true historians of their period, telling in language plainer than words of the peace that followed the long war, of order, contentment, and of domestic happiness.

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For passages on Genre Painting in general see "Studies in Pictures," by John C. Van Dyke. Pages 99-110. And Painting in France, by P. G. Hamerton. Pages 57-66. Search and Review Questions, on required Reading will be found in the Round Table Section of this Magazine.

End of C. L. S. C. required Reading, pages 19-79.

The Sainte-Chapelle : A Medieval Shrine

By Edwina Spencer.

ENTERING the royal oratory of the Sainte-Chapelle from the outer world of Paris, one steps across the threshold of nearly eight centuries into "the glamour of an ancient day"—the day of Saint Louis of France and his crusading comrades. For when, through the fallen fortunes of the Byzantine Emperor, King Louis, of godly memory, acquired for France what to the medieval church were priceless treasures—the Crown of Thorns and a fragment of the True Cross,—he charged his architect, Pierre de Montereau, to build for them "a shrine of stone, as elaborately wrought as a piece of gold filigree, tapestried with enamels, illumined with brilliant glass." And "never," comments a modern writer, "was royal wish better understood or better executed." In 1245 the king laid the corner-stone; and within the incredibly short space of three years the architect had completed his marvelous work—then, as now, the most beautiful royal oratory in the world.*

It stands in the heart of Paris, where the "Ile de la Cité" teems with ancient memories; a little structure enshrined in that "vast complexus of buildings," the Palais de Justice. In ancient times, when Paris was but a muddy village, this site was occupied by the Roman governors; and later arose here the palace of the kings of France, of which only a few portions besides the Sainte-Chapelle exist, since the disastrous fires of 1776. Preserved as by a miracle through the rough usage of the Revolution and the Commune, the chapel of Louis IX emerged more or less mutilated, but with the glorious windows largely intact; and no other such example remains to us of a typical thirteenth century interior. Its restoration, decided upon in 1837, was admirably accomplished during

*This claim is sometimes made for the Palatine Chapel in Palermo, Sicily, which is lined with exceedingly rich and beautiful medieval mosaics. The Sainte-Chapelle, however, unites unusual architectural beauty with fine mural decoration and priceless medieval glass, achieving an effect unsurpassed among royal oratories.

the succeeding twenty years by architects of profound knowledge and devotion to their task.

Its name, "Sainte-Chapelle," is the generic one which was used in the Middle Ages for churches built to contain important relics, or erected upon ground consecrated by martyrdom. Though several such chapels, of much beauty, still survive, that of Paris has long out-shone them all, and is known simply as "The" Sainte-Chapelle. Today we see it practically as its creator delivered it to his sovereign; a precious piece of Gothic art, so delicately and perfectly proportioned, so carven without and so gemmed within, that no jewel-casket or reliquary was ever more exquisite.

The fine exterior makes an instant appeal by its buoyant simplicity, elegance of line, and rich, yet restrained decoration. The photograph reproduced here shows it surrounded by confusion incident to repairs which were being made in the adjoining law courts of the Palace of Justice; but we may gain from it some idea of the exterior decoration; the elaborately carved railings, the turrets surrounded by sculptured crowns of thorns, the decorative angel's figure upon the apex of the roof, and the remarkably graceful spire. But the distinctive architectural feature of the building is its construction in *two stories* corresponding to those of the palace adjoining; thus giving the royal family direct access from its galleries to the upper chapel devoted to their use, and separating it from the lower one which was designed for various officers and attendants of the royal household. Each story is fronted by a quaintly sculptured porch.

Standing before the building we can watch the French lawyers, distinguished-looking in their robes, pass back and forth across the little court, and can glance over at the steps trodden by Dreyfus during his trial. But as we turn to the wonderful little shrine of St. Louis, these present surroundings fade, and the eyes of our mind suddenly open on the heart of Paris centuries ago. We see the King, who was also saint and warrior, moving stately through the streets of his little city—(the capital which had been walled and paved by his grandfather, and only then transformed from the condition

which gave it its Roman name of "Mud-Town"); founding here hospitals, hospices, asylums and refuges for the blind, providing public aid for his people, as well as carrying on large works of private charity. And we remember how the scathing pens of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century dealt leniently with his taste for relics in view of these many benevolences! We recall how the wee boy of seven, left fatherless by the death of Louis VIII, was trained by his widowed mother to meet worthily the great responsibilities of kingship, and how, as a lad of eleven, he took his place upon the throne of France. We watch him going out to battle and returning victorious, and later, in his militant Christianity, entering upon the Crusades. In these old palace precincts how vividly he appears before us, riding in and out, talking with his good friend Robert Sorbon, the founder of the famous French University, or laughing with Sire de Joinville, that sprightly and delightful writer of the early French tongue!

Yet here, at the threshold of the oratory where he worshipped, we think of St. Louis most frequently as accompanied by the majestic figure of his mother, that noble Blanche of Castille, whose name is like an echo of her son's, so closely were their lives at one. A Spanish princess, daughter of Alfonso IX, King of Castille, when she married Louis VIII she became one of the great queens of France; and it was her spiritual teaching that built up her son's remarkable character. During his minority she ruled the kingdom—not as regent, but as the king's guardian; his name alone appeared in governmental matters, but it was her courage, energy and good sense, combined with amazing tact and intuition, that preserved France through those troublous years.

As Louis grew to manhood and came to justify all her hopes, she was rewarded by her intense pride and joy in him; his splendor of soul matched her own. Theirs was a solemn leave-taking, when in 1249 he set out for the Holy Land, for Blanche felt a premonition that she should never see him again, or have the comfort of greeting him on his triumphal return. Several years passed, during which the king met many disasters



Blanche of Castile, Queen of France, Wife of Louis VIII, and Mother of Saint Louis. Born 1187—died 1252. Her coat-of-arms was emblazoned beside his own throughout the Sainte-Chapelle, built by her son, Louis IX.



Saint Louis (1215–1270), King of France as Louis IX (1226–1270). Builder of the Sainte-Chapelle.

and long imprisonment; and his mother's death, three years after his departure while he was still in the East, made the final home-coming a sorrowful one for the devoted son.

Since its restoration, the Sainte-Chapelle has become an "historic monument," and is open to the public from eleven in the morning until four or five in the afternoon. About two o'clock is, however, the best hour; and it is important to choose the very brightest day that Paris skies afford one, because of the unfortunate darkening of both the lower and upper chapels by surrounding buildings. The disastrous fire which in 1776 damaged adjoining parts of the Palace of Justice, was followed by inexcusably blundering repairs; the architects deliberately shutting off most of the light from the lower, and also in a lesser degree from the upper chapel.

Present-day pilgrims enter by way of the lower chapel, where worshipped the many minor officials of the king's household; and not through the door from the adjoining corridors of the palace, which gave the royal family direct access to the upper floor. Crossing the lower porch, we find ourselves in what seems almost like a crypt, owing to the poor light; but as our eyes become accustomed, we discover how gorgeous an interior this is, clothed from floor to ceiling in color and gold. Forty columns, their tops wreathed with carved foliage, support the rather low vaulting, which is starred with the lilies of France. The shafts of the columns are decorated with the heraldic device (three castles) of Blanche of Castille,—Louis having combined his mother's insignia with his own throughout the building. Despite its rich reds and blues, there is no hint of gaudiness in the simple vivid coloring; it is like a Gregorian chant.

This forms, however, but a prelude to the more varied harmonies of the royal chapel above. One mounts a tiny spiral stair in the wall, and then the soul sensitive to color finds itself in the land of faery, mystical with the pageantry of storied windows, hung with azure, rose and gold, overshot with amber lights and ruby fires. The room is a long parallelogram rounded at its eastern end.* Our eyes may sweep from the great "rose" over the entrance, around an unbroken series of fifteen immense windows, which enclose the whole chapel in walls of painted glass. By skilfully throwing the great weight of the roof upon the outside buttresses, the medieval architect was able to reduce his walls to the thickness of mere pillars, and to achieve by means of immense windows, the effect of a room composed of transparent enamels through which the sun might play with marvelous beauty. The majestic curves of the vaulting bend down to meet the five great columns attached to the wall between the windows, each column springing from the floor in a single superb sweep of more than fifty feet.

*The upper chapel is one hundred and fifteen feet long, by thirty-six wide. Its height is sixty-six feet; that of the windows forty-nine.



The Lower Chapel. This was once a blaze of color and gold, but has been deprived of proper lighting by adjacent buildings.



The Upper Chapel. Entrance end, showing the great Rose-window, placed here in the XV Century, containing designs illustrating the Book of Revelations.



The Upper Chapel. Chancel end, showing the canopy, beneath which rested the shrine containing the sacred relics. The embrasures in the wall at either side were for the special use of the king and queen during services.

Sainte-Chapelle

The chancel end is spanned by a row of seven arches, the wide central one supporting a platform upon which stands a large canopy of carved wood. Beneath this the relics rested and were displayed on solemn festivals. From its elevation, this magnificent shrine, blazing with precious stones, dominated the whole chapel and shone almost unearthly in the prismatic radiance from the windows. The shrine was approached by two tiny wooden stairways at the back, and one of these remains from St. Louis's day; many times his feet have mounted it in order that he might himself display the relics to the worshippers. The picture this thought calls up gives rise to another recollection of the king, when before the chapel was built he brought these religious treasures to Paris; it is easy to imagine the brilliant processions in 1239 and 1241, when the king piously walked barefoot through the streets of the city carrying the newly received relics on his shoulders, assisted by his brother, the Comte d'Artois.

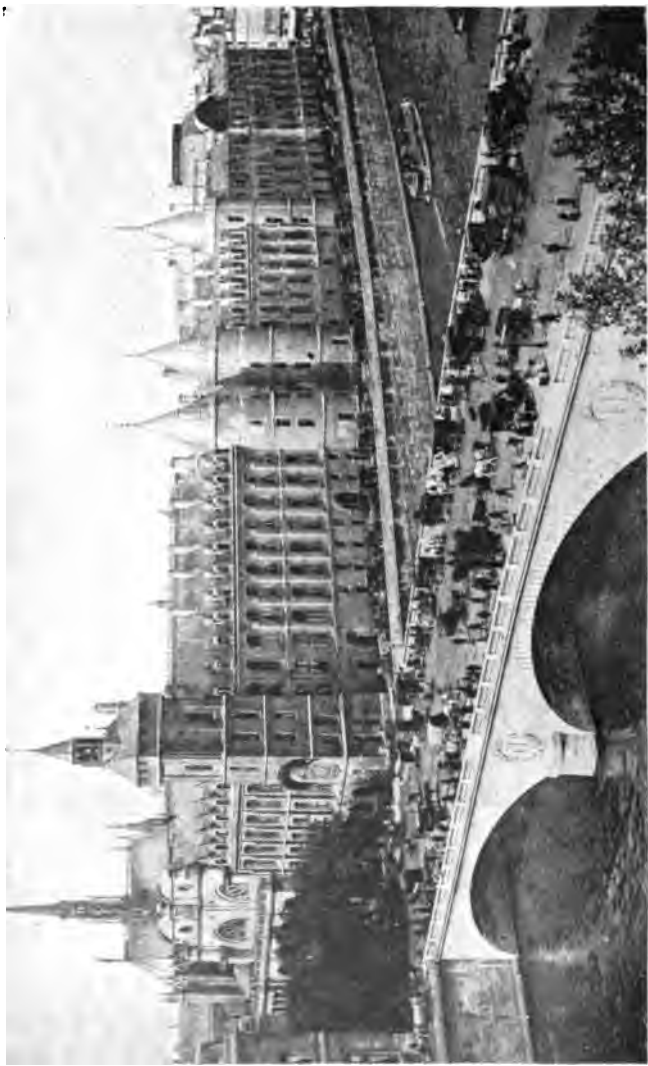
Three-fourths of the chapel's height is brilliant with windows; below them, the remaining fourth is enriched by elaborate arches, a multitude of lovely curves connecting the many slender pillars. The floor is of delicately tinted mosaic, upon which strips of carpet are now laid to protect it from the feet of sightseers. The vaulting is deep blue sown with golden stars; the high columns which support it alternate in color, one bearing the gold "fleur-de-Louis" of the king upon a diamonded blue ground, and the next a red diamond pattern with the gold castle of his mother's device. Indeed, the lily and castle are everywhere in evidence, combined in the decoration of parts of the vaulting, blazing in the ground-work of the windows, and embellishing the two shallow spaces in the side walls which formed recesses for the seclusion of the royal personages.

Not a foot of the interior is without some exquisite colored decoration; and to the whole jewel-enwoven fabric a last touch of beauty is added by twelve fine statues of the Apostles fastened to the window columns.

The whole mural decoration is, however, subordinated to the windows, serving them as a frame; and the windows are



Exterior of the Sainte-Chapelle. Notice the effect of lightness and daintiness combined with extreme solidity which makes it an architectural masterpiece.



The Palais de Justice, Paris, showing the Sainte-Chapelle at the left of the picture. The bridge is the famous Pont au Change, rebuilt in 1859 on the site of one of the oldest bridges in Paris. The clock-tower at the corner of the building dates from 1308, the clock being probably the oldest public clock in France.

priceless examples of French glass at the zenith of its perfection. They were all in place when the building was consecrated in 1248, except the rose-window, which dates from the fifteenth century, and is not so fine as the others. They are "medallion" windows, each depicting a series of sacred events in a corresponding number of variously shaped medallions, upon a conventional ground-work. Their subjects cover the whole of Sacred Writ, beginning with the Book of Genesis and continuing through Exodus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Judges, the lives of the Kings and of the Prophets. From that point the New Testament is given with equal detail; the lives of Christ, of the Virgin Mary and of Saint John the Evangelist,—as well as the Heavenly Jerusalem, to which the rose-window is devoted. Sixty-seven of the subjects have to do with the acquisition of the relics; with their journey, their reception and their display before the people. These are perhaps most precious, as they give us portraits by contemporary artists of the Comte d'Artois, Blanche of Castille, and St. Louis himself.

This host of animated scenes is full of interest—a whole world of little figures in action, living, moving, and almost talking to us across the lapse of time. It forms a tremendous conception of religious story; and it has been well said that after taking us back to the origin of things and the creation of the world, these wonderful medallions conduct us down the ages, and, closing with the Book of Revelations, usher us even into the bosom of eternity!

We may go out from the chapel of St. Louis into other historic portions of the Palace of Justice and follow the French nation from century to century. We may look down the sombre passages leading to the Cour de Mai, through which passed more than twenty-seven hundred victims of the Revolution; and in the Conciergerie, which occupies the lower part of the building, adjoining the river, we may visit the cell in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned. On the upper floor is the chamber where the Revolutionary tribunal met and passed her death sentence; and near her cell below is that of Robespierre. Outside is the bridge occupying the site of the

Sainte-Chapelle

old Pont au Change which was flanked with the shops of goldsmiths and money-changers; it leads across the Seine to that modern portion of the city, on the right bank of the river, which harbors the present business and fashion of Paris,—the finest boulevards, hotels, theaters, and shops. But the old town on the left bank which cherishes Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle is still full of ancient traditions. Here is the Sorbonne, in the Latin quarter, and here also is the Quartier St. Germain containing the residences of the old aristocracy.

Yet, after dwelling upon the historic memories in other parts of the Palace of Justice, we find ourselves drawn back again to the beauties of the Sainte-Chapelle, and we suddenly realize that here the years have left us more than memories. Art in its most wonderful creative mood has triumphed over time; and did we know nothing of St. Louis or his period, the infinite loveliness of this little chapel would give us almost an equal delight. Through the artists, whom he inspired to such achievement, Louis unconsciously mirrored his own "splendor of soul"; symbolizing the force and beauty of his Christian faith, as well as the richness of his spiritual nature.

The glorious reds and blues of the ancient glass fill the silent room with colored light, and their glow seems to re-people it with the brilliant scenes of medieval monarchy. The ladies who knelt beneath these jeweled windows, and who were radiant as the flowers in a French parterre, the knights shining in bright armor, gay with embroidered devices, the pages, squires and crusaders, who formed a rainbow-hued concourse at joust or worship, ceased long ago their devotions in the Sainte-Chapelle! Yet it still invites us with incomparable charm to do homage at the shrine of immortal art.

The Summer Christmas

By Maarten Maartens.

[The following story reprinted by permission of the author and his publishers, Appleton & Co., is one of the best of a volume of short stories entitled "My Poor Relations." These tales of Dutch peasant life display much of the excellent method of the French masters of the short story, and have, as well, a kindliness and sympathy too often lacking in the work of the French writers. Mr. Maartens (J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz) is the greatest of living Dutch authors, but by reason of his ability to write in English has a wider circle of readers in England and America, than in Holland itself.]

IT IS an old story, forgotten long ago, I think, in that quiet corner of the world which saw it happen. A touching story it has always seemed to me, and strangely quaint; but that, perhaps, may only be because to me its memory remains indissolubly blended with recollections of the place in which I used to hear it told me, because the soft voice of the teller must ever be to me the music of the tale. For me alone is this: why should I seek, then, to intrude it upon others? To them it will be a passing incident, printed, paid for (a tenth part of a sixpence), sliced between two others, yawned over for five minutes and forgot. Now to me it is the changeless Nowel, the young anthem of the angels around the cradle of the Saviour of the world. And again I hear my mother speaking, in the wainscot chamber with the painted panels, in the half light of the fire-logs, and her face, hear her telling, with a voice like distant church bells, all the story, how it happened, with but little alteration, many winter evenings, almost word for word. The voice is stilled. The winter evenings were long and cold and dark. They are longer now.

I said the story is an old one. That must be true. For one thing, there are no Counts Edelstam in Holland now; the family has died out, and the simple customs among which they lived are also dead or dying. All this I know. Yet to me

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the story is so fresh and new it might occur tomorrow. The oldest thing in a man's life (and they say it is the last) is the memory of his mother—daughters may forget: however that be, thank God! to this eternal soul—a-flutter round the flame betwixt two shadows—come some few thoughts that remain untinged by time.

* * * * *

It was on a winter evening that Magda von Malitz arrived at Stamsel—a bitter winter evening, cold and dark as this. The old Count had been expecting her since sunset. The carriage, sent to meet her at the post-house, should have brought her back three hours ago. He sat in the wainscot chamber, where the painted panels are, wondering if some accident could possibly have befallen the horses. The suggestion troubled him. He rang for Peter.

"Peter, do you think that anything can have happened to—the young Baroness?"

"I do not think so, Mynheer the Count."

"And why not, pray?" asked the old gentleman testily.

"Oh! if you wish it, of course, Mynheer the Count."

Count Edelstam took snuff. He used to be a long time about taking snuff.

"Traveling is not so dangerous—" began the old servant, who never spoke unless spoken to, except when he thought he had gone too far.

"*What?*" His master stopped, amazed, with uplifted pinch.

"As it used to be, I was going to say."

"That is true. Now, when I went to Paris"—the old gentleman snuffed, shook his head and waited—"yet that was before the Revolution!" He presented his mull to the servant, a thing he never did by daylight.

"Your Nobleness could not go now," said Peter.

"Peter, you presume. Mind your own business," replied the Count with vivacity. For that subject was a sore one, as will readily appear.

"Still I wish she had arrived," said the Count.

"So she has," said the servant.

"What on earth do you mean?" said the Count.

"I hear the carriage in the courtyard," said the servant.

"Then why the devil can't you speak?" said the Count.

"I did not wish to presume," said the servant.

"You are the curse of my life," exclaimed the Count, running out into the hall.

"And its blessing," said, preparing to follow, the servant.

Magda von Malitz was being ushered up the marble steps from the great doorway. She was very young, with a lot of fair hair, and big blue eyes. She must have looked charming under her traveling-hood.

She dropped a deep curtsy to the stately old gentleman, her uncle, in the cloud of white hair (was it powdered?) and splendid lace ruff. He took her by the hand with a few words of greeting, and led her into the parlour.

"You are like your mother," he said, lifting the lamp shade to gaze at her. "Why did she go all the way to Austria? It is too far."

"The foot goes where the heart leads it, my uncle," said Magda, and dropped another curtsy.

"Tut, tut. Well, she died there; it is seven years ago."

"Eight years, my uncle," said Magda.

"Tut, tut. You mustn't contradict me. Nobody contradicts me here."

Magda dropped another deep curtsy. There must lie little satisfaction, she reflected, in pretending to be right. But she only said—

"And where is my Uncle Robert, Uncle Charles?"

"Your Uncle Robert is away," replied Uncle Charles. And he coughed a great deal, and cleared his throat, and choked.

"Away?"

"And why not, pray?" said the old gentleman sharply.

"My mother has told me you always lived together, that was all," she answered, with eyes full of innocent surprise; "six months here at Stamsel, six months at Bardwyk, four miles off."

"It is four and a half," said Count Edelstam.

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"And she had never known you two days apart. I have often heard her say that. When, please, is he coming back?"

"You ask too many questions, my niece," replied the Count. "You are a stranger here. You could ask questions forever. My housekeeper will show you to your apartment. After that, pray come down and have some supper."

"Forgive me," she said, "I hardly feel myself a stranger. I used to hear about you and Uncle Robert every day while mother was alive."

He solemnly kissed her on the forehead.

"You will be happy here, I trust," he said. "We will do everything to make you happy. It is a quiet place, but so is Bardwyk; and neither of them is quieter than your convent at Plauensee."

"I am happy to be rid of school. I am happy to be here," said Magda, departing under care of Vrouw Slomp.

The old Count turned abruptly to his servant. "Now that is very strange, is it not?" he said, "that she should begin by asking after Robert."

"Not so very strange, if your Nobleness comes to consider. Evidently the young lady knows more of what happened before than of what has occurred in the last six years."

"Well, go and live with my brother Robert," replied Count Karel inconsequently.

"As your Nobleness pleases. Shall I send you my brother Paul?"

The one old man looked in the other's imperturbable face. Then they both had snuff; and while they were enjoying it, Magda came back. Her hair was all about her brow in curls and ringlets; her dark frock, high-waisted, after the fashion of the period, suited the trimness of her graceful figure. She was all dimples and sweetness and smiles.

"Now to prove that I am no stranger," she said gaily, "I will tell you about that snuff-box, Uncle Karel, which you have got in your hand. It has a stag chased on top of it, silver-gilt, with two rubies for eyes."

"Dear, dear, it is time you came home," he said, laughing. "Yet, my dear, you were never in the Netherlands before."

"Still they are home," she answered gravely. "I never knew my Austrian father; my mother has been dead so long. Brabant has always seemed my fatherland; mother wished me to think so. She never tired of telling me about her life before her marriage. Uncle Karel, I was so sorry you could not have me a month earlier, before Christmas. I should have liked, above all things, to be present at the 'Peace-making.' I had been looking forward to it. Of course, my Uncle Robert was here for that?"

"My dear, I must go and wash my hands for supper," said Uncle Karel, and he hastily beat a retreat. From one of the panel-chamber's many gloomy corners old Peter came forward into the shaded light.

"Young Freule," he said, "you will excuse me, but the name of your Uncle Robert is never mentioned in this house."

"Why, Peter," cried the girl, "whatever do you mean? And where is Paul?"

"Paul, an it please your Nobleness, has gone with Count Robert to Bardwyk; they live there always now. Six years ago our masters quarreled; they have never met or spoken since."

"Quarreled?"

"It came on about a journey—quite unexpectedly, as one may say. They had always been the best of friends, though very different characters. My master is quick and kind-hearted. Count Robert is slow—but la! he's kind-hearted too."

"I know," said the girl impatiently; "but the quarrell! What quarrel?"

Old Peter peered out of his little grey eyes. "Your Nobleness knows a deal," he said. "They'd been planning their journey for months, but they always squabbled over it. Count Robert, he wanted to go to Paris; he'd never been out of the country at all. Count Karel had been, as a young man, with me, thirty-nine years ago come next June, and he wouldn't go again, for the one place he'd been to was to Paris. La! what a time we had in Paris! It was just before the outbreak of the great Revolution; 'tis a wonder I'm here to tell the tale!"

That was Peter's stereotyped expression at this stage of his story. You were now expected to request further details.

"They quarreled!" said the Freule, speaking as in a dream.

Peter knit his bushy eyebrows. "After what we had gone through, I cannot be surprised at my master's decision," he said.

"But there was no revolution six years ago in Paris! Revolutions are done."

"There might have been," said Peter emphatically; "any time. The people that did what the French did in '89—do you know what they did to the Dauphin?"

"Yes," said the girl softly.

"Dear, dear, they shouldn't teach young ladies such things. And to thousands of innocent women! No wonder Count Karel will never go to Paris again. No, *he* wanted to visit London! Count Robert refused to hear of London, because the English have taken the Cape of Good Hope."

"That, also, I can understand," remarked Magda.

"They had frequently quarreled about the matter, amiably, as we fancied, but one evening, suddenly, they grew violent. They were rude to each other." Old Peter's voice dropped to a whisper. "Words fell between them—in fact, in the presence of us servants, they called each other names. I should not tell you, but that it is necessary you should understand. It is not the quarrel, it is *that* which one cannot forgive the other. Each refused to apologize; both were in fault. Count Robert left for Bardwyk that night with my brother. There has been no communication between the two houses since."

"But the Peace-making!" cried Magda, the tears in her eyes. "Surely they must meet at the Peace-making!"

"Hush! I hear my master's step! Neither has been present at the Peace-making, Freule, since the Christmas before the quarrel."

At this juncture Count Karel entered, and, offering his hand, led Magda to the supper table. The soft light of the candles fell from massive candlesticks; there were glittering

glass and snowy napery and simple fare. They ate almost in silence, with formal question and answer about the journey. It was only when the oranges and walnuts were put on the table that Count Karel said what he wanted to say.

"It has been arranged," he began, looking down on the crackers he was carefully adjusting, "that you will spend six months of the year with me and six at Bardwyk. I shall ask you to leave for Bardwyk on the 31st of June. Meanwhile, please let us avoid the subject."

She laid her head upon the tablecloth and sobbed.

"Don't," said Count Karel; his voice trembled.

"I—I can't help it. Please forgive me. It is so different from the home-coming I had expected."

"You cannot miss anything. You had never seen either of us, Magdal"

"I—I know. But I have loved you both ever since I can remember. Mother taught me to. And she said your love for each other was the blessing of the neighborhood. It had taught you to institute the Peace-making—"

"Silence!" said Count Karel in a voice of thunder. Its tones rang through the lonely house. Old Peter crept up anxiously and peeped through the door.

That was the end of Magda's first evening at Stamsel. Many days and evenings followed—cold, quiet, comfortable, uniformly dull. At least they got dull when she realized their uniformity. A silence hung over the house—a beautiful old house, full of art treasures, many of the present lord's collecting. Everything was in absolute order under Peter's most absolute rule. The housekeeper was a nonentity. Magda was a guest. In the clockwork machinery of the house no hitches occurred except such as the master occasionally provoked. Count Karel's temper was quick. He believed in, although he detested, scolding. He even scolded Peter. Peter ruled him with a rod of iron.

"The house is silent," said Magda ruefully. She obtained, by not asking for it, permission to drive over to Bardwyk from time to time. The latter was a smaller edifice, a tiny castle, still more valuably furnished, not with art curios, but

with beautiful sixteenth-century furniture in its original place. Nothing much lay between the two properties but a stretch of bleak Brabant country, dotted over with stunted trees. Connected with each place was a ragged village; here and there a stray house lay lost. Half-way stood the church, in almost desolate loneliness, with the dwelling house of the priest.

And so Magda got to know her Uncle Robert. He very much resembled his elder brother, but in a quieter way; there was not the eagle flash of the eye; there was a stronger, squarer chin. Count Robert was a bookworm, perfectly content among county histories, local and provincial and family chronicles, oddities and quiddities, notes and queries, intellectual parings and fringes, and rubbish of every sort. He liked his niece to sit by him, working tapestry. "But I miss my billiards," he exclaimed one day, suddenly, looking up from van Leeuwen's *Batavia Illustrata*. She did not ask him to explain the "but," or the aggressive denial in his tone. "Do you play billiards, Magda?"

"No, Uncle Robert; they did not teach us in the convent," replied Magda demurely, bending over her work.

"My dear, they were very right. When you come here you must learn to play at billiards, and also at backgammon."

"Uncle Karel and I play backgammon of evenings," said Magda. "He plays beautifully."

"H'm—but not with proper caution. Backgammon, of all games, requires caution."

"Does it?"

"I shall prove to you that it does when we play together. My dear, it wants a long time till the 31st of June."

"This is the 17th of April," was Magda's only answer.

His pride prevented his asking her whether she looked forward to the transmigration, yet he would have given a good deal to know.

"It is time for me to go home," said Magda. That final word invariably annoyed him. But he quietly rang the bell and asked for the Freule's carriage.

Old Paul stood in the doorway, a stouter replica of Peter, with a redder nose and whiter hair.

"An't please your Nobleness," said Paul, "Thys cannot drive the Freule back tonight." Thys was the Stamsel coachman.

"It does not please my nobleness at all," replied Count Robert. "Pray what is the matter with Thys?"

"Thys has been suddenly taken ill," said Paul, with a grin and a side glance towards the Freule.

"Drunk, of course," said the Count with quiet triumph.

"An't please your Nobleness, no," said Paul, with still greater satisfaction.

"Then what *is* the matter, out with it!"

"I hardly like to tell before the Freule," said Paul, with beaming face and fidgety feet. "I am not at all sure that the Freule will approve. But, to speak the truth Mynheer the Count, there's been a fight between Thys of Stamsel and one of our Bardwyk men, and Thys has been beaten all to pieces."

"Which of our men?" asked old Count Robert, buried in *Batavia Illustrata*.

"Red-headed Joris, the stable-boy."

"The rogue ought to be ashamed of himself." Count Robert's head suddenly emerged from the book. "You will not give him a gold piece Paul; do you hear? I will not have it."

Magda had risen. "No one need ask what the quarrel was about," she said sadly.

"My dear, it is only natural that servants should stick up for their masters."

"And the masters?" She looked him full in the face. His eyes fell. "I can drive myself home tonight," she said. "But I very much fear this will prevent my ever coming again."

Her uncle followed her. "You can have a boy from here," he said. "Magda, listen. You are right. Tell your uncle that I much regret this incident, and that Thys (whom I have always liked, but that is neither here nor there) shall have every care and comfort. Nothing more, child—do you hear? and nothing less. Good-night!"

She drove back with an exultant Bardwyk boy behind her. Her heart, by nature light, was very heavy. At the

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pastorage-house, half-way, she paused, and going in, sat down by the old priest's side.

"You love them as much as I," she said.

"Boy and man," replied the old priest meekly, "I have known them fifty years."

"How long ago is it, reverend father, that they instituted the 'Peace-making'? Tell me all about it; you have never told me before."

"Child, I think I have told you everything. It was twenty years ago, when your mother, who was so much younger than they, married and went to live in Austria. Your mother, as you know, did not marry early; she had long kept house for them. When she was gone, they said—and I think they were right—there seemed to be many more fights and squabbles among the people. We Brabanders are always a quarrelsome race, at Kermesses and feasts and funerals, and we love a low contention or a long-drawn family feud. Your mother—God rest her gentle presence—had somehow been a Messenger of Peace. She would go into the cottages and bid the men—and the women!—shake hands. Then, when she was gone, and the fights and contentions grew continuous, your uncle and myself—yes, my dear, I had a share in it (he smiled)—we started the Christmas Peace-making. Once a year, at the Holy Feast of Peace and Goodwill, after the Midnight Mass of the Nativity, we hold a little special service, full of 'Blessed are the Peace-makers,' and we sing the Angels' Song. It is very short and simple. The Bishop gladly gave permission. And then, ere it is over, they who will, shake hands before the altar; some I call by name; with many I have spoken previously; with some I reason, even on the altar-steps. Ah, my dear, it used to be a beautiful service"—the old man sighed heavily—"shedding an especial glory over our Christmastide."

"But it still takes place!"

Father Cordes sighed again. "It still takes place. What will you have? The Manorial pew stands empty on that day. On all other occasions Count Robert goes to a strange church, across the moor! The whole countryside knows of the quarrel. The influence of your uncles is gone. On more than one

occasion in former years Count Karel, rising in his seat, has *commanded* some resolute wrong-doer to make atonement. And now? Let quarrel who quarrel will. Their masters hate each other. Faithful Thys of Stamsel lies at Bardwyk with a broken head." Tears came into the old priest's voice.

"I have done what I could," he said presently; "I have reasoned, I have pleaded. God alone can touch hearts. I am growing very feeble. Freule, my earthly pilgrimage is nearly over. I often feel that I could die in peace if I could see my masters reconciled."

"You will see them reconciled," said Magda suddenly.

"God grant it." She rose.

"Ask Him. Ask Him often," she said.

"I have asked Him every day."

"Then how can it not happen? But ask that it may happen now, dear father, before another Christmas comes."

"It must, if I am to see it—on earth," said the father thoughtfully.

She left him without another word, for she could not have spoken it.

Count Karel was fortunately inclined to take a favorable view of the affray. His natural sweetness came to his assistance, for he was one of those people who are permanently sorry when they have taken offence. So he waited till the assurance that his coachman's injuries were anything but dangerous (and honestly earned), and then he even went so far as to smile. "Give the boy from Bardwyk a pot of beer," he said to Peter, "and see that he has some food before he goes back." He turned in the doorway. "What boy is it?" he added.

"One of Kotter's, the gamekeeper's, Mynheer the Count."

"Well, that's a good litter. I'm glad Count Robert has taken him on. But, my dear Magda, I should say you had better give up going across for the present."

"In all things, dear uncle, I shall do as you think fit."

It took Robert three weeks to write and ask if his niece might pay him another visit. He would not apply direct to her, that being contrary to his ideas of etiquette; so at last he

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sent a note: "Count Robert presents his compliments to Count Karel," his logical mind forbidding him to use the phrase "Dear Brother." When she came, "I have missed you *very* much," he said, and sat and read his folio for the rest of the afternoon.

Driving along the untidy road, between the scraggy poplars, she came across the doctor; and she stopped to inquire after Father Cordes, who seemed more feeble than ever of late.

"What will you have," said the doctor coolly. "The man is nearly eighty. He will live through the summer, I should say; but in any case, the autumn damps will kill him."

"That is very sad," remarked the Freule.

"Sad? If you saw what I see in one day, young lady, you would alter your ideas of grief."

"I was thinking of something else," replied the girl, to the doctor's annoyance, and she drove on through the mild May dampness, with grey thoughts in the gathering grey.

"Your uncle is well, I presume?" said Count Karel, when they met at the five o'clock dinner.

"He had a cold."

"He was always subject to colds. He does not pay proper attention to draughts. I merely inquire because, unless his health is equal to the exertion, you could not go to stay with him, dear Magda, in June."

"Do you find me very exhausting?" inquired Magda with a smile.

"I? Far from it. But a guest in a little household like Robert's must cause considerable commotion. Peter manages everything admirably; I should hardly have the same confidence in Paul. And Robert is a bookworm. My dear, if I thought you would not be quite comfortable there, I should not allow you to go." He looked across anxiously: this reflection had frequently been troubling him of late.

"Dear uncle, let us go there together," she said trembling. He did not answer at all, but in the middle of dinner, in his nervousness, took snuff.

"I met the doctor," she began presently, unable to bear the silence any longer. "He says that Father Cordes cannot live through the autumn."

"Doctors always say that," replied Count Karel incontinently. But his mouth twitched.

"He certainly is very old and feeble."

"I shall go and see him tomorrow, and tell him about my vinery. I am in hopes he will have, this year again, a bunch of grapes on the longest day." Count Karel spoke with unconcealed vaingloriousness; in those days that was a great achievement. Count Karel loved his greenhouse.

Next morning he went and told the priest, and the old man answered: "Count Karel, I thank you kindly. But oh, 'tis a branch of olive you should bring me first of all." The Lord of the Manor walked home in a rage, but several days elapsed before he remarked to Magda: "Yes, undoubtedly, Father Cordes is not very well just now. It is probably a passing indisposition."

"Poor, dear old man," said Magda.

"He is not so very old. He is not yet eighty." A long pause. "True, you are eighteen."

"Uncle, supposing the doctor were right? Supposing the father were not to get better." Magda stood looking out of the window. "Supposing he were to meet my mother, and—and—uncle, my mother never *knew*."

"How dare you?" exclaimed Count Karel, and walked out of the room.

"You are right in so far," said Count Robert two days later. "I have much respect for your judgment, Magda; for a woman's it is singularly sound. My brother has never sufficiently considered the importance of even our least significant actions, with an eye to the peasantry around. It is a mistake I have often pointed out to him, when we were—in the habit of conversing. Now this subject you have occasionally referred to, of our living together or separately—in itself it is a matter of slight signification (we have two houses)—but it has its exceedingly objectionable side."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, dear uncle," said Magda fervently.

The old man blinked his eyes. "I am alluding," he explained hastily, "to the Christmas Peace-making. Viewed with an eye to the Peace-making, it is illogical, absurd. I have often thought that. It is absurd. Now, supposing I was present, by accident, at the Peace-making, from a simple consciousness of absurdity, I should have to get up and take Karel's hand."

"You would forgive?" she panted.

"My dear, you are not as reasonable as I expected. No. Before my servant my brother called me 'an idiot.' To accept that epithet would be to render my position untenable."

"Paul! He is deaf. I am sure he never heard it. Have you asked him?"

"It is not a subject one discusses with one's servant," said Count Robert stiffly.

She came up to him with an arch imperiousness and rang the little handbell by his side.

"My dear, you forget yourself!"

"Trust me," she said pleadingly, "not to do that."

And when Paul came in—"Paul," she began, "I think you have omitted—"

"I beg your pardon, Freule," interposed the old servant promptly. "I can't hear what you say."

"To do something I asked you the other day," shouted the Freule.

"I never heard you. I'm getting deafer. But I was always deaf. What was it Freule?"

"Paul," interrupted Count Robert suddenly. "The last time I conversed with my brother, did you happen to hear what passed?"

Magda cast the old servant, who adored her, a quick glance of intelligence.

"Not a word, Mynheer the Count," said Paul. "How could I? Why, that's but six years ago. I was quite as deaf then as now."

"You may go," said Count Robert calmly. "My dear, I was under the impression that we shouted. I am glad we spoke like gentlemen. Perhaps it was not as much of a quarrel as we thought. Still, he was very rude to me. I can never forgive him. But I admit that the Christmas Peace-making has become ridiculous. I miss my billiards, Magda; I hope you will develop an aptitude for the game. It is a logical game. I wish July was here; I am looking forward to your coming."

Magda went back to her Uncle Karel. She found him in a state of exultation. He had just secured, by chance, from an itinerant pedlar, a rare piece of genuine old Delft. He lingered in front of his show-cases, and she observed that he especially attracted her attention to the acquisitions of the last half-dozen years. "It is a pity," he said more to himself. "Robert was a very fair judge of a curio. Now you, Magda, you do your best, dear; you do your very best."

"Uncle Karel," said Magda, "in a few weeks I shall be going to Bardwyk for good."

"Till the 31st of December," corrected the Count, with annoyance. "I cannot help it. I am exceedingly vexed. I shall miss you most dreadfully. Do not agitate me Magda. I am the elder; you cannot expect me to take the first step."

"The second?" begged the girl, with her arm round his neck.

"Nor the second. He called me an idiot before my servant. Me, the head of the family—no man would stand that."

"But, dear uncle," said Magda, half laughing. "You called him an idiot too!"

"In the *second* place, Magda, I called him an idiot, most certainly. I was right. He was an idiot. As far as that goes, we were both idiots."

"In that case, dear uncle, you, with your natural perspicacity—forgive your little niece; Uncle Robert is so deliberate, so logical, but he is very much slower in coming to a conclusion than you—you, with your quickness, your keenness of perception, I am sure you would have realized the situation,

would have expressed your opinion of it much sooner than he."

"Dear me, there is something in that!" said Count Karel. "You think I must have been the first to discover he was an idiot?"

"I am sure of it," replied Magda demurely, and kissed her uncle's hand.

Count Karel took a few steps up the drawing-room and down again. "In any case, I refuse to consider the matter before Christmas," he said. "I refuse absolutely; do you understand? It would be unfair to your Uncle Robert, who has a right to your six months alone with him. It would be *mean*. I do not think I have ever done a mean thing. He would say that was my motive. I refuse absolutely. You will particularly oblige me by not mentioning the subject again."

"You will particularly oblige me," said Uncle Robert next week, "by not mentioning the subject again. I should have no objection to a satisfactory settlement with Karel *pro forma*, though I cannot forget that he erroneously mistook me for an idiot. But I have always resolved that any such form of reconciliation should take place exclusively at Christmas-tide, at the Peace-making. That ceremony I consider the only *raison d'être* of a truce. Our example, I understand, has had the most disastrous effects. The whole neighborhood is in a more lawless and quarrelsome condition than it ever was before. And no wonder. Logic, after all, rules the world, though short-sighted philosophers deny it. The Peace-making has gone to ruin. There are families that have quarreled for years. But for us to restore it, personally, as we could do, forever, would be humiliating in the extreme. Of late, my dear, I have thought it all out. We have no further choice; we must either remain absurd or become contemptible. I should not object to the Peace-making; but it is forever impossible. Take a book."

Magda went and told the priest and they wept together. "In no case shall I see their reunion!" sighed Father Cordes. "My days on earth are numbered, I cannot live two months."

"I can do no more. I give it up," said Magda, weeping. "Let us speak of other things. There is one thing I have long been wanting to ask you to do for me, father. On the 17th of June is the anniversary of my mother's death. I want you to let us read a Mass for her and to hold a short commemoration service in this church of yours she loved so well."

"I will come myself," said the old man, trembling.

It was during the following night, in a dream, that the great thought came to Magda. Eagerly she went across to Bardwyk, and begged of Count Robert to come. "I loved her dearly," said Count Robert; "I cannot reasonably refuse to be present. Magda, you are a good girl, I would not hurt your feelings. However, I shall not sit in our chairs: You must see I have a seat on the opposite side of the chancel."

Magda stopped at the pastorage, and held a long confabulation with the father. He blessed her at parting, his hand on her sunny young head.

"Your Uncle Robert coming?" said Uncle Charles. "Well, that shall not keep me from being present. We want such a peace-maker here as your mother, my dear. The long feud between two families at Bardwyk ended yesterday, Peter tells me, in a murder."

"God forgive the guilty," said Magda under her breath. He glanced across at her quickly. "The Father is failing fast," she said.

"He will outlive Robert and me," replied Count Edelmam testily; "but young people always think the old are going to die."

"He will never conduct another Christmas Peace-making," said Magda.

"We shall see when Christmas comes," replied the Count defiantly.

"When Christmas comes," repeated Magda, and she looked away into the pale blue sky. "When Christmas comes."

"You are pledged to reticence," said the Count meaningly, "till Christmas comes."

The Summer Christmas

"Yes," answered Magda, "Christmas."

"When does Christmas come?" she suddenly exclaimed—"Whenever the Lord Christ, surely, is born into human hearts. Christmas! it is the Lord Christ's coming! It is his message of peace and his birth of goodwill!" She passed out into the summer night.

For the ensuing weeks she was busy in the little village church. She renovated it entirely with deft fingers, preparing its ornamentation as if for a festival. When the day approached, its altars shone bright with fresh gilding, new embroideries, a profusion of flowers. All the last afternoon she worked hard, admitting no one. Only Father Cordes lent her assistance. It had been her especial desire that the service should be held at the same solemn hour as the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve. She had conquered her uncles' opposition. "It was the time of my mother's death," she reminded them.

And thus, when the hour was come, the peasants, for miles around, crept through the balmy stillness of a soft mid-summer midnight to the blazing portal of the little church. In his stall by the high altar, robed and shrouded, white with approaching dissolution, sat the hoary parish priest they had all known all their lives. And, opposite each other, on both sides of the chancel, gazing neither right nor left, but at each other, sat the two Lords of the Manor, the old Counts Edelstam. Between them knelt my mother, thinking of *her* mother, praying as the pure and loving pray for the pure and good. The humble little church was a splendour of lights and roses—white roses, the symbol of peace and of innocent grief. And lo! before the altar in the place where all were accustomed to see it each December, was the presentment of the holy Nativity in the manger, the worship of the shepherds and the princes, the song of the angels, the evangel of Peace.

There was nothing unusual in the service—the Mass for the Dead. It was not until quite towards the conclusion that the unexpected occurred. The old father got up from his seat, and, tottering, came forward. His broken voice rose shrilly, gaining in strength.

"Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be known as the children of God."

It was the little Christmas service of the Peace-making, falling in where it would have fallen, at the end of the Midnight Mass. When the customary brief allocution was reached, the old priest gasped for breath. In a few simple words he told his hearers that he would never keep Christmas with them again; he had grieved to see how dissensions had increased among them; the recent murder had filled all Christian souls with horror. Once more before God called him away to his rest, he desired to hold among them the wonted festival. He had chosen this anniversary of the death of her to whom the institution owed its origin, the blessed peace-maker that had long been called away from their midst. "But the eternal Prince of Peace is here," said the father: in the utter silence his feeble words fell low. "He is here, and He is waiting for His birth in every heart. And His message is the same, my children, yesterday, tonight, and forever, the message of forgiveness and good-will."

As he ceased speaking, the simple village choir, but little disconcerted, raised the familiar chant of the Heavenly Host, and the whole congregation took it up. As the Christmas Anthem filled the building the two brothers left their places—none has ever distinguished who moved first—and silently crossed the chancel and grasped each other's hands.

The father stood, with arm uplifted, transfigured, upheld.

Out of the congregation, before any other could stir, two old men pushed their way to the front, and, below the chancel steps, Paul and Peter embraced.





Christmas

MODERN scholars have an unpleasant habit of destroying our most cherished illusions. It matters little to them how long an erroneous belief has persisted; their business is to determine its origin in fact and trace its history, thus relieving our minds of prejudice and also, not seldom, of much poetical illusion. Yet the readjustment of opinions which follows such a process is not without compensations. The history of the development of a belief is in itself a fascinating study for the light it throws upon race psychology and the human habit of overlaying facts with poetry, of changing the obvious, the commonplace, into something new and strange. Some such attendant compensation follows the investigations of modern scholarship into the origin and observances of our most cherished festival, that of Christmas.

Most of us have always believed that many of the common practices, the pretty customs of Christmas time, were of Germanic and pagan origin, practices which early Christianity approved as a means of bringing the observance of Christmas in harmony with deep-rooted social customs. This, upon investigation, seems to be only in part true, and a review of history is necessary to show the exact proportion of truth that the general statement contains.

It must be remembered that for several centuries before the conversion of the German tribes to Christianity, Roman influences, Roman law and custom, were dominant in the larger part of Europe and in Britain as well. Germany, Gaul, and Britain were Roman provinces, ruled by Roman governors and garrisoned by Roman legions. The conquered races

occupied a subordinate place; they were vassals to the all-conquering Roman. Through several centuries this Roman rule was maintained, weakening only as the might of Rome failed and the Roman legions were called home to quell domestic disturbances; and during all these centuries the ruling race forced its own laws and customs upon the subject tribes, changing the native customs and manner of life to an extent often hard to determine, but doubtless very considerable. So it was that the Roman festival periods such as the Saturnalia, Brumalia, and the revelries which celebrated the new year, the Ides of January, festivals observed by the Roman legions and the Roman citizens throughout the Empire, were accepted by the tribes of Germany and Britain.

The dates of these important Roman celebrations are of great interest. The Saturnalia, a time of great license and unrestrained hilarity, was observed from December seventeenth to December twenty-third. The Brumalia celebrated December twenty-fifth, our Christmas day, a day which in the Roman calendar was supposed to be the shortest of the year. The New Year's celebration was but a week later. Thus, roughly speaking, the whole latter half of December was one great holiday time, celebrated with many interesting and peculiar observances, many of them decidedly immoral, some of them beautiful.

The festival periods of the German tribes did not at all correspond to those of the Romans. The chief celebration seems originally to have occurred, roughly, during the first half of November, the cattle killing time, when fresh meat was plentiful. This seems also to have corresponded to the Teutonic New Year's festival, the German year ending with the gathering of the crops and the slaughtering of the cattle. The Roman and German holiday periods were thus somewhat at rivalry, the native celebration anticipating by forty days the Roman festivities of the Saturnalia. The two customs, native and foreign, persisted side by side and their relative importance became largely one of emphasis. That the December celebration outstripped its rival is apparent from later developments. That the German celebration in November

persisted far into Christian times is apparent from the recognition accorded it by the church, which, following its usual policy, seized upon this survival from pagan times and made it a matter of church observance by associating with it the celebration in honor of St. Martin. This action of the Church was taken in the middle of the sixth century, November 11 becoming the recognized day of St. Martin, Martinmas.

The action of the Church in this instance is typical of the method it employed in dealing with the other festivals of Roman origin which had been adopted by the German tribes and by the Britons. Impossible to root out, these festival periods were made to coincide with church observances, nowhere more notably than in the instance of Christmas.

The early Church had not been greatly interested in the date of Christ's birth nor in the observance of the day. The Epiphany, which celebrated Christ's baptism in the Jordan, received the entire emphasis, the day being January sixth. In the fourth century, however, the Church determined upon the celebration of the Nativity. The exact date was, of course, impossible to determine and December 25 was selected for at least two very interesting reasons. The first undoubtedly was that December 25, Brumaire, was already a festival day and in the festival period of the year. By, so to speak, Christianizing this day in giving it important religious significance, the Church aimed at transforming pagan practices to Christian usages. In the second place the Church was desirous of changing the Roman calendar. January 1 was thought an improper day on which to begin the New Year. The turning point of the year, supposedly December 25, was considered the more logical date. Therefore, by making this one of the most important days in the Christian calendar, the Church hoped ultimately to make it the beginning of the new year. This purpose, as we know, failed, largely because of later conflicting practices and theories. Christmas, however, had been established and was observed as a day of Christian significance, the first recorded instance being in the year 354, by the Roman Bishop Liberius. Slowly the observance spread throughout the entire Church.

But, though officially recognized as a day of the Church calendar, the popular recognition of Christmas was of slow growth, largely because of the competition of other festivals sanctioned by long usage. For centuries, therefore, we find the Church resorting to various expedients to emphasize the observance of the day. Not until the twelfth century is there evidence that the Church felt it necessary to curb the Christmas customs, which, at this period, had assumed a spirit of revelry foreign to the religious nature of the day. It is only in comparatively modern times, in fact, that Christmas has assumed the importance that we now attach to it as a day of love and goodwill. The steady growth of this emphasis may be ascribed to the influence of the Church in transferring and modifying pagan customs. As folk days of pagan origin lost their significance Christmas grew in importance, gradually becoming the chief day of the twelve days of festival which, beginning on December 25, extended to January 6, Epiphany.

An interesting illustration of the movement by which Christmas became the greatest day of the Christian calendar may be taken from the history of Scandinavian countries. Until the tenth century the Northmen were pagan, celebrating certain periods of the year peculiar to their calendar. The chief of these was, in the ninth century, observed about the middle of January and it was not until the reign of Hakon the Good of Norway (940-963) that the January festivities were transferred to December 25, this act signaling the conversion of the Northmen to the Christian faith. The northern Yule, with its picturesque observances, thus became identified with Christmas.

The common observances of Christmas as celebrated in America of today thus go back to very old folk customs in Germany, in England, and in Scandinavia. There are, moreover, elements of Roman origin which in the course of the centuries have become greatly changed. Each nation which has come to the observance of Christmas has contributed its part to the festive customs of the day, and Americans, as befits their mixed ancestry, share in all this diverse wealth of tradition.

Of all Christmas customs that of the Christmas tree is perhaps the most beautiful. The history of this essential feature of a modern Christmas reveals again the transference of customs from one day to another. The practice of decorating houses with branches of fruit trees seems to have originated in Italy, from thence brought by the Romans to Germany and England. Originally the custom was connected with New Year's Day. Branches of fruit trees were, in anticipation of the day, placed in warm water so that they might break into leaf and blossom as an augury of the new year. If full-leaved and beautiful, it was held a good omen. This interesting superstition ultimately became attached to Christmas observances in a most fascinating way. In the tenth century a myth of oriental origin became current in Europe, to the effect that on the night of the nativity many wonderful things happened, among which was the bursting of the forest trees into leaf and blossom. It was but a step to associate this legend with the traditional New Year's practice, and in the course of centuries this was done, the decoration of houses with branches of trees and young trees becoming finally a Christmas rather than a New Year's custom. It is interesting to note, however that the first authentic reference to a Christmas tree occurs, it is said, so late as 1604. This was in the city of Strasburg, the tree being adorned with paper roses, apples, etc., evidently in the spirit of the old legend.

To trace the history of other peculiar Christmas observances would require much elaboration, but in brief they all go back to Roman, Teutonic, English, and Scandinavian customs. The use of mistletoe is probably of Druidic origin, the mistletoe being sacred to the Druidic cult. So with the yule log and other ceremonies, each indicating some old custom, the significance of which it is now almost impossible to determine because of its antiquity.

Our Puritan ancestors in their anxiety to rid themselves of all ceremonial in any way connected with the Roman Church, did away with the Christmas festivities to which their English ancestry entitled them. Thanksgiving became, instead, the time of rejoicing. But of late years, due doubtless in part to

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the German element in our population, the American Christmas has come to resemble the German Christmas, as a time of festivity, of gift making, and of goodwill. The Christmas tree has become a national institution and unless the demand for trees constitutes a menace to our forests bids fair to remain so. In England, too, the Christmas tree has been added to the English observances of the day though in that country, it is interesting to note, the custom was not adopted until so late as the reign of Queen Victoria.

Vesper Hour*

Conducted by Chancellor John H. Vincent.

OUR readings for the present month are taken from that very remarkable little volume by the Reverend Doctor George Matheson, entitled "My Aspirations." The first of our readings for the month is A Vision of God's Perfect Day, founded on the statement of Genesis I, 31: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

"It was all very good at the last, the evenings as well as the mornings. The darkness and the sunshine made the one day and brought the retrospect of rest. Oh, Thou divine Creator! Give me the faith in Thine own experience. Help me to believe in the ultimate glory of my evenings. I call Thee good in the morning hours, when the sun of life is mounting high and the blaze of hope is dazzling. But I have not yet learned to thank Thee for the evening. I call it chance, accident, misfortune—everything but goodness. Thou art creating me against my will. My progress is from the evening to the morning. My conscious darkness is the birth-hour of my day. Thou art never nearer to me than in my shadows of evening. It is over the face of my troubled waters that

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

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Thy Spirit broods. Thou art bringing life out of my billows. In the storm and in the darkness Thou art speaking and shining. Thou art preparing my Sabbath through the night, my rest through unrest. When Thou hast finished my creation I shall know how glorious have been its evenings, how full of hidden light, how rich in golden suns! From the heights of Thy Sabbath rest I shall judge all things. I shall look back upon my past, and, behold, there shall be no night there. I shall say with Thee in Thy Sabbath, It is all very good.

"The Christian has a sense of divine guidance, as did Israel when God in the daytime led them with a cloud and all the night with a light of fire.—Ps. 78:14.

"My Father, Thou hast been leading me both by day and by night; but Thy guidance by day has been different from Thy guidance by night. By day I have had Thy cloud, and by night I have had Thy fire. The cloud is the special need of my day; the fire is the special need of my night. My day is my prosperity; it is the time when the sun of fortune is bright above me, and, therefore, it is the time when I need a shade. The light would make me dizzy if it were not for the cloud. If my sunshine were not chequered I would forget Thee, O my God! Therefore it is that I can say, with one of old, "The Lord is my shade on my right hand; the sun will not smite me by day." But I have nights to meet as well as days. The night is my adversity; it is the time when the sun of fortune has gone down behind the hills and I am left alone, and then it is, O my Father, that I need the light of Thy fire! Thy fire is Thy love which warms because it shines. When my soul has gone down into the shadows it craves the sight of a star, and it finds it in the star of Bethlehem. My light for the night is the vision of Calvary—the vision of Thy love in the Cross. I need the light of Thy fire *all* the night. The cloud will suffice for only part of the day; but the fire will be needed for every hour of darkness. It is natural for the bird to sing in the sunshine; but it needs a perpetual miracle when "He giveth songs in the night."

"My Father, gird me still with Thy presence, both by day and by night—by day with Thy cloud, by night with Thy light of fire. By day, teach me to remember my weakness, and by night, tell me where lies my strength! By day, point me down into Gethsemane; and by night, lead me up into the mount of transfigured glory! By day, show me the burden, and by night, reveal to me the crown; so shall my days and nights be girt about with Thee!

"There is a meekness which inherits nothing. There are *two* kinds of calmness in this world—the calmness of the stagnant pool and the calmness of the deep sea. The one is quiet because it has nothing to say; the other because it restrains itself from speaking. And it is this latter that is the glorious thing—*not* the meekness that speaks not because it is empty, *but* the meekness that speaks not because its depths are full. Why is it that I admire the gentleness of Jesus? There are hundreds of voiceless souls in the world that do not strive nor cry. Yet I do not call *them* divine; wherefore has *this* Man's gentleness made Him great to me? It is because in Him I find the calm that I find in nature—the calm which does not exist because it needs to be, but because it chooses to be. I know that yon fair sky could, if it chose, break into frowns and thunders, and I prize the quiet as the voluntary gift of the day. Even so, I know that beneath the silent surface of this divinest life there are depths innumerable, voices unspeakable, feelings unfathomable, powers immeasurable. I know instinctively that no man taketh His life from Him; He has power to lay it down, and He has power to take it again. I know that if He would, He could bring His legions of angels to turn Gethsemane into Sinai—to change the calm into a storm, and I reverence the strength that will not do it. O Thou divine power of meekness, I bow before Thy marvelous strength! I stand amazed in the presence of that might which could empty itself of *all* might. Thou art more wonderful to me in Thy cross than in Thy crown. Thou art greater to me in what Thou hast given up than in what Thou possessest. Thy glory is Thy shame. Thy Majesty is Thy self-surrender. Thy kingdom is Thy service. Thy power

Vesper Hour

to rule is Thy power to bear. Thou art the Head over the body of humanity; just because, without complaining, Thou takest the pains of all its members. Thy gentleness hath made Thee great; Thy meekness hath inherited the earth.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength!"
Isa. 40:31.

"It is a glorious thing to feel the fullness of youth. It is a grand thing to have the sense of morning. It is the joy of having the world all before me—the thought that my opportunities are yet to come. What golden dreams I had when I was young! What visions I had of what I would do at noon-day! How the airy castles danced and sparkled in the sun! But now the noon is passed and the castles have faded. I have not realized the dreams of my boyhood. The imperial palace of my fancy has melted into the light of common day. Was it, indeed, all a dream? The prophecy was not founded on earthly experience, but for that very reason I hoped that its origin was Divine. Whence did I derive the golden dream? It came to me before I knew the world; therefore, it seemed to come from other worlds, and I trusted it was supernatural. Yet it is unfulfilled. Morning is faded, noon-tide is passed, the afternoon is far spent, evening is drawing on, but the promised glory has not come.

"Be still, my soul, it is coming! The sense of morning is yet to be revived in thee. Natural youth faints and grows weary, and its ideal is not realized. But natural youth itself was all along but a shadow—but the counterfeit of a spiritual dawn. Morning is coming back to thee, oh, my soul—back to thee, with the pulses of a new life, with the boundings of a new hope, with the freshness of a new heart, with the energy of a new will. In God thy past shall be cancelled and thou shalt be free—free to begin again with the unimpeded joyousness of a child at play. In the Cross of thy Lord all other crosses shall be banished. Thy years of remorse shall no more trouble thee. Thou shalt be a new creature; it shall be all tomorrow, and no yesterday. The dark deeds shall be undone, the hard words unspoken, the lost chances

restored, the golden dreams revived in the life of God. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

"They shall mount up with wings; they shall run; they shall walk! Is not this a strange descent in the scale of aspiration? To begin with the wing, then to subside into the run, and at last to settle down into the sober walk: it seems a process of decline. Nay; it is the true order of the spiritual life. When the Spirit of Christ first enters into my soul it causes a fluttering of the wings. I am caught up in rapture to meet my Lord in the air. The world, with its allurements, fades in a far distance, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; my faith as yet is but a flight. By and by I touch the solid earth, but only as the runner touches it, with swift and momentary step. The first flutter of the heart has subsided, but the even pace is not yet come; my faith is not weary, but it is running. At last the race itself subsides into the walk, and that world of common day which the wings of the spirit had scorned becomes again compatible with the religious life; my faith can now face without fainting the things of common day—I have learned to *walk* with God.

"And this, my soul, is the triumph of thy being—to be able to *walk* with God. Flight belongs to the *young* soul; it is the *romance* of religion. To run without weariness belongs to the *lofty* soul; it is the *beauty* of religion. But to walk and not faint belongs to the *perfect* soul; it is the *power* of religion. Canst thou keep thyself unspotted *in* the world? Canst thou walk in white through the stained thoroughfares of men? Canst thou touch the vile and polluted ones of earth and retain thy garments pure? Canst thou meet in contact with the sinful and be thyself undefiled? *Then* thou hast finished thy course with joy—thou hast surpassed the flight of the eagle!"

The German Kaiser

IV. Some Impressions of W. T. Stead.

[These extracts are taken from an article published by Mr. Stead some years ago in the English "Review of Reviews" of which he is editor.]

IF the Emperor reminds some people of Lord Randolph Churchill, minus the temptation to frivolity and wilful self-indulgence, he reminds others of the first Napoleon in more ways than one. There is no doubt at least one enormous difference between them. Napoleon was a man without a conscience. William II. has a highly developed moral sense. Whether or no William has even a trace of the genius of Napoleon is a point upon which as yet there is no trustworthy information. He may, or he may not, have a genius for war. Those who stand nearest to him profess to believe that if the occasion should arise he would prove that he possessed a military genius that would do no discredit to the fame of the greatest of the Hohenzollerns. Every one must hope, however, that this latent genius may never have an opportunity for its manifestation. Let it be taken for granted, rather than demonstrated, inasmuch as its demonstration is impossible without war. But in some other respects the resemblance between the German Emperor and the first Napoleon is conspicuous. William is as much of an actor as Napoleon. In both intense self-consciousness colours every action. Each is a *poseur* of the first rank. Their fundamental idea of government is identical. It is that which corresponds to the star system of the theatrical manager, where the whole program is framed for the benefit of a single star actor. As Napoleon was the French star, William will be the star of the German troupe. In both the jealousy of those who play subordinate *roles* is very marked. They brook no rival near their throne. They will be helped rather by second-rate Ministers than by first-rate men, whose renown might obscure the Emperor. William resembles Napoleon, also, in the devouring appetite which he has for detail, and the miraculous memory he possesses for everything that concerns him. The Grand Duke Constantine,

when Lord High Admiral of the Russian Fleet, at one time was able to tell you off-hand the name, strength, characteristics, and the position of every warship in the navies of the world; and the German Emperor possesses the same kind of gift. M. Taine, in his fascinating sketch of Napoleon in his last published work, leaves you under the impression that the little Corsican constantly carried in his mind a complete inventory of all the artillery of Europe. William II. has just that sort of memory which stands him in good stead in his imperial and kingly activity. Like Napoleon, William finds nothing too great and nothing too small for his attention. Not only does he interfere in all his departments, but in the midst of all the affairs of State he finds time to personally superintend rehearsals of new dramas at Berlin, as Napoleon drew up regulations for the Parisian theatres when seated as a temporary conqueror in the captive Kremlin. They are like each other, also, in their jealousy and fear of clever women, and their preference for a feminine ideal that finds its complete satisfaction in the kitchen and the nursery. To fill the cradle and to spread the table—that is enough for women in the opinion alike of Hohenzollern and of Bonaparte.

KING BY DIVINE RIGHT.

It is very interesting to see in Central Europe, in the last ten years of the nineteenth century, a king who not only believes that he reigns by right Divine, but who is accepted by Europe as having a fair claim to that position. A hundred years ago the French Revolution proclaimed, amid thunder and lightning and earthquake befitting the final passing away of an old era, that old kingships had come to an end, that in the future the world was to be governed on new democratic principles. A full century has passed since Louis's head fell by the guillotine, and here we have the German Emperor, not as a pale and shivering ghost apologising for its return to the haunts of men, but as the governing fact of the whole European situation. Here I am, here I remain;

The German Kaiser

sic volo, sic jubeo, as I will, so I order. Nothing can be more uncompromising than the assertion of the Emperor of his sovereign position. He is no make-believe sovereign who reigns but does not rule; he is the man on horseback and no mistake. None of the great sovereigns of the Middle Ages could more seriously try to play the part of terrestrial Providence. It is true, as he reminded us on one occasion, that he accepts the saying of the Great Frederick that the Prussian King is the first servant of the State, but that is quite consistent with his feeling that he is its master.

"THERE IS ONLY ONE MASTER, AND I AM HE."

There is a wonderful passage in one of Heine's best-known writings in which he describes how he saw the Emperor Napoleon at Dusseldorf. "I saw him, and on his brow was written, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' " At Dusseldorf, on one occasion the Emperor William made a speech in which he asserted his right to a prominent position in terms so characteristic that they had to be subsequently explained away in an official version. What he actually said was this, as reported at the time:

"Now, as ever, I am assured that salvation lies in co-operation. This is one of the results of Monarchy. There is only one master of this country, and I am he. I shall suffer no other beside me. In this spirit I drink to the welfare of the Province. (Prolonged cheers.)"

In the official version this assertion of his mastery of his country disappears:—

"That I am now, as ever, convinced that salvation lies only in the co-operation of all the parts, and that one must, therefore, follow the Monarch in his efforts for the welfare of the whole, I drink my glass of German wine to Rhenish Prussia. May it flourish and prosper now and to all eternity! 'Rhenish Prussia. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!'"



**"The Nightmare of the Globe."
An Austrian Conception of the Kaiser.**

THE JUSTIFICATION OF ARMAMENTS.

The ordinary sneer of the disarmament people at an apostle of peace who is armed to the teeth is silly, and due to their happy ignorance of the conditions of existence in states which were never blessed with a streak of silver sea as a natural and insuperable barrier against invasion. Apart from the absolute necessity of maintaining an armament large enough to safeguard the frontiers of Germany, it is idle to expect the heir of the Great Frederick and of the fighting Hohenzollerns to see things through the spectacles of the Peace Society. We have surely seen enough of the folly of that among our own kinsfolk. No humanitarian expressed

The German Kaiser

so vigorously the Peace Society view of war, as the author of the "Biglow Papers"; but it was the self-same singer who declared—

"Ez fer war I call it murder, there you have it plain and flat,
And I need to go no furdur than my Testament for that"—

who, when the unity of the Republic was in danger, cried:

"God give us peace; not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbour sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap."

The Emperor was born in Lowell's later phrase; he never experienced the former, nor, indeed, would disarmament make for peace. A reduction of the armaments of Europe by one half would more than double the danger of an immediate outbreak of war; it is the very immensity of the stake that makes the possible players hold their hand.

HIS PACIFIC PLEDGES.

It may not be useless to string a few of them together, beginning with the speech he made before his accession, and concluding with more recent utterances. Addressing the Brandenburg Diet, when he was still Prince William, in February, 1881, he said:—

"I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity. I repudiate such imputations with indignation."

When he opened his first Reichsrath, June 25, 1888, he was very explicit on this point. He said:—

"In foreign politics I am resolved to maintain peace with every one so far as lies in my power. My love for the German army and my position in it will never allow me to jeopardise for the country the benefits of peace unless the necessity is forced upon us by an attack upon the Empire or on its allies. Our army is intended to insure peace to us, or, if peace is broken, it will enable us to fight for peace with honour. With God's help it will be possible for the army to do this by reason of the strength which it has derived from the military law recently passed by you unanimously. To use this strength for aggressive war is far from my heart. Germany needs neither fresh military glory nor any conquests, since she has finally won for herself by fighting the right to exist as a united and independent nation."



Three Generations.—The Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and the latter's son.

The German Kaiser

Early in January, in 1889, when he opened the Prussian Parliament, he told his subjects:—

"You will be able to commence your work the more cheerfully, inasmuch as the relations of the Empire to all foreign states are friendly, and because from my visits to friendly rulers I gathered the conviction that we may confidently cherish the hope of the continued preservation of peace."

Twelve months later he assured the Diet that "to the joy of the Emperor and King, Germany's relations with foreign Powers are everywhere good." In April, 1890, speaking on board the *Fulda*, he said:—

"If in the press and in public life symptoms of danger appear, one must console oneself with the thought that matters are not nearly so bad as they seem. Trust in me to preserve peace, and if the press sometimes interprets my remarks differently, think of the old saying of another Emperor—'An Emperor's words are not to be turned and twisted and quibbled over.'"

Coming back to Berlin to open the Reichstag on May 6th, he said:—

"To maintain peace on a durable basis is the unceasing object of my efforts. I may express the conviction that I have succeeded in inspiring all foreign governments with confidence in the loyalty of my policy in this respect. The German people recognize, as do I and the august Princes of the Confederation, that it is the duty of the Empire to protect the peace by maintaining our defensive alliances and friendly relations with foreign powers, in so doing to ensure the advance of well being and civilization. But in order to accomplish this task the Empire has need of a military power in proportion to the position it holds in Europe."

After his return from Russia in August, 1890, an Austrian ex-diplomatist published what professed to be an interview with the Kaiser, in which he used the remarkable phrase that at Friedrichsruhe Bismarck had attempted to force upon him perpetual war abroad and war at home:—

"Well, I determined to have peace, and shall force peace upon the domestic foes of the Empire, as well as upon its foreign enemies. I must complete the work which my grandfather, who died too soon, had not time to accomplish—Germany united and Europe pacified, that is my grand dream."

THE VIRGIN'S SONG TO HER BABY CHRIST.

Jesu sweet, my baby dear!
On meager bed thou liest here,
And that me grieveth sore;
Thy cradle is a manger mere,
Ox and ass are thy meek frere:
I needs must weep, therefore.

Jesu sweet, be thou not wroth
Though I have nor clout nor cloth
Thee, warm, to enfold.
To enfold and wrap thy rest,
Though thou be of robe divest,
Yet lay thy feet unto my breast
And keep thee from the cold.

Adapted from a Middle English Song.



LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.



"The Holy Family." By Rembrandt.

The character of the scene is unmistakably indicated by the appearance of the small angels, partly copied from those in Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome which Rembrandt would know from engravings. It may be noticed also in passing that in almost all these pieces the occupation of the carpenter is clearly indicated so that there can be no doubt as to their character. Both Mary and the Child are delightful successes. She wears a deep crimson over blue, and the white fichu and cap are flecked with lovely cool greys that enhance the warm carnations on the foreshortened face. The book she is holding is evidently a Protestant Bible, perhaps the one that figures in the inventory of 1656, in double columns with marginal references, and is a miracle of still-life painting, in which we seem to see the leaves curl up and hear them rustle as she bends forward to look into the cradle. Her solicitation is charmingly natural but needless, for the infant is very fast asleep. Rembrandt has sought for Him no Raphaëlesque beauty, but made Him a stolid little Dutch child that reminds us somewhat of a baby by Hogarth.



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THAT HOLY THING

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O, Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail.
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail!

My how or when thou wilt not heed,
But come down thine own secret stair
That thou may'st answer all my need—
Yes, every bygone prayer.

George Macdonald.



A LETTER TO THE SENIORS.

Christmas greetings to members of Class 1909:

Our class has from the first had somewhat of the Christmas spirit; hope, generosity, cheerfulness and faith have in some measure been ours, and these treasures have increased in the past three and one half years. We stand now at the middle of our last year of reading; next August we graduate. Is any

one behind in his reading—let him take heart again, knowing that the goodwill of all class members is with him. Is one discouraged, or lonesome—he may know that the faith and courage of us all is behind him, bearing him up. Let no one give up the work and fall out; we must graduate as many as possible, and gather a goodly company for the final exercises next August.

I look out from my window on the white spire of the ancient village meeting house. In the belfry there swings an historic bell, resonant with the memories and traditions of the generation who have lived on this soil. There is one device in plain raised letters across its bronze surface. It is this: "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." This pure Christmas message is the one that rings out across the landscape, calling citizens, neighbors and friends together for common worship. May it ring out for you, and bless you in the ringing!

Faithfully yours,

WM. CHANNING BROWN,

President of Class 1909.

Littleton, Mass.



A WORD STUDY.

Professor Reich's book offers rather an unusual opportunity for word study; possibly because being an Austrian and presumably having acquired his vocabulary in mature life, he was not at first habituated to a limited range of expressions.

The following words are with some few exceptions in quite common use among cultivated writers and speakers, yet we often pass over them in our reading without clearly defined ideas of their meaning. Some of our readers may enjoy exercising their wits on the accompanying word study. The blank spaces when filled in with the thirty-one words given below, will make a connected narrative. In a few cases the use of a certain word in a given connection may be questioned, but in general the missing links may be supplied by words that are obviously correct. Circle members may like to work out the scheme at home and then compare notes at the meeting, in this way bringing out some nice distinctions in the use of language.

It was circus week in a sleepy inland town. Viewed in its aspects the community presented a somewhat in its history. For once, aroused from its it had suddenly developed a surprising wholly foreign to its usual condition. The for circuses inherent in small boys led to various on their part to gain admission to that mysterious which lay just back of the circus tent where were housed the living skeleton, the snake charmer and other heroes whose achievements had established for them a which had already them in the youthful imagination. arguments by grown-ups designed to the boys' desire to run away with the circus had no effect. The youths perceived the for this parental wisdom and with great established where with some they upon the merits of the circus and the of its performers, who were not to be judged by ordinary standards. This was in fact a circus One of the lads whose financial status never could be brought into with his ambitions, took the in proposing a of the most daring spirits who from a sheltered corner should suddenly upon the circus police, carrying with them and so gain free entrance to the show. But the of two of the group upset the plan. The well-known skill of the chief of police, they urged, would insure their not coming out of the encounter And so the scheme came to naught, vanishing like other dreams into the ether.

acrimony	doctrinaire	lethargy	pusillanimity
apothecosis	enclaves	manoeuvres	<i>raison d'être</i>
canonized	expatiated	mundane	subvert
coalition	hinterland	par excellence	tactical
correlation	homogeneity	phenomenon	unanimity
debouch	imponderable	predilection	unique
decentralized	incomparable	prestige	unscathed
devastation	initiative	psychological	



AN ART STUDY COURSE FOR GRADUATES.

A new course in the History of Painting has recently been prepared for the use of graduates. It is divided into two sections, the first covering the period from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, and the second from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present time. The course was planned at the request of the Jamaica, Long Island C. L. S. C. Alumnae Association, which has engaged in the study of a great variety of graduate courses since the members finished their original four years' course many years

C. L. S. C. Round Table

ago. These Jamaica Chautauquans write very enthusiastically of their work. They are using unmounted photographs contributed by some of their members who have travelled in Europe; and prints from the Bureau of University Travel; they have access to an excellent library furnishing many of the recommended books; they have purchased some books for use in class and with papers and discussions are doing very thorough work. The secretary writes:

"Our members are very enthusiastic and eager to learn as much as possible and make the meetings informal as well as instructive. I am sure we shall have a delightful year and I shall be glad if you will kindly tell Mrs. Zug, who prepared the course, how very satisfactory it promises to be. I am sure it will prove one of the popular special courses for graduate circles."

Members of graduate circles or individual readers can secure the study pamphlet for this course by sending one dollar to the Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York. This covers the enrollment fee. The course is not limited to graduates, though it was prepared primarily for their benefit. Graduates applying for the pamphlet should state their respective classes.



A HOME CIRCLE IN BRAZIL.

South America is gradually being encircled by Chautauqua readers. Along the coast of Chile members are to be found at Concepcion and Santiago. A graduate of 1908 lives in Uruguay, another at Mercedes in the Argentine Republic, and the members of a "home" circle near Rio de Janeiro in Brazil belong to the Class of 1911. A letter from this little group of Chautauquans is most welcome. It is dated as follows:



Outlook from Presbyterian Church, Nova Friburgo, Brazil, of which a member of the Class of 1911 is pastor.

"Yours of July 3 is at hand, bringing us Chautauqua greetings and asking for 'a little glimpse' of our work and surroundings. We subscribed for last year's reading for the benefit of our three growing girls who read the books and *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in course in order to keep green the spirit of Yankeeland; for we live in a social atmosphere found nowhere under the stars and stripes. Our town lies high in the 'Switzerland of Brazil' amid green and lofty mountains, 'a joy forever,' and hence a summer resort for people from 'the hot city beautiful,' Rio de Janeiro. Friburgo is a school center, site of a famous seminary of the Dorothy Sisters for girls and the great Jesuit College Anchieta for boys. The chief Sunday amusement is bull fighting, an unusual pastime in Brazil. The Brazilians are Latins, generous, bright, and home-loving.

When I can be with my family for a few days between my missionary journeys the Chautauqua books have a place for me among the joys of home. They are so well prepared that we quite sympathize with the letter of President James published in your February number, for we came here from the University of Illinois. When Bishop Vincent last lectured there he was heard as one of the great achievers of the century. In answer to your request I enclose two views, one of the Praça Paysandu, a beautiful little park just in front of our Presbyterian Church, and the other a glimpse of the Jesuit College Anchieta, which we catch from our windows. With best wishes for your continued success with *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*,

Very cordially yours,

THOMAS J. PORTER."

1 Avenida Santos Dumont 1,
Nova Friburgo, Brazil, August 11, 1908.



Jesuit College Anchieta, Nova Friburgo, Brazil, as seen from the Home of Three CHAUTAUQUAN readers.

A COMMUNICATION FROM 1908'S HISTORIAN.

Members of the Class of 1908 at Chautauqua last summer were eager to devise some plan by which they might be able to communicate with each other and so perpetuate the class spirit. They therefore elected as Historian Miss Una B. Jones, feeling sure that her ingenuity would evolve some way in which to bring about the best results. The following letter will be welcomed by all members of the class.

Dear Graduates of 1908:

It is my pleasant duty to keep in touch with you all and report to our Mother Chautauqua. We have had such a pleasant, profitable summer and met so many new friends with whom we wish to keep in contact, that, with your help, we will continue our acquaintance and also try to tell some of our experiences to the ones who were not able to come to Chautauqua this summer.

I want to hear from you all concerning your C. L. S. C. work past and present; about the difficulties and pleasant memories; and the work you intend taking up now. Would you not like to join a letter circle and hear directly from the graduates of 1908 from different parts of the world? Separate circles may be formed for those taking up different courses. If anyone has other plans I shall be glad to have suggestions.

With best wishes for you all. Sincerely yours,

UNA B. JONES,
Stittville, New York.

The name of the historian was unfortunately omitted from the class directory in the October CHAUTAUQUAN, and the Round Table editor must also correct, with many apologies, the mistake in the name of the president. It should be Mr. H. R. Hartley.

AS THE MAGI CAME BEARING GIFTS, SO DO WE ALSO,—GIFTS THAT RELIEVE WANT; GIFTS THAT ARE SWEET AND FRAGRANT WITH FRIENDSHIP; GIFTS THAT BREATHE LOVE; GIFTS THAT MEAN SERVICE; GIFTS INSPIRED STILL BY THE STAR WHICH SHONE OVER THE CITY OF DAVID NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS:

OPENING DAY—October 1.	ADDISON DAY—May 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

FIRST WEEK—DECEMBER 31—JANUARY 7.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Friendship of Nations," Part IV. Armies the Real Promoters of Peace.
- In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters I—III. Common Things, The Kaiser, The German Private Soldier.

SECOND WEEK—JANUARY 7-14.

- In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters IV—V. A View of the German Workingman, The German Professor.

THIRD WEEK—JANUARY 14-21.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Dutch Art and Artists," Chapter IV. The Painters of Domestic Scenes.
- In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters VI—VIII. The Reichsanstalt, A New Industry, A Venture in Practical Philanthropy.

FOURTH WEEK—JANUARY 21-28.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "A Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land," Chapter IV. The Island of Walcheren and Zeeland. The Dead Cities, Rotterdam, The Hague.
- In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters IX—XII. German Ship Building, Some Educational Ideas, Student Life, The New Germany.



Rear View of the Colonnade, Chautauqua, N. Y., destroyed by fire November 19, 1908. The Chautauqua Print Shop housed in the basement was entirely destroyed together with the November CHAUTAUQUAN.



Front View of the Colonnade after the Fire.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Answers to the question, In what respects do you feel that the article on "Armies the real Promoters of Peace," is convincing and in what not so? The Circle might be divided into two groups, each side trying to get the point of view assigned to it. What about the men whose whole lives are devoted to inventing or preparing works of destruction? Is there economic waste here? What of the mental atmosphere created by constant reference to war possibilities?
2. Discussion: "A French View of the Kaiser" (in this magazine) in view of the Kaiser's recent difficulties in Germany, with reports also of the latest developments in this direction.
3. Oral Report: "Life of Maarten Maartens." (See "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.")
4. Book Review: Maartens' "God's Fool" or other of his novels.
5. Paper: Some characteristics of Dutch Life as seen in Maartens' novels; or comparison between the works of George Eliot and Maartens.
6. Reading: "A Summer Christmas." Maartens. (See this magazine.)

SECOND WEEK.

1. Review and discussion of Chapter IV "Seen in Germany."
2. Roll Call: Brief reports on German manufactures: woolens, flax and hemp, cotton, silk and velvet, metal goods, locomotives and machines, porcelain, glass works, perfumery, dyestuffs, paper, leather goods. (See encyclopedias.)
3. Reading: Selection from "The People's Theatre in Berlin." (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN 41:187, April '05.)
4. Paper: Tribes and religions in Germany. (See encyclopedias and available works on Germany.)
5. Reading: Selection from "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," *Century Magazine* 76:207-11.
6. Book Review: "The War In The Air," by H. G. Wells, a recent novel, by this famous author, with a war moral; or review of article in *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1908, on "Delusions Concerning Alcohol." Selections from this will be found also in *Rev. of Rev.* 38:619, November, 1908.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Review of required lesson in "Seen in Germany."
2. Roll Call: Berlin celebrities. (See article on Berlin in THE CHAUTAUQUAN 41: 121 and 216, April and May, 1905.)
3. Paper: Herman von Helmholtz. (See *Scribner's Magazine*, 18:568, *Century Magazine* 27:687.)
4. Reading: "Driving out the Duel." (See *Rev. of Rev.* 38:495 October, 1908, or from "What Germany can teach us" *World's Work* 15:9913 February, 1908, or "How Germany makes Toys for the World's Christmas," *Rev. of Rev.* 36: 708 December, 1907.)

5. Brief Paper: Deventer the City of Ter Borch. (See "The American in Holland," Griffis, chapter XIX.)
6. Study and Discussion: The works of Ter Borch and Metsu. (See "Masters in Art" on each of these painters and other references in bibliography.)

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Review by Leader: Dutch History from 1672-1813. (See Rogers' "Story of Holland," Larned's "History for Ready Reference," etc.)
2. Reading: "The Walcheren Expedition." (See "Larned's History for Ready Reference," Volume 2, pp 947-8.)
3. Biographical Sketch: Louis Bonaparte. (See "Larned's History for Ready Reference," Vol. 3, pp 2298-9.)
4. Reading: "English and Dutch in the Past," by Mrs. J. R. Green, *Rev. of Rev.* 21:81-2, January, 1900.
5. Roll Call: Items of special interest relating to Middelburg, Flushing, Rotterdam and neighboring towns. (See "The American in Holland," Griffis; "Holland and Its People," Amicis, and other available books.)
6. Study and Discussion: The works of De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft. (See "Masters in Art" and bibliography in this magazine.)



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

Special programs for Graduate Circles and Clubs specializing upon the two Dutch series. (A copy of Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" is quite indispensable for such clubs.)

FIRST WEEK.

- Roll Call: Legends of the Dutch St. Nicholas (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country").
- Brief Paper: Life of Maarten Maartens. (See "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.")
- Book Review: Maartens' "God's Fool" or other of his novels.
- Oral Report: Characteristics of Dutch Life as seen in Maartens' works.
- Paper: Comparison between the works of George Eliot and Maarten Maartens.
- Reading: "A Summer Christmas," by Maartens. (See this magazine.)

SECOND WEEK.

- Paper: Review of Dutch History from 1672-1813. (See Rogers' "Story of Holland," Larned's History for Ready Reference," etc.)
- Reading: The Walcheren Expedition. (See Larned's "History for Ready Reference," Vol. 2, pp 947-8.)
- Biographical Sketch: Louis Bonaparte. (See Larned, Vol. 3, pp 2298-9.)
- Brief Reports: Middelburg; Flushing. (See "The American in Holland," Chapter on Zealand in "Holland and Its People," and Baedeker.)
- Readings: Black Forest Rafts on the Rhine (See selection in THE CHAUTAUQUAN Vol. 35:92, April, 1902.); Dutch Costumes. (See "Holland Described by Great Writers," page 166, "Holland and the Hollanders," last chapter.)

C. L. S. C. Round Table

THIRD WEEK.

Roll Call: News relating to Holland.

Paper: Deventer, the city of Ter Borch. (See "The American in Holland," Chapter XIX.)

Oral Report: Rotterdam. (See all available books.)

Paper: Schools and School Life. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XIII, also "Holland and the Hollanders," chapter on How Holland Educates.)

Study and Discussion: The Works of Ter Borch and Metsu. (See "Masters in Art" on each of these painters and other references in bibliography.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Answered by giving at sight the name of the artist and the subject of some Dutch picture previously studied.

Reading: From Thackeray's "Round About Papers," Notes of a week's holiday; Selections from Longfellow's "Poems of Places": Holland.

Paper: Administration of Justice in Holland. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XVIII.)

Reading: "English and Dutch in the Past," by A. S. Green, *Rev. of Rev.* 21:81-2, Jan., '00.

Study and Discussion: The Works of De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft. (See "Masters in Art," and bibliography in this magazine.)



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS, CHAPTER IV. ARMIES THE REAL PROMOTERS OF PEACE.

1. Show how the cause of peace has sometimes been injured by its advocates.
2. Give illustrations of the peace spirit of members of our army and navy.
3. What advantages has the European system of army training compared with that of feudal times?
4. How does the cost of our army compare with that of Germany?
5. What per cent of the total government expenses of Germany, Great Britain and the United States respectively is due to the army and navy?
6. Compare the military and naval expenses of the United States with the expenditures for improvements recently determined upon in New York.
7. Why is it difficult to compare the strength of navies?
8. In what various ways have navies become more efficient?
9. How does the improvement in modern weapons compare with the percentage of losses in battle?
10. Compare the death list of our railroads with that of our army.
11. How has the element of personal combat been reduced in modern times?
12. What claim does Germany make as to the value of her army as a training school?
13. How are great military establishments "an insurance against war"?

A READING JOURNEY IN THE HOLLOW-LAND, CHAPTER IV.

1. Why is entrance to Holland by way of Zeeland especially recommended?
2. What characteristic sights does the traveler meet?
3. What historic association has the island of Walcheren?
4. What importance has Flushing?
5. Describe the

town of Middelburg and its people. 6. What strange quality has Veere? 7. What importance has Domburg? 8. What are the external characteristics of Dort? 9. Who are some of the famous men of Dort? 10. What two significant gatherings were held here? 11. What is the character of Rotterdam's population? 12. What is its chief claim to remembrance? 13. What famous painter was born here?

DUTCH ART AND ARTISTS, CHAPTER IV. THE PAINTERS OF DOMESTIC SCENES.

1. How did the cessation of war in the Netherlands affect Dutch painting? 2. What significance has the word *genre* as applied to art? 3. What kind of effects did the Dutch genre painters aim to produce? 4. Give an account of the early life of Ter Borch the Younger. 5. What important picture did he paint at Münster? 6. How far was he influenced by other artists? 7. What are some of his characteristic methods of work? 8. How do the composition and drawing of "The Guitar Lesson" show a master's hand? 9. What may be said of his frequent use of the same model? 10. How does Ter Borch compare with the other "Little Dutchmen"? 11. What characteristic feature of the artist's work is shown in "The Visit"? 12. What is known of the life of Gabriel Metsu? 13. How many of his pictures have survived? 14. How did he compare in versatility with Ter Borch? 15. How does he suggest Ter Borch in his "An Officer and a Young Lady"? 16. In what respects does he show his own distinct qualities? 17. How does "An Old Toper" show the marks of Metsu's genius? 18. Why do we call De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft artists of temperament? 19. What are the known facts in the life of De Hooch? 20. How does he convey in "The Buttery" the sense of tranquility in the home? 21. Show how his picture "The Country House" illustrates his use of color and light. 22. What evidence have we of the high repute of Vermeer of Delft in his own time? 23. How was his work rescued from a strange oblivion? 24. In what respects is his "Young Woman Opening a Casement" typical? 25. How does his marked individuality express itself?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by the Vasari of Dutch Art? 2. What great struggle was terminated by the "Peace of Münster"? 3. Who was king of Spain in 1648? 4. How did the Mauritshuis, the home of the Hague Gallery, get its name? 5. What Dutch ruler was requested by the people of Deventer to have Ter Borch paint his portrait? 6. Why has it been difficult to ascertain the facts regarding the life of Pieter de Hooch? 7. What Dutch painter has left a portrait of De Ruyter?

1. Who was Whistler? 2. For what is Ary Scheffer famous? 3. What odium rests upon the Synod of Dort? 4. Who was Lady Mary Wortley Montague?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON DECEMBER READINGS.

1. *Mare Liberum*. The Rights of War and Peace. 2. It attracted so much attention that Great Britain had to employ her greatest legal authority, Lord Selden, to reply to it. 3. A copy of it was found in his tent after his death on the field of Lutzen. 4. Treaty of Paris in 1856. 5. The Brussels Declaration in 1874.

1. From Milton's "Lycidas." 2. The defeat of the united fleets of France and England by Admiral de Ruyter in 1673. 3. Holland's colors are red, white, and blue placed in horizontal lines. Belgium's are red, yellow and black placed in three vertical stripes. 4. Nederland.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"That opening chapter in Reich's 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' " said Pen-dragon, "has started off our year's work with a sort of bomb-throwing exercise which seems to have put us all on the alert at the very outset. The frank expressions of opinion are delightful to hear! Perhaps we shall not all agree with our fellow readers, nor with the author, but that is well if we are careful to keep our prejudices in the background. You remember what Professor Drummond once said regarding what it is to be educated:

'Anything that draws us out, anything that leads us on—that we are to seek, for that is education—the gradual, careful, symmetrical unfolding of all our powers.—It shows itself in the individual, in the attitude and temper of his mind, in the balance of judgment, the large grasp of affairs, the power of concentration, and the genius for hard work.'

"It seems fitting," he continued, "to open the Round Table with this letter from a Circle in Washington, D. C., as it is natural for people at the center of things governmental to feel strongly on diplomatic questions. The Circle is small, three graduates and one member of 1909, but evidently wide awake. The delegate writes:

"We meet twice a month, and being too busy to write papers, we use the questions to start discussion, from which we gain much. Every member takes issue with Professor Reich concerning the Revolutionary War. We quite agree, no one cause brought it about, but many things conspired together. If he ever spent five years in the United States, he did not obtain here the misconceptions set forth in his first chapter. We all insist that full credit is given the French people for their assistance, and that our historians fully set forth the fact, that without the aid thus received we could scarcely have won our cause. One well-read member contends that Beaumarchais was but the agent for the French Government, and that all materials and munitions of war were paid for by 1835. His chapters on Napoleon are proving more satisfactory, as they are from a standpoint new to many of us. The magazine article on Holland is voted by all most interesting. The chapter on Dutch Art starts out well and promises to be charming. The cuts in the magazine are fine, being much praised. Since becoming a world power ourselves, we are glad to be thoroughly up on public events and persons abroad. We are all on the lookout for new members and hope to report an increase soon."



"I think perhaps our point of view is a little different," remarked the delegate from Colchester, Connecticut, Miss Clark, "we feel that coming from a writer who is so great a student of history and philosophy there is much in it for us to learn. He stimulates our thought. We could hardly accept his idea of the causes of the American Revolution or wish to aid in carrying out his suggestion of erecting a monument to Beaumarchais, observing the motive that prompted his deed rather than the deed itself. While we have the utmost veneration for Lafayette, who aided us with words of sympathy and courage during the dark days of our early struggle for freedom. It may be of advantage to us to read the book in the light of 'As others see us.'

"The Friendship of Nations' we find practical and instructive, bringing us into close touch with these distant countries; for we are interested in seeing these nations struggling to gain their liberty and fall into line with the progress of civilization. Our

current events have not been selected with reference to the Chautauquan work, but more to keep in touch with the affairs of our own nation. We thank you heartily for the good things you have put in our way. Our Circle is only a year old. I had been thinking for some time of joining and I found several neighbors who were like minded, so we started with five. We did our work with enthusiasm and before the year closed we numbered ten. This year we have fifteen members. We are fortunate in having six members who have traveled in Europe and one who was for some years a prominent lawyer in New York City. We invite into our meetings any who we think would be interested to join us and have gained new members in this way and we loan our books.'



"Our next speaker," said Pendragon, "Rev. Mr. Hall, of Evergreen, Alabama, reports from the far South. The name of the Circle has most appropriately a Christmas suggestion about it." "The Evergreen Circle," responded the delegate, "has over twenty members. It has been meeting fortnightly in the primary room of the Baptist Church, though some of our members would prefer weekly meetings.

"The 'Foundations of Modern Europe' has been entrusted to a member of the local Bar whose historical lore inspires the Circle with fear and envy. To a lady member has been committed the magazine articles on Dutch Art and Artists, and to the president the Reading Journey in Holland, with the expectation that the leader in each case shall make himself a specialist and have charge of the subject throughout the entire session. Mr. Reich's book has been handled partly by quiz and partly by papers assigned to other members by the leader. It has aroused much discussion. Some think it stimulating and helpful to have their history receive so many jolts. Others, not prepared to tamely surrender their historical orthodoxy, inquire rather plaintively if it is worth while to know so many things that are not so.

"The Reading Journey in Holland bids fair to prove the most popular of the magazine articles, though the discussion of Franz Hals last month, aided by pictures and engravings contributed by several members, was exceedingly interesting."



"We must next have this interesting glimpse of a day in the life of an individual reader from Atlanta, Georgia," said Pendragon. "The writer modestly extends to us his 'sympathy,' but you will all agree that we don't need it—the pen picture is so well done. It hardly seems quite fair to call Mr. Cornett an 'individual' reader, though three members properly constitute a Circle. In this case perhaps we may fall back upon the old proverb, 'two's company!'

Dear Pendragon:

"Dr. Reich opened my eyes to some of the truths of American history. Of course I was aware, in a small way, of the debt these United States owed France, but when I read the opening chapter of his book, I realized how we had fallen short of discharging our debt of gratitude and friendship. Dr. Reich writes the way the true historian should write, and from the few chapters I have read of 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' I feel and believe that Dr. Reich is the strong man to write ably on a great question.

"It is unfair for Pendragon to ask what anyone finds the most interesting in the magazine. Every editorial, required article, or advertisement almost, is interesting.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

I have been trying to decide which subject is the most interesting, and every time I consider the 'Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land' 'Friendship of Nations' bellows into my ear, and before I have time to realize it I am in the midst of a veritable brain-storm. Let me say, though, right here, that the magazine isn't complete without the 'Vesper Hour.' That is about the first thing I read when I receive THE CHAUTAUQUAN. I read these little sermons three or four times a month. They are of benefit to me every day.

"The C. L. S. C. books are made in such a convenient size that I read them most anywhere. A few minutes in the morning, a page or so at lunch time, then in the afternoons when I ride home on the street cars. I live about fifteen minutes ride from the city and sometimes I finish my day's reading on my way home. Then after dinner and the newspaper my wife reads to me from the required book the day's lesson,—for at the beginning of each study week I go through the books and mark out each day's lesson in accordance with the study program for that week. And then after our review and discussion, I generally read to her from any of the obtainable books recommended in the suggestive programs for Circles.

"Neither my wife nor myself has ever had the opportunity of attending a college, but by our readings in the C. L. S. C. we are improving ourselves, and even though we never get inside a college door, we shall be enabled, by our readings, to do a little good in this life."

"Perhaps you may like to have my 'experience,' for I'm a genuine individual reader," commented a member from Chicago. "As I realized that I must read alone I adopted the following method: To first read, as thoughtfully and carefully as possible, the book or article; next, make notes in answer to the review questions, trying to make those answers a tolerably connected synopsis of the work; then read again the book and a second time the notes in the endeavor to fix in memory the salient points as well as gain the real thought of the author. This may sound laborious but I have so enjoyed the work, it has been such a labor of interest and love that in reality I have never passed a year in pleasanter fashion or a twelve-month which more appreciably broadened my view. I found that consciously or unconsciously I was taking greater notice of and interest in those matters of the daily news upon similar topics, seeing them perhaps from a different standpoint with a deeper sympathetic interest." An Indiana member from Frankfort contemplated her classmate with interest. "I consider THE CHAUTAUQUAN," she said, "quite the best magazine I ever saw. I shall never be without it."

"This very handsome little booklet of the Euterpean Club, of Eldon, Missouri," said Pendragon, "is worthy of your notice. You will see that they are making very thorough study of 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' using this as the one text-book for their year's study, and printing the review questions for each week in the year book. Papers on a variety of subjects and music constitute the other features of the program. Now we must close the Round Table with a message from the Dominion."

"You will notice I have changed my address from Davis, West Virginia, to Kingston, Canada," reported the delegate. "This is considerably farther north. The customs of the people are quite different from the States, but I enjoy the change. I find my 'English Year' benefits me here very much. This is my third year in Chautauqua

study. I read alone, but would enjoy belonging to a local Circle. This we do not have here, I believe, as this is a University city. I am very well impressed with the first book, 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' and am much interested in 'A Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land,' and think the Famous European Short Stories a good addition to the already very interesting magazine. The pictures are very fine and many are worth framing. I study the pictures along with the artist's life, and descriptions of each painting. I believe this will be a very helpful year to all and I hope to meet all of the Gladstone Class at Chautauqua in 1910."



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "SEEN IN GERMANY."

CHAPTER I. COMMON THINGS SEEN IN GERMANY.

1. What is the first impression which Germany makes upon an American? 2. Give typical instances of things which are "verboten." 3. What are some of the duties of the police? 4. How does this police vigilance affect the community? 5. What may be said of the security of German cities? 6. What great merit has the German cab system? 7. Compare Germany's mail and express system with ours. 8. Give instances of social formalities. 9. How does the German improve upon our advertising methods? 10. What limited ideas of America has the ordinary German? 11. How do many Germans learn English? 12. What is true of Germany's electrical development? 13. What evidences does Germany show of its machinery age?

CHAPTER II. THE KAISER.

1. What impressions of the Kaiser's personality do we get from his photographs and why? 2. What is his attitude toward dress? 3. What are some of the German criticisms of him? 4. What enthusiasms has he shown at different times? 5. How is his interest in the navy especially exhibited? 6. In what way is his commercial shrewdness shown? 7. How has he manifested his interest in sculpture and why?

CHAPTER III. THE GERMAN PRIVATE SOLDIER.

1. What aspects of Germany impress the traveler as he crosses the French border? 2. Into what periods is the life of the soldier divided? 3. Why has Germany produced very little soldier-boy literature? 4. How does the soldier spirit in Germany contrast with that of France? 5. What two kinds of army positions are open to the young German? 6. Why is it a misfortune to be barred out of service? 7. What kind of discipline is first imposed upon the new recruit? 8. What is the "long step"? 9. What is the nature of his gymnastic training? 10. Describe some features of the military drill? 11. How does "the battle thinker" stand in Germany as compared with some other nations? 12. How is the German soldier educated? 13. What is the general position of the one-year volunteers? 14. What was the expense of the German army in 1900? 15. What its strength on a peace footing? 16. How is German economy illustrated in the soldiers' rations? 17. What is the general character of the German private? 18. How do the military and the civil service strengthen each other?

CHAPTER IV. A VIEW OF THE GERMAN WORKINGMAN.

1. Describe a German workingman's Sunday. 2. How do wages and hours in Germany compare with those in America? 3. How do food prices compare? 4. What are the staples of life for him? 5. What advantages has he as to the character of his food? 6. Describe a German working day. 7. How has this sort of life affected the German woman? 8. How has the army affected the workman? 9. What has been the effect upon agriculture? 10. What upon the price of labor? 11. How is the workman freed from the fear of want? 12. What two outlets from his present condition does he recognize? 13. How does suicide in Germany compare with other countries? 14. What experiment in short hours was tried at the Zeiss works? 15. What attempts to brighten the workingman's leisure hours have been made?

CHAPTER V. A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

1. How does the position of a professor in Germany differ from that of his American counterpart? 2. With what great scientists is Professor Haeckel of Jena associated? 3. Describe a visit to his study. 4. Under what famous men was he educated? 5. Characterize the most important of his works. 6. What remarkable capacity for work has he shown? 7. Describe his surroundings in Jena. 8. How has he expressed his artistic nature? 9. What have been some of his conclusions regarding evolution? 10. What are his views of some of the future problems of science?

CHAPTER VI. A TYPICAL SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

1. What are some of the beneficial sides of the German "paternal system"? 2. Describe the work of the Reichsanstalt. 3. To what man has it been due and how? 4. Describe the buildings. 5. How are scientific men appointed for the work? 6. What is the expense to the government? 7. With what work does the Reichsanstalt deal chiefly and why? 8. What are some of the difficulties of securing accurate measurements? 9. To what interesting experiments at Jena did this work lead? 10. Show the ranges of temperature covered by Reichsanstalt investigations. 11. Describe its work in testing thermometers. 12. How is the unit for the measure of temperature determined? 13. How have the means of measuring light been improved? 14. What important experiments in chemistry are being conducted? 15. What has been done recently with the tuning fork? 16. Illustrate the delicacy of some of the experiments.

CHAPTER VII. HOW THE GERMANS CREATED A NEW INDUSTRY.

1. For what three things is Jena famous? 2. Describe the steps leading to the establishment of its great industries. 3. Show how typically German was the attitude of the government toward Dr. Abbe's work. 4. Describe the character of the new glass. 5. How have Professor Abbe's achievements aided the work of other men? 6. Why is he called the "father of the modern microscope"? 7. What two great manufacturing plants carry on his work? 8. What are some of the business methods of these institutions? 9. Describe the casting of a great lens. 10. What other skilled labor enters into the manufacture of a lens? 11. What are the processes of making optical glass? 12. Describe the making of a thermometer tube.

CHAPTER VIII. A GERMAN VENTURE IN PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

1. What are the conditions of work in the Carl Zeiss Stiftung? 2. How has the institution spent money for the service of the community? 3. What has been the effect upon the workman? 4. How has the Stiftung aided scientific enterprises? 5. How have possible future changes in the institution been provided for?

CHAPTER IX. HOW THE GERMANS BUILD SHIPS.

1. How did the shipyard at Stettin compare in 1852 with those of England and the United States? 2. Show the development of German shipping since that time. 3. How has this industry been fostered by the government? 4. How is the merchant service prepared for possible use in war? 5. How does the German cater to the needs of the foreigner? 6. What are some of the problems of size and proportion presented by a ship like the Deutschland? 7. What attention must be paid to balance and vibration? 8. What to insurance and safety regulations? 9. Describe some of the processes of molding the ship's skeleton. 10. What powerful machinery is employed in lifting weights? 11. Give some idea of the great size of such a ship. 12. Show the importance of her compartments. 13. What luxurious fittings has she? 14. How was the vessel finally started seaward?

CHAPTER X. SOME NEW EDUCATIONAL IDEAS IN GERMANY.

1. How is the German instinct for education shown? 2. What two types of commercial school had Germany previous to 1896? 3. Describe the founding of a commercial University at Leipzig. 4. How was appreciation of it shown? 5. What is the nature of the courses which it offers? 6. Illustrate the German method of teaching by object lessons. 7. Describe the school-garden system.

CHAPTER XI. A GLIMPSE OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

1. What fame attaches to Wollnitz? 2. What picture does our author present of the scene before the duel? 3. To what extent are the duelists protected? 4. What are the chief characteristics of the performance?

CHAPTER XII. THE NEW GERMANY, HER PROSPERITY AND HER PROBLEMS.

1. Through what stages has Germany passed in the last fifty years? 2. What two classes threaten German stability? 3. What other perplexing contrasts does Germany present? 4. Why have the prophets of evil thus far been discomfited?



Esperanto News

CHAUTAUQUA CONGRESS POSTPONED.

In answer to a letter of inquiry directed to Dr. Zamenhof, the creator of Esperanto, the Esperanto Association of North America received the following:

Varsovio, 20-IX-1908.

Al S-ro Edwin C. Reed, Sekretario de la Esperanto Asocio de North America.

DEAR SIR: I received your letter of September 20th. To our American fellow-thinkers you can tell that I promised Sroj Forman and Privat that I would try to come to the Esperanto Congress in America, and I certainly shall do everything that I can to fulfil my promise. But to state at this time with full assurance whether I shall be able to come, is still impossible, because the matter depends on some circumstances which I cannot yet foresee.

Especially it depends upon the state of my health. At this time it unfortunately is not very good: yet I hope that by summer it will again improve and I shall be able to undertake the great voyage.

Great voyages and a long distance from home are very difficult matters for me, because it is not only involved with great expenses for me, which is for me sufficiently important, but it compels me for some time to throw away my medical practice (that is the source of my income) and—what is more important—the longer I remain away from home, the more my medical practice becomes ruined for the future. The American Congress would require from me not only greater expense than the other congresses, but also a longer absence from home. You therefore can understand that I, not being a rich man, can undertake the American trip only in such case, if it were shown that my coming to America would really be very important for our affair.

Therefore I must wait awhile until I am acquainted with the character which the American Congress hopes to have. When the Constant Committee of the Congresses (whose president is General Sebert) assures me that your congress is prepared well and that we can expect from it a great success for our cause, then I shall use all my power to come unflinching to the congress.

Yours,

ZAMENHOF.

Shortly after receiving this letter, the Executive Committee received a telegram from General Sebert containing only these few words:

"Would you accept putting off your congress until 1910?"

SEBERT.

The Executive Committee unanimously voted to accept General Sebert's proposal and official advice to this effect was forwarded to the Centra Oficejo.

A NATIONAL CONGRESS IN CHAUTAUQUA.

The decision to hold a National Congress in Chautauqua in 1909 was then taken, with the intention to strengthen the Association and to hold the Congress at such date that it would be possible for the official delegates, provided with due credentials to go to Barcelona immediately after and to present to the International Congress the request of the Americans.

Hitherto, it has been the custom to seek some one from the persons present and to elevate him without further ado to the position of representative of the country from whence he came. The result was that the decisions of the Congress were in no way binding upon the different countries and this, the Esperanto Association of North America will attempt to remedy by demanding that duly accredited delegates be sent to its congress. so that if we are successful, as seems highly probable, the sixth International Congress of Esperantists will in reality be the first legally elected International Congress.

It is probable that other places will compete with Chautauqua for the Sixth International Congress and it will depend upon what support the Esperantists will find in Chautauqua among Chautauquans whether we are successful in having Chautauqua selected for 1910 or not.

La infano eliras el sia ĉambro
li transiras la koridoron
li sin direktas al la banĉambro
li alvenas al la pordo de la ĉambro
li malfermas tiun pordon,
li eniras en la banĉambron.

The child goes out of his room,
he crosses the hall,
he makes his way towards the bathroom,
he arrives at the door of the room,
he opens that door,
he enters the bathroom.

Li transiras la banĉambron,
li alproksimigas al la lavtableto,
li alvenas al la bantableto,
li haltigas antaŭ la lavtableto,

He crosses the bathroom,
he draws near the washstand,
he arrives at the washstand.
he stops before the washstand.

Li etandas la brakon,
li prenas la ŝtopilon,
li metas la ŝtopilon en la truon de la
pelvo
li ellasas la ŝtopilon,
li metas la manon sur la tenilon
de la kraneto,
li turnas la tenilon.

He puts forth his hand,
he takes the stopper,
he puts the stopper in the hole of the
bowl,
he lets go the stopper,
he puts his hand on the handle of the
faucet,
he turns the handle.

La akvo elsprucas el la kraneto
la akvo frapas la fundon de la pelvon,
ĝi surŝprucas en la pelvo
ĝi turniĝadas en la pelvo,
ĝi leviĝas en la pelvo,
ĝi plenigas la pelvon.

The water spurts out of the faucet,
the water strikes the bottom of the bowl,
it splashes in the bowl,
it whirls around in the bowl.
it rises in the bowl,
it fills the bowl.

La infano fermas la kraneton,
kaj la fluado de la akvo haltigas.

The child closes the faucet,
and the flow of water stops.

La infano suprenturnas siajn manikojn,
li nudigas siajn brakojn,
li prenas la sapon,
li malsekigas la sapon,
li frotas la sapon sur siaj manoj,
li remetras la sapon en ĝian lokon.

The child turns up his sleeves,
he bares his arms,
he takes the soap,
he wets the soap,
he rubs the soap on his hands,
he puts the soap back in its place.

Li fratadas siajn manojn unu kontraŭ la alia,
 la sapo elsaŭmas ĉirkaŭ liaj manoj,
 li purigas siajn manojn
 li eltiras siajn manojn el la akvo
 li lavas siajn manojn.

He rubs his hands together,
 the soap lathers around his hands,
 he cleans his hands,
 he pulls his hands out of the water,
 he washes his hands.

Li prenas la katenon,
 li tiras la katenon,
 la ŝtopilo cedas
 la ŝtopilo saltas el la truon,
 la akvo sin jetegas en la truon,
 kaj elfluas tra la tubo.

He takes the chain,
 he pulls the chain,
 the stopper gives way,
 the stopper jumps out of the hole,
 the water rushes into the hole
 and flows through the pipe.

La akvo turniĝadas en la pelvo
 la akvo malsupreniras en la pelvo
 kun lasta gargarsono ĝi m-laperas en la truon.

The water whirls in the bowl,
 the water goes down in the bowl,
 with a last gurgling sound it disappears
 into the bowl.

La infano ree metas la ŝtopilon en la truon,
 kaj replenigas la pelvon per akvo.

The child puts the stopper into the bowl
 again,
 and refills the bowl with water.

Spongo dependas de hoko.
 li etendas la braken,
 li prenas la spongon,
 li dekroĉas la spongon de la hoko,
 li subakvigas la spongon.

A sponge hangs from a hook,
 he stretches forth his arm,
 he takes the sponge,
 he unhooks the sponge from the hook,
 he plunges the sponge into the water.

La akvo penetras en la projn de la spongo,
 li eltiras la spongon el la akvo,
 li prenas la sapon,
 li saponumas la spongon,
 li remetas la sapon en ĝian lokon,
 li fleksiĝas super la pelvo,
 li levas la spongon al sia vizaĝo,
 li purigas sian vizaĝon,
 li metas la spongon sur la lavtableton,
 apud la pelvo.

The water enters the pores of the sponge,
 he takes the sponge out of the water,
 he takes the soap,
 he soaps the sponge,
 he puts the soap back in its place,
 he bends over the bowl,
 he carries the sponge to his face,
 he cleans his face,
 he puts the sponge on the stand near the bowl.

Li fleksiĝas ankoraŭ pli,
 li prenas akvo en siaj manoj,
 li lavetas la vizaĝon kaj kolon.

He bends still more,
 he takes water in his hands,
 he rinses his face and neck.

La akvo gutetas de lia vizaĝo
 kaj ree falas en la pelvon.

The water drips from his face
 and falls back into the bowl.

Pura viŝtuko kuŝas sur tableto,
 li prenas viŝtukon,
 li malfadas la viŝtukon,
 li portas la viŝtukon al sia vizaĝo,
 li viŝas ĉiujn partojn de sia vizaĝo
 la viŝtuko absorbas la malsekajon.

A clean towel lies on a stand,
 he takes a towel,
 he unfolds the towel,
 he carries the towel to his face,
 he wipes all parts of his face,
 the towel absorbs the moisture.

Li metas la viŝtukon sur la sekigantan bastoneton

He puts the towel on the drying rod,

li ŝtreĉas la viŝtukon sur ĝi
 kaj la viŝtuko sekigaas en la aero.
 Li denove presna sian spongon
 li lavetas la spongon en la akvo,
 li eltiras la spongon el la akvo,
 li tenas la spongon super la pelvo
 li premas la spongon
 la akvo eliras el la spongo
 kaj ree falas en la pelvon.

he stretches the towel upon it,
 and the towel dries in the air.
 He takes his sponge again,
 and rinses the sponge in the water,
 he takes the sponge out of the water,
 he holds the sponge over the bowl,
 he presses the sponge,
 the water runs out of the sponge
 and falls into the water again.

Li alkröĉas la spongon al la hoko,
 li ellasas la spongon,
 kaj la spongo sekigaas en la aero.

He hangs the sponge on the hook,
 he lets go the sponge,
 and the sponge dries in the air.

Talk About Books

THE AMERICAN IN HOLLAND. By William Elliot Griffiths. Boston:

Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Pp. 396. Illustrated. \$1.50.

With a singularly rich and varied history, religious, artistic, and political, it is not strange that so picturesque a country as Holland should find many interpreters. The painters have given their own version of what the country was and is. De Amicis, the cosmopolitan Italian, has pictured "Holland and Its People" in a delightful book which is an acknowledged classic. Meldrum, an Englishman, in his "Holland and the Hollanders" has made careful studies in Holland's present-day economic and political achievements, with much besides. Two little books by W. E. Griffis show by their titles a distinctly American point of view "Brave Little Holland and What She has Taught Us" and "The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes." To these Dr. Griffis has recently added "The American in Holland," in which the traveler sees this unique little country through eyes which are keen to discern the far-reaching political and religious significance of Holland's past struggles. The author possesses also that historic sense which delights to discover and trace the relation between men and events seemingly remote from each other, and the book is full of such allusions, bringing to light many very interesting and important connections between Holland and this country hitherto unrecognized by the average American. The book contains a graphic account of the Queen's coronation and some excellent illustrations. A particularly good map of Holland is also included.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE. Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 152. \$1.25.

The dramatic portrayals of Biblical history were among the most important methods utilized by the Church of the Middle Ages to make vivid to young and old the truths of the spiritual life. The period of twilight which fell upon the drama during the period of moral decadence, out of which sprang the Puritan revolt against the theater, robbed the Church for a time of its birthright. Happily

in these days the drama is slowly coming into its own. The profound impression made by "Everyman" suggested new possibilities for the theater. Sculptor and painter have for centuries sought to portray the Christ as he expressed the spirit of their age. Poets and novelists have in recent years felt the subtle attraction of the subject, and it is not strange that the modern dramatist has come under its spell.

"The Servant in the House" has been presented on the modern stage to many thousands of people who have seen and interpreted it for themselves. The author wrote it as a man writes who feels that he has a message. The actors presented it in the same spirit. But there is a still greater audience out of reach of the theater who may find inspiration in the play, which does not need a stage setting nor visible actors to make its appeal to the imagination. Indeed, there are those who feel that for them it reaches a higher level when the imagination has full play without reference to the material stage. The characters are strongly individual and the author's ability to infuse into the personality of "Manson" a certain mysterious and irresistible quality is proof of power. One is reminded of the human and tender yet uncompromising angel in Watts' great picture, "Love and Death." The play might be read in many a pulpit as a Sunday evening message for the new year. A more reverent or impressive service could not be desired.

THE PAINTERS SERIES: THE MASTERPIECES OF REMBRANDT. Sixty reproductions in halftone, 3x4 in. F. A. Stokes Company, New York. Parchment covers. 25 cents.

The advice once given by a music teacher to a pupil, "read omnivorously" might well be translated for the student of art into "look omnivorously." The power of appreciation of a great artist gained from the careful study of a single masterpiece is greatly enhanced by the study of a considerable number of his pictures, even though all of them may not reach the same high level. By this means one learns to recognize the artist's own distinctive traits as they express themselves in his varied moods. Hampered as the student of the works of a great painter may be, by his inability to see the originals, he can in spite of the absence of color gain some idea of the spirit of the artist through the study of worthy reproductions. "The Painters' Series" is commended to students, for it brings together in convenient form some sixty excellent halftones of the works of a single great artist. These form what is practically a small portfolio which may be carried in one's pocket and studied at leisure. The covers are lightweight parchment and the pictures are not encumbered with text. The man who hasn't money to go to Europe, nor time to visit a picture gallery may carry his own little picture gallery with him and open to him-

self unexpected sources of enjoyment. Already a dozen of these little booklets have been published, Rembrandt and Hals among others.

THE STANDARD GALLERIES: HOLLAND. By Esther Singleton. A. C. McClurg & Company: Chicago. 1908. 284 pp. 40 illustrations. \$1. Post. .08.

Forty-six well-chosen illustrations are naturally the feature which first attracts one to this convenient little guide-book. The pictures are typical of the art life of Holland. Many of them have been selected from the less well-known examples of Dutch art because, as the writer explains, there are many pictures in the Dutch galleries whose beauty appeals to the visitor, but which are less accessible than the famous works made familiar by the numerous reproductions. The book aims to help the ordinary layman not well versed in art criticism to enjoy the great galleries in Holland. It furnishes in convenient form just the material necessary to answer the questions which every intelligent visitor to a picture gallery instinctively asks. Facts about the artist, incidents which relate to the picture, to the times when it was painted, and brief comments by famous critics make the book thoroughly readable and informing. It is an admirable companion whether one is an actual tourist or a returned traveler who wants to recall his impressions of the Dutch galleries, or merely an art lover who hopes some day to take the trip to Holland.

A HAPPY HALF CENTURY and other essays. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. \$1.10 net.

This is a volume of essays in Miss Repplier's usual charming style. A partial list of titles will in itself indicate the nature of the book: "When Lalla Rookh Was Young," "On the Slopes of Parnassus," "The Literary Lady," "The Child," "The Accursed Annual," "Our Accomplished Great-Grandmother," etc. Miss Repplier confesses that she would have preferred to live in the earlier days of the nineteenth century; that is, as a professional writer the rewards for a woman's pen would at that time have been the most satisfying. Miss Repplier has resurrected many of these long-since-forgotten idols of the novel-reading young person. The modern reader is distinctly thankful to Miss Repplier for going over the perished masterpieces of these charmers in his place. It is very amusing to read our essayist's comments upon literary styles which are now as obsolete as the hoopskirt; but it must be a distinct bore to sift the few grains of amusement from the dreary mass of dullness. Equally interesting are Miss Repplier's comments on the minor poets of the early nineteenth century, a period in which any subject was regarded as fit material for didactic poems of intolerable length. Many of the gems of these now forgotten poets

have been culled by Miss Repplier and live again in her pages. Indeed, a few of them are so good that they should never pass even into temporary oblivion. Certainly that line of Dr. Grainger's poem entitled "Sugar Cane" deserves to live:

"Now Muse, let's sing of rats!"

FIRST AND LAST THINGS. By H. G. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

The position which Mr. Wells has already attained in the world of thought makes every new book from his pen of far more than ordinary interest. In his last book Mr. Wells follows out a new line. The volume "First and Last Things" is a frank statement of the author's fundamental belief on all matters of importance,—morality, religion, marriage, etc. The book has an interesting origin in that it arose from personal confessions made by a group of thinking persons, of whom Mr. Wells was one. Mr. Wells found that his views on many important topics required such elaborate statement that nothing short of a book could do justice to them. Although a statement of personal beliefs, "First and Last Things" is very far from being of the autobiographical sort which we might expect. There is nothing in it of the confessional nature except in so far as confession explains belief. Mr. Wells declines to take the public into his confidence concerning his own conduct as an illustration of his views, and this is very rightly the case.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Wells' philosophy relate to social morality, which, as might be expected, Mr. Wells finds expressed in the ideals of socialism; in the denial of belief in individual immortality; and in a broad standard of judgment for the conduct of others. Many readers will not agree with Mr. Wells on many fundamental points. He will seem to them too kind a judge upon matters which they regard as of most fundamental importance. Yet it is only fair to apply to his belief the toleration which he accords the beliefs of others. We have to thank Mr. Wells for his frankness in discussing without hypocritical reserve subjects of which most of us are afraid to speak openly. The frankness of the revelation, the clearness and fluency of his statement, and the tolerant spirit of the writer as revealed in his book, make "First and Last Things" one of the most valuable books that Mr. Wells has yet given us.

LEAF AND TENDRIL. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908.

Mr. Burroughs is always interesting by reason of his close and careful observation of nature and his simple and attractive way of presenting what he sees. This volume of essays forms, therefore, a welcome continuation of an already attractive series. With some of the more controversial positions of the book, however,

many a reader will take issue. The essay upon "Animal and Plant Intelligence" seeks to disprove all theories which would attribute to animals any of the reasoning powers which are on the plane of human reasoning. Mr Burroughs attempts to prove his point that all animal action can be explained by reflex action alone, by recourse to many incidents which have come under his observation. That instances of animal intelligence which have come within the observation of other naturalists may not be so easily explicable by a narrow theory of reflex action is the suspicion which many readers will entertain.

The essay, "Gay Plumes and Dull," which seeks to disprove in part Darwin's theory of protective coloring in animals is far more convincing, the many exceptions to such a theory being noted and instances apparently supporting the theory explained on other grounds. Particularly interesting also is Mr. Burroughs's contention that brilliant coloring in male birds is not to attract the female bird, but is merely a manifestation of what Mr. Burroughs terms "the riot of the male principle" that runs through nature.

APOLLO, AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF ART THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Solomon Reinach. Scribner's: New York. 1908. Pp. 338. Illustrations, 600. \$1.50 net.

The study of the history of art has been greatly enriched in recent years through the science of archaeology and the researches of the newer art criticism. For this reason there has been great need for a compact one-volume history of art which should take account of the latest conclusions of scholars. Happily this need was met two years ago by the admirable work of Solomon Reinach, entitled "The Story of Art throughout the Ages." A new edition, revised by the author has now been issued under its original title, "Apollo," used in the French editions. The author is a member of the Institute of France, his name, in spite of its German form, being pronounced Reynach. His ability has long been recognized by scholars who have welcomed this book as an important contribution to the study of art. The opening chapters at once captivate the reader. Recent researches have carried our knowledge of primitive man far back into the millenniums before Christ and traces of surprising artistic developments have been discovered in races about whom our knowledge is most meagre. From these misty beginnings the "story" is traced on down through the ages. Nor is it, as one might suppose, little more than a bare chronicle. The author is master of a remarkably compact style, and his narrative is interspersed with critical comments of the most illuminating character. The book combines the qualities of a popular history with scientific accuracy in a very unusual degree. It is copiously illustrated with small but admirably executed halftones, and its com-

pact form makes it a convenient guide book for the traveler or art student.

THE ART OF THE NETHERLAND GALLERIES. David C. Pryer 380 pp. 5½x8. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1908. \$2.00 net.

As supplementary reading on Dutch Art, Chautauquans will be both entertained and delighted by the contents of this book. The author, who was formerly editor of *The Collector and Art Critic*, understands those details regarding painters and their work which people want to know by way of learning to appreciate. He speaks from observation and authority sufficient to guide the actual traveler to the best in the collections in Holland; his discussion is, moreover, unstilted, enthusiastic, and suggestive to those who take their art-travel by means of the mind's eye. There are forty-eight reproductions of paintings in the volume. Some sixty pages are devoted to the great list of nineteenth century painters and the prediction is made that in the emulation of the Dutch spirit—nothing else—we see the time approaching when the American school will outstrip its pattern. Incidentally we note the pertinent criticism of the new hanging of "The Night Watch" in a single room of the Ryks Museum instead of at the end of a long vista which formerly delighted every visitor. Discussing the title of this masterpiece Mr. Preyer says:

"It is not only possible, but most probable that the popular title, 'The Night Watch,' for short, was given to the painting from the beginning, and that for the following reason: In Holland the military division of watches in garrison towns, even to this day, makes the Night Watch, to man the various posts at the city gates and barracks, commence at five o'clock in the afternoon. To reach the gates from the Doelen, in the center of the city, would require the preparation for marching to be made at four. Now we notice that the shadow cast by the Captain's hand is at an angle of 45 degrees. This indicates the height of the sun in summer in Holland at four o'clock in the afternoon, as the sun does not set before eight o'clock. This Company, therefore, comes down the steps of the Doelen, as the Night Watch, to march out to relieve the Day Watch, and later, after midnight, they will be relieved by the Morning Watch."

AS OTHERS SEE US. A Study of Progress in the United States. John Graham Brooks. 5½x8. 365 pp. \$1.75. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

Readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the American Year do not need to be reminded of the unusual quality of Mr. John Graham Brooks' studies which were published in this magazine. He opened an entirely new field to Americans, even those who are reasonably

familiar with writings on American institutions, making us see ourselves in a way calculated to do us good, entertaining us delightfully the while. It was gratifying to note that *The Dial* said of these CHAUTAUQUAN articles: "No other of our current magazines is at present doing anything quite so interesting as this; the special merits of the work being its candor, its willingness to accept legitimate criticism without resentment, and its broadly philosophical outlook." Their publication in book form will bring further deserved public attention to this decidedly unique and valuable piece of work. The text makes 346 pages, increased to 365 by bibliography and useful index. We repeat the chapter titles which suggest the striking character of the book: The Problem Opened; Concerning our Critics; Who is the American?; Our Talent for Bragging; Some Other Peculiarities; American Sensitiveness; The Mother Country as Critic; Change of Tone in Foreign Criticism; Higher Criticism; Our French Visitors; Democracy and Manners; Our Monopoly of Wit; Our Greatest Critic; A Philosopher as Mediator; A Socialist Critic; Signs of Progress.

JOHN KEATS, a biography. By Albert Elmer Hancock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. \$2 net.

All lovers of Keats must express their indebtedness to Mr. Hancock for this new life of the poet. Former biographies have pained those admirers of Keats who have felt that overemphasis upon his sensitiveness, his supposed lack of manliness, and his sensuousness have destroyed the truth of a character which was essentially manly. Mr. Hancock shows that Keats was no weakling and was indeed remarkably masculine, bearing more than the usual allotment of the ills of this life with courage and sweetness. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the tracing of the growth of the poet's philosophy of life, which in his case was synonymous with a philosophy of life,—the philosophy which finds its most perfect expression in the concluding lines of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn:"—"Beauty is truth, truth, beauty."

No lover of Keats will dispute the final judgment which the biographer passes upon the poet. Speculation as to what Keats might have been had he lived is he asserts entirely needless, inasmuch as the poet's philosophy, despite his extreme youth at the time of his death, received almost faultless expression in the best of his poems. From these we are able to judge the scope of his probable contribution to literature had he been granted more years. This scope could never have been that of a Shakespeare or a Goethe, for Keats had not the wide view of life of those poets. His forte lay in an intensely emotional expression of the feeling for beauty and in this expression he achieved excellences of poetic style which rank him with the greatest of English poets.

Talk About Books

Mr. Hancock's biography is rather impressionistic in style and makes very interesting reading. One is grateful to the author for what he does not say. The rapidity of his style, indeed, compensates for greater fullness of comment, a fullness which the reader is perfectly confident the biographer was prepared to give had he deemed it necessary. The book is handsomely gotten out and is well illustrated with a number of excellent pictures, the frontispiece being a photogravure of the original painting of Keats in Williams College made by Joseph Severn, the friend of the poet.

PARK-STREET PAPERS. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. Pp. 277. \$1.25.

Mr. Perry's genial and meditative work has been made familiar within the last few years, not only through his books of recent publication, but through his printed work in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The ten papers in the present volume fall under two heads; five of them, under the general title of "Atlantic Prologues," are reprinted from the short addresses with which the January numbers of the magazine have been introduced; four are concerning eminent New England men of letters, about whom Mr. Perry's utterances have been made timely, either as Centenary Papers, or as commemorative of their deaths. The last, upon F. H. Underwood, "The Editor Who Was Never the Editor," has to do with the early history of the *Atlantic*. The book, as a whole, breathes the atmosphere of No. 4 Park Street, and has as distinct an Old New England flavor as has the graceful design on its title-page.

RACE QUESTIONS, PROVINCIALISM AND OTHER AMERICAN PROBLEMS. By Josiah Royce. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1908. Pp. 287. \$1.50.

Thoughtful people have come to acknowledge that any questions discussed by Professor Royce on philosophy and life are well worth their attention. The five essays in this book were all read before college or other educational organizations at some time between 1898 and the present year. They are carefully wrought and well balanced, while at the same time they are individual and progressive. Professor Royce's work is like his utterance and his literary style, undemonstrative, substantial, but personally attractive. The five essays are on the following topics: Race Questions and Prejudices; (2) Provincialism; (3) On Certain Limitations of the Thoughtful Public in America; (4) The Pacific Coast, A Psychological Study of the Relations of Climate and Civilization; (5) Some Relations of Physical Training to the present problem of Moral Education in America.





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Fishermen's Houses, low tide, Volendam. (See "A Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land," page 201.)

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ELECTIONS cannot satisfy everybody, and of the defeated party or parties all that is expected is philosophical acquiescence in the result. This year, however, furnishes an exception to the rule. The satisfaction with the outcome of the national election is all but universal. Mr. Bryan and his sincere, ardent followers, keenly disappointed at the returns, soon recovered their cheerfulness and declared that their cause, at any rate, had suffered no serious loss. The people, they felt, had elected Taft because they trusted him more and regarded him as a more cautious but essentially progressive statesman, not because they were weary of reform and warfare on evils and abuses. This relieved the Democratic defeat of its worst feature, its sting, and gave that party an important function and place in the political life of the nation. Even Republicans of the more partisan sort admit that a powerful and solid opposition party is indispensable in a representative government, a government of discussion, for it is by criticism, analysis, scrutiny of measures and policies that the public good is promoted and special privilege resisted. Mr. Bryan's personal view of the situation and the prospects of the Democratic party was expressed in a statement to the people from which we quote this paragraph:

"There must be a party representing the people's protest against wrong in high places, against corruption in politics and against the oppression of the struggling masses, and the Democratic party must continue its fight or dissolve. It could not exist as a plutocratic party. During the last twelve years the Democratic party has accomplished more out of power than the Republican party has accomplished in office, and this is a sufficient reward for those who

ers, will furnish cause for alarm or regret, as government is based on and requires proper representation of all great interests.

Of the existing minor parties none finds particular satisfaction in the returns. The Hearst or so-called Independent party polled a very small vote and neither helped Taft nor injured Bryan. The socialists expected to double their record-breaking vote of four years ago (over 400,000), but they have not made any such gain, and while in some small cities they have increased their strength, in the great centers the election disappointed them. Their candidates for legislatures and city councils generally suffered defeat. The vigorous and spectacular campaign of Eugene Debs, the socialist candidate for the presidency, had not prepared his followers for such results as confronted them. The Prohibitionists did not poll their full vote, as many of their allies and sympathizers preferred to cast their ballots for one or the other of the leading candidates in order to influence directly the course of events. Whether third parties can prosper and steadily grow in this country is a question that is now discussed with much concern and intelligence.



Higher Education and the Color Line

In the case of the Berea College, which has attracted a good deal of attention, the federal Supreme Court, sustaining the decisions of the state courts of Kentucky, has held that the statute which required the college named to segregate its colored students and educate them in different buildings was not an unreasonable or oppressive law contrary to the constitutional guaranties of equal laws and equal civil rights. It has also held that the statute did not violate the original charter of the college, since a provision in that charter expressly reserves the right to amend or modify it, and an amendment by statute, though indirect, is within the intent and scope of that reservation.

Berea had received colored students on an equal foot-

ing with whites for several decades, though originally it was a white man's institution. At first there was dissatisfaction and protest, and some students left the college, but the opposition subsequently died out, and for many years whites and blacks mingled and received intellectual and moral training without friction or harm to anyone. The adoption of the segregation statute some years ago was a surprise to the college and its friends. But the law was upheld in the courts as a proper "police measure" and the same view is taken by the federal tribunal of last resort.

How far states may go under the "police power"—the power to protect life, property, and liberty, to maintain order and security—in ordering racial separation, remains an open question. In a vigorous dissenting opinion Justice Harlan regrets that this is so and would like to know whether laws demanding separate political meetings, separate courts, separate places of amusement would be constitutional, and he asks:

"Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American government, professedly based on the principles of freedom and charged with the protection of all citizens alike, can make distinctions between such citizens in the matter of their voluntary association for innocent purposes simply because of their respective race?"

But the majority of the court did not believe that the facts in the Berea case justified sweeping dicta. The decision merely means that under the conditions in the mountain regions of Kentucky and neighboring states, the regions reached and helped by Berea College, segregation was a reasonable measure. The college authorities have decided to set apart a large amount for separate institutions for colored students, and in order to prevent rigid economy at the expense of the white students gifts are invited from generous and wealthy citizens who appreciate the excellent civilizing work in Berea within its particular sphere of influence.

The New Michigan Constitution

At the November election the voters of Michigan approved and accepted the new constitution that had been framed by a special convention. Though it is not as advanced as the "younger" and more radical elements would have liked it to be the new charter contains several notable features that are distinctly "modern." They mark, indeed, the political and civic progress of the state and of the nation.

The great movements and tendencies of the day are reflected in the following provisions, among others:

A substantial measure of home rule is conferred upon the cities and towns. The referendum is accepted and extended to new spheres. Municipal ownership of public utilities is permitted under certain safeguards, and capital for such enterprises may be obtained by the issue of special certificates outside of the constitutional debt limit. In Chicago municipal ownership has been impeded by a decision holding certificates for the acquisition of utilities producing revenue to be within the debt limit.

The demands of women receive some recognition. They are given the right to vote on bond and other financial proposals if they pay taxes in their own name.

Legislative fraud and trickery are aimed at by provisions of an unusual character—the prohibition of rules that are designed to destroy majority rule in the lawmaking bodies, and the provision that bills may be withdrawn from committees at any time by vote of the majority of the members. These safeguards are needed everywhere, for, as we have pointed out, pernicious practices of packing committees, strangling bills and reducing not only minorities, but majorities, to impotence, have grown up in Congress as well as in state legislatures. The tyranny of speakers and cliques that represent "interests" opposed to the public has often led to the cynical disregard of constitutional provisions, but Michigan has taken care to put additional obstacles in the way of obstructionists and jugglers with bills and amendments.

The Progress of the Divorce Evil

A special and elaborate report of the Census Bureau on marriage and divorce in the United States has been published, and it contains "much food for thought" and not a little ground for apprehension. The period covered is 1887-1906, and comparisons are made as to all the important phases of the question with a report of a similar nature dealing with the years 1867-1886. Some of the facts brought out are indeed startling.

The divorces have been increasing in this country three times faster than population, in spite of our heavy immigration. Indeed, one marriage in twelve appears to end in some divorce court. No civilized country has anything like the same ratio of divorces to 100,000 population as some of our leading, settled, great and proud states. Divorce is two and one-half times as common today as it was forty years ago.

In some states the divorce *rate* is astonishing, in others the rate is comparatively low, while the absolute *number* of divorces granted for various causes is staggering. The following table, showing the comparative figures by divisions and states, should be carefully studied. We make no apology for reproducing it, as it has aroused and will continue to provoke much earnest discussion:

State or Territory—	Total divorces granted.		Divorce rate per 100,000 population.*	
	1887 to 1906.	1867 to 1886.	1900.	1880.
Continental United States.....	945,625	328,716	73	38
North Atlantic division.....	142,920	73,503	38	28
Maine	14,194	8,412	117	78
New Hampshire	8,617	4,979	112	85
Vermont	4,740	3,238	75	47
Massachusetts	22,940	9,853	47	30
Rhode Island	6,953	4,462	105	93
Connecticut	9,224	8,542	50	61
New York	29,125	15,355	23	16
New Jersey	7,441	2,642	23	13
Pennsylvania	39,686	16,020	35	21

* Based on the annual average of divorce for the five year period of which the census year is the medium year.

Highways and Byways

South Atlantic division.....	58,603	16,357	33	13
Delaware	887	289	16	10
Maryland	7,920	2,185	40	12
District of Columbia.....	2,235	1,105	58	31
Virginia	12,129	2,635	38	11
West Virginia	10,308	2,555	64	25
North Carolina	7,047	1,338	24	6
South Carolina*	163	..	1
Georgia	10,401	3,959	26	14
Florida	7,586	2,128	79	53
North Central division.....	434,476	162,830	96	55
Ohio	63,982	26,367	91	48
Indiana	60,721	25,193	142	70
Illinois	82,209	36,072	100	68
Michigan	42,371	18,433	104	72
Wisconsin	22,867	9,988	65	41
Minnesota	15,646	3,623	55	27
Iowa	34,874	16,564	93	66
Missouri	54,766	15,278	103	40
North Dakota	4,317	297	88	46
South Dakota	7,105	790	95	48
Nebraska	16,711	3,034	82	43
Kansas	28,904	7,191	109	44
South Central division.....	220,289	49,327	95	35
Kentucky	30,641	10,248	84	35
Tennessee	30,447	9,625	89	38
Alabama	22,807	5,204	69	27
Mississippi	19,993	5,040	74	30
Louisiana	9,785	1,697	41	10
Arkansas	29,541	6,041	136	53
Indian Territory	6,751	113	..
Oklahoma	7,669	129	..
Texas	62,655	11,472	131	49
Western division	89,337	26,699	129	39
Montana	6,454	822	167	125
Idaho	3,205	368	120	58
Wyoming	1,772	401	118	111
Colorado	15,844	3,687	158	138
New Mexico	2,437	255	73	12
Arizona	2,380	237	120	47
Utah	4,670	4,078	92	114
Nevada	1,045	1,128	111	106
Washington	16,215	996	184	75
Oregon	10,145	2,609	134	92
California	15,170	12,118	108	84

*All laws permitting divorce were repealed.

The proper and just interpretation of these figures is a task for sociologists and scientific inquirers. The general situation is known to all, and it is also understood that changes in our population, in industrial life, education, position of women, ideas of marriage and family life, and a score of other factors, are responsible for the steady growth of the divorce evil—or the evil of “quick,” ill-considered, fraudulent and collusive divorces. There are movements on foot for uniform and more conservative divorce laws, and the courts, by refusing to recognize certain divorces, have mitigated the evil of late to some extent. South Dakota has, at a referendum, approved a law requiring a year’s residence, instead of one of six months, in case of an applicant for divorce coming from another state. In a word, the whole recent tendency has been toward improvement, restriction, strengthening the laws guarding the marriage tie and discouraging loose and dishonest divorces. The census report does not reveal the effects of these movements, but they are important and in time they are bound to yield substantial results.



“Personal Rule” vs. Constitutionalism

Amazing political developments have been witnessed in Germany. The whole nation, regardless of party, creed, interest, censuring the emperor; the reichstag openly discussing his conduct, in violation of a settled doctrine, and demanding certain guaranties for the future; the chancellor and head of the foreign office threatening resignation and tacitly approving the condemnation of his sovereign; the press speaking in no uncertain tone concerning the danger of arbitrary and personal rule in the sphere of foreign affairs; the emperor bowing his head during the storm and promising to be prudent and discreet, and, above all, mindful of constitutional responsibilities—surely such things are extraordinary for Germany.

But the spirit of the age is more powerful than monarchs and rulers, and while theoretically the German im-

perial cabinet is not "responsible" to parliament, the emperor alone having the right to appoint and dismiss ministers, practically it is becoming harder and harder to govern the people of the Teutonic empire without the support of a solid majority in the reichstag and the confidence and sympathy of the people. The chancellor and ministers have had in recent years to plead for support and promise important concessions in return to the leading groups in the popular branch of parliament, and this has been held to make for constitutionalism. It hardly needs saying that blunders and false steps on the part of the monarch and his appointees inevitably re-enforce the tendency.

The present excitement grew out of an alleged interview with Emperor William which appeared in a British newspaper. The essential correctness of the interview was not denied in the Berlin court circles, though minor inaccuracies were pointed out. In that interview the emperor expressed friendly sentiments for England and the English, but at the same time declared that he was in a minority, the majority of his people distrusting and disliking England. He also revealed diplomatic secrets that could not fail to offend France and Russia, once enemies of England but now excellent neighbors of hers. There was, moreover, a hint at the "yellow peril" in the Pacific, which was offensive to Japan, the ally of England. Finally, the Kaiser intimated that he had proved his good will to England during the war with the Boers by drawing up a plan of campaign in South Africa—a plan which was strikingly similar to that later worked out by General Roberts. As the emperor had sent his plan to Queen Victoria, the inference apparently suggested was that Roberts had profited by the Kaiser's suggestions.

Strangely enough, the German Foreign Office had authorized the publication of this interview, though Von Buelow, the chancellor, had not personally seen the proofs. Its appearance raised a storm of indignation and protest, and the emperor was declared to be as blamable as his ministers and diplomatic agents. His impulsiveness, his frank-

ness, his strong, unguarded expressions were seen to be dangerous to the peace of Europe and the prestige of Germany. The demand for prudence, self-restraint, the surrender of his "personal privileges" in the interest of national dignity naturally followed. The reichstag rejected a motion for an address to the emperor, but the agitation will doubtless bear fruit. There is no hope of an immediate change in the constitution limiting the emperor's power, or making the cabinet responsible to parliament, for the conservative and moderate groups are not prepared for such reforms. Still, public opinion has won a notable victory, and it is safe to say that in the future the representatives of the people will be treated with greater deference than in the past. Some time the reichstag may refuse to vote supplies and appropriations at the request of the imperfect constitutional government. Evolution, not revolution, is, however, the modern political watchword, and Germany will gradually develop a truly democratic form of government under the steady pressure of events and national interests.



Cuba's Third Election and Future

In November general elections were held in Cuba. The qualified voters of the island, under laws and machinery which insured a fair, orderly contest, elected a president, vice president, senators, and representatives. The American "government of intervention" had done everything to secure a genuine expression of popular will and to lay the foundations for a government representing a real majority.

The outcome of the election was not at all surprising. The conservative party led by General Menocal, a veteran of the revolution, proved rather weak, though at one period the conservative candidate was confident of victory. The liberals, long divided into two factions mutually hostile, had formed a temporary coalition and had put the rivals for the presidency, Gomez and Zayas, on the same ticket, the latter receiving the vice presidential nomination. The liberal majority was overwhelming, and it cannot be attributed

to force, fraud, or any other improper influence. Menocal and his party had the confidence of the wealthier elements, but the workers, the colored voters and other large sections of the population trusted the liberals.

However, there were no substantial differences between the platforms of the two parties. Both promised honest and economical administration, enforcement of law, earnest effort to maintain internal peace and order. Both stand for Cuban independence and prevention of conditions warranting another intervention. Will this pledge be carried out? Will the liberal government be equal to its responsibilities and the conservative party mindful of its duty to abide by the verdict of the majority at the polls? The leaders of the latter say that no rebellion or disorder will be attempted, and that the defeated will acquiesce in the result as good citizens fit for self-government and national existence. Whether they can control the rank and file, and whether the liberal government will give a good account itself, time alone will tell. Our troops and the government of intervention will retire this month, and Cuba's second experiment will then begin under rather favorable auspices. The island is more prosperous; the people have learned valuable political lessons; new laws and methods have been provided; bandits and other criminals have been deprived of arms and of liberty. Finally, the natives understand that another intervention would probably be permanent—that is, would mean annexation to the United States. It is not believed that many Cubans favor annexation at this time, and certainly the sugar and tobacco interests of this country would vigorously oppose it, since annexation would involve free importation of the products of the island. Little plotting is expected, therefore, and if the natives are really jealous of and fit for independence they now have the opportunity to establish it on a firm basis.



America and Japan as Moral Allies

The traditional policy of the United States is opposed to any "entangling alliances" or formal agreements regard-

ing world politics with foreign powers. Even in recent years, since the annexation of the Philippines and the co-operation of the civilized nations in China in the interest of "the open door" and the preservation of the territorial integrity and independence of that empire, we have, as a people, remained faithful to that policy. We have issued "notes," proposed certain lines of action, but no alliances or understandings of a binding character, either for offence or defence, have been entered into by our government.

The agreement just negotiated with Japan may seem an exception or departure, but it is nothing of the kind, strictly speaking. The notes signed by the representatives of the two governments are "declarations of policy" in the Far East and in the Pacific, but they commit neither power to any special or novel course of action. Principles that have been accepted and effective for some years are re-affirmed explicitly and formally, for the information of the world and the better guidance of statesmen, but no change is intended in the actual situation.

The United States and Japan have agreed to—

Respect each other's possessions in the Pacific.

Support the principles of Chinese independence and sovereignty, as well as the "open door," or the right to trade on equal terms in the markets of the Far East.

Maintain the *status quo* or existing balance in that part of the world, etc.

Communicate with each other and consult as to measures to be taken, in emergencies, in defence of the principles just named.

This moral agreement or reciprocal declaration of policy is the logical sequel to the other Pacific "understandings" or treaties, though their form is different. It is another safeguard and pledge of peace and stability in the Far East. It removes apprehension of friction with Japan and deprives many sensation-mongers of their occupation. Japan demonstrates her non-aggressive intentions toward the United States, and the talk of possible war over immi-

gration, Japanese coolie exclusion, local agitation against Japanese laborers, is rendered ridiculous. This is the best feature of the agreement from the standpoint of our domestic politics. As to foreign relations, the powers, without exception, welcome the agreement as an additional guaranty of the *status quo*. The interests of none are threatened or adversely affected by it. As for illegitimate ambitions in trade or territorial expansion at the expense of China or of Japan, no power could dare to avow them or to complain that they have been dashed by the agreement. As a matter of fact, all the governments of influence had been consulted or informed in advance, and all had expressed their approval of the proposed step. China, entering upon a new epoch, with new rulers, has special reason to welcome the agreement.



Note and Comment

On October 22 the German people celebrated the fiftieth birthday of the Empress. She is a few months older than the Kaiser.

The new German Ambassador to the United States, Count Johann Bernstorff, succeeding the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, will be of interest to Americans in part by reason of his wife, who was formerly a Miss Luckemeyer of New York City.

Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff began his diplomatic career in 1889, when he was made attaché at Constantinople. From Turkey he was transferred to the German Foreign Office, after which he advanced from one grade to another, serving as a representative in many of the great capitals of Europe.

He was counsellor of the German Embassy and First Secretary in London six years ago. The Count's work in creating good feeling between Great Britain and Germany brought him for the first time under the notice of the Emperor, and after four years' service in a minor position in London he was transferred to Cairo as Ambassador. This position is regarded in the German Diplomatic Service as a stepping stone to one of the greater ambassadorial portfolios, and his present appointment therefore did not cause much surprise in Berlin.

The Count met his wife, then Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer, in 1887, while she was traveling on the Continent. The Countess was born in 1867. They have two children, a daughter, Alexandria, 20 years old, and a son, who is 17. The Ambassador is said to be tall and of slender build, with a very youthful appearance for his 46 years. He impresses one as being a diplomat, energetic, resourceful. He speaks very good English, which he learned as a boy when attending the schools in London.

An exhibition of pictures representative of modern German art will be shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, beginning January 1. It is composed of 150 paintings and 50 drawings selected from the museums of Germany by an imperial commission, and includes the best examples of Kaulbach, Lenbach, Liebermann, Thoma, and Rudolph von Hoffmann.

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The University of Helsingfors is arranging for an exchange of professors with American universities after the plan found so successful for German and American universities.

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The World To-Day for December contains an interesting article upon "German Student Duelling," well illustrated from photographs. Another article in the same magazine which will be of interest to CHAUTAUQUAN readers is that entitled "The United States as a Peace Power," by Professor Amos S. Hershey of Indiana State University.





The Human Harvest*

By David Starr Jordan

President of Leland Stanford University.

SCIENCE is wisdom set in order. It is known as science by its orderly arrangement, but above and beyond all matters of arrangement the wisdom itself must take rank. Wisdom is the essence of human experience, the contact of mind with the order of nature. Of all men of his time, Benjamin Franklin was preëminently a man of wisdom. By the same token the first leader in science in America, he still takes rank with the greatest.

So in this time of historic recognition, it is proper that a speaker of today should find his message in the words of Benjamin Franklin, and the message I choose is one for which this City of Philadelphia has always stood and from which it has taken its Greek name, the name which in classical phrase says with a single word that men are brothers worthy of our love. It is a message for which the State of Pennsylvania has always stood, for the same principle was embodied in the life of William Penn. This has always been a Quaker City, and the Quakers, the Friends, have been our best apostles of the gospel of "peace on earth, good will towards men," the culmination of social and political wisdom.

Benjamin Franklin once said, "All war is bad; some wars worse than others." Then, once again, in more explicit terms referring to the dark shadow of war cast over

*An address delivered in Philadelphia April 18, 1906. Reprinted by courtesy of the Author from the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.

The series entitled "The Friendship of Nations," which began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN, will continue throughout the reading year.

scenes of peace, the evil of the standing army, Franklin said to Baynes:

"If one power singly were to reduce its standing army it would be instantly overrun by other nations. Yet I think there is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. All the most vigorous, stout, and well-made men in a kingdom are to be found in the army, and these men in general cannot marry."

What is true of standing armies is far more true of armies that fight and fall; for as Franklin said again, "Wars are not paid for in war times: the bill comes later."

In the discussion of the principles involved in Franklin's words, I must lay before you four fragments of history, three stories told because they are true, and one parable not true, but told for the lesson it teaches. And this is the first: Once there was a man strong, wealthy and patient, who dreamed of a finer type of horse than had ever yet existed. This horse should be handsome, clean-limbed, intelligent, docile, strong, and swift. These traits were to be not those of one horse alone, but of a number of favored equine aristocracy; they were to be "bred in the bone" so that they could continue from generation to generation, the attributes of a special common type of horse. And with this dream ever before his waking eyes, he invoked for his aid, the four twin genii of organic life, the four by which all the magic of transformation of species has been accomplished either in nature or in art. And these forces once in his service, he left to their control all the plans included in his great ambition. These four genii or fates are not strangers to us, nor were they new to the human race. Being so great and so strong, they are invisible to all save those who seek them. Men who deal with them after the fashion of science give them commonplace names, variation, heredity, segregation, selection.

Because not all horses are alike, because in fact no

two were ever quite the same, the first appeal was made to the genius of Variation. Looking over the world of horses, he found to his hand Kentucky race horses, clean-limbed, handsome and fleet, some more so and others less. So those which had the most of the virtues of the horse which was to be were chosen to be blended in new creation. Then again, he found thoroughbred horses of Arabian stock, hardy and strong and intelligent. These virtues were needed in the production of the perfect horse. And here came the need of the second genius, who is called Heredity. With the crossing of the racer with the thoroughbred, all qualities of both were blended in the progeny. The next generation partook of all desirable traits and again of undesirable ones as well. Some the one, and some the other, for sire and dam alike had given the stamp of its own kind and for the most part in equal degree. But again never in a degree quite equal, and in some measure these matters varied with each sire and each dam, and with each colt of all their progeny. It was found that the progeny of the mare called Beautiful Bells excelled all others in retaining all that was good in fine horses, and in rejecting all that a noble horse should not have. And like virtues were attached to the sires called Palo Alto, Electricity, and Electioneer.

But there were horses and horses; horses not of the chosen breed, and should these enter the fold with their common blood it would endanger all that had been already accomplished. For the ideal horse mating with the common horse controls at the best but half the traits of the progeny. If the strain were to be established, the vulgar horse flesh must be kept away, and only the best remain in association with the best. Thus Segregation, the third of the genii was called into service lest the successes of this herd be lost in the failure of some other.

Under the spell of Heredity all the horses partook of the charm of Beautiful Bells and of Electricity and of Palo Alto, for firmly and persistently all others were banished from their presence. There were some who were not strong,

some who were not sleek, some who were not fleet, some who were not clean-limbed, nor docile, nor intelligent. At least, they were not so to the degree which the dream of fair horses demanded. By the force of Selection, all such were sent away. Variation was always at work making one colt unlike another; Heredity made each colt a blend or mosaic of traits of sire and of grandsires and granddams; Selection left only good traits to form this mosaic, and the grandsire and granddam, sire and dam, and the rest of the ancestry lived their lives again in the expanding circle of descent.

Thus in the final result, the horses who were left were the horses of their owner's dream. The future of the breed was fixed, and fixed at the beginning by the very framing of the conditions under which it lived. It is variation which gives better as well as worse. It is heredity which saves all that has been attained—for better or for worse. It is selection by which better triumphs over worse, and it is segregation which protects the final result from falling again into the grasp of the general average. In all this, selection is the vital moving changing force. It throws the shaping of the future on the individual chosen by the present. The horse who is left marks the future of his kind. The history of the steed is an elongation of the history of those who are chosen for parentage. And with the best of the best chosen for parentage, the best of the best appears in the progeny. The horse-harvest is good in each generation. As the seed we sow, so shall we reap.

And this story is true, known to thousands of men. And it will be true again just as often as men may try to carry it into experiment. And it will be true not of horses alone, for the four fates which guide and guard life have no partiality for horses but work just as persistently for cattle or sheep, or plums or roses, or calla or cactus, as they do for horses or for men. From the very beginning of life they have wrought untiringly—and in your life and in mine—in the grass of the field, the trees of the forest—in bird and beast, everywhere we find the traces of their energy.

And this brings me to my second story, which is not true, as history, but only in its way as parable.

There was once a man—strenuous no doubt, but not wise, for he did not give heed to the real nature of things and so he set himself to do by his own unaided hand the work which only the genii can accomplish. And this man possessed also a stud of horses. They were docile, clean-limbed, fleet, and strong and he would make them still more strong and swift. So he rode them swiftly with all his might—day and night, always on the course, always pushed to the utmost, leaving only the dull and sluggish to remain in the stalls. For it was his dream to fill these horses with the spirit of action, with the glory of swift motion, that this glory might be carried on and on to the last generation of horses. There were some who could not keep the pace, and to these and these alone he assigned the burden of bearing colts. And the feeble and the broken, the dull of wit, the coarse of limb, became each year the mothers of the colts. The horses who were chosen for the race-course he trained with every care, and every stroke of discipline showed itself in the flashing eyes and straining muscles, such were the best horses. But the other horses were the horses who were left. From their loins came the next generation and with these there was less fire and less speed than the first horses possessed in such large measure. But still the rush went on—whip and spur made good the lack of native movement. The racers still pushed on the course, while in the stalls and paddocks at home, the dull and common horses bore their dull and common colts. Variation was still at work with these as patiently as ever. Heredity followed, repeating faithfully whatever was left to her. Segregation, always conservative, guarded her own, but could not make good the deficiencies. Selection, forced to act perversely, chose for the future the worst and not the best, as was her usual fashion. So the current of life ran steadily downward. The herd was degenerating because it was each year an inferior herd which bred. Each generation yielded weaker colts, rougher, duller, clumsier colts, and no amount of

training or lash or whip or spur made any permanent difference for the better. The *horse-harvest* was bad. Thoroughbred and racehorse gave place to common beasts, for in the removal of the noble the ignoble always finds its opportunity. It is always the horse that remains which determines the future of the stud.

In like fashion from the man who is left flows the current of human history.

This tale then is a parable, a story of what never was, but which is always trying to become true

Once there was a great king—and the nation over which he bore rule lay on the flanks of a mountain range, spreading across fair hills and valleys green and fertile across to the Mediterranean Sea. And the men of his race, fair and strong, self-reliant and self-confident, men of courage and men of action, were men "who knew no want they could not fill for themselves." They knew none on whom they looked down, and none to whom they regarded themselves inferior. And for all things which men could accomplish, these plowmen of the Tiber and the Apennines felt themselves fully competent and adequate. "Vir," they called themselves in their own tongue, and *virile*, virilis, men like them are called to this day. It was the weakling and the slave who was crowded to the wall; the man of courage begat descendants. In each generation and from generation to generation the human harvest was good. And the great wise king who ruled them; but here my story halts—for there was no king. There could be none. For it was written, men fit to be called men, men who are *Vires*, "are too self-willed, too independent, and too self-centered to be ruled by anybody but themselves." Kings are for weaklings, not for men. Men free-born control their own destinies. "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings." For it was later said of these same days: "There was a Brutus once, who would have brooked the Eternal Devil to take his seat in Rome as easily as a king." And so there was no king to cherish and control these men, his subjects. The spirit of freedom was the

only ruler they knew, and this spirit being herself metaphoric called to her aid the four great genii which create and recreate nations. Variation was ever at work, while heredity held fast all that she developed. Segregation in her mountain fastness held the world away, and selection chose the best and for the best purposes, casting aside the weakling, and the slave, holding the man for the man's work, and even the man's work was at home, building cities, subduing the forests, draining the marshes, adjusting the customs and statutes, preparing for the new generations. So the men begat sons of men after their own fashion, and the men of strength and courage were ever dominant. The Spirit of Freedom is a wise master, cares wisely for all that he controls.

So in the early days, when Romans were men, when Rome was small, without glory, without riches, without colonies and without slaves, these were the days of Roman greatness.

Then the Spirit of Freedom little by little gave way to the Spirit of Domination. Conscious of power, men sought to exercise it, not on themselves but on one another. Little by little, this meant banding together, aggression, suppression, plunder, struggle, glory, and all that goes with the pomp and circumstance of war. The individuality of men was lost in the aggrandizement of the few. Independence was swallowed up in ambition, patriotism came to have a new meaning. It was transferred from the hearth and home to the trail of the army.

It does not matter to us now what were the details of the subsequent history of Rome. We have now to consider only a single factor. In science, this factor is known as "reversal of selection." "Send forth the best ye breed!" That was the word of the Roman war-call. And the spirit of Domination took these words literally, and the best were sent forth. In the conquests of Rome, *Vir*, the real man, went forth to battle and to the work of foreign invasion, *Homo*, the human being, remained in the farm and the

workshop and begat the new generations. Thus "Vir gave place to Homo." The sons of real men gave place to the sons of scullions, stable-boys, slaves, camp-followers, and the riff-raff of those the great victorious army does not want.

The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero and Caligula, the weakness of the train of Constantine's worthless descendants. It was fixed at Philippi, when the spirit of domination was victorious over the spirit of freedom. It was fixed still earlier, in the rise of consuls and triumvirates and the fall of the simple sturdy self-sufficient race who would brook no arbitrary ruler. When the real men fell in war, or were left in faraway colonies, the life of Rome still went on. But it was a different type of Roman which continued it, and this new type repeated in Roman history its weakling parentage.

"It is puerile," says Charles Ferguson, "to suppose that kingdoms are made by kings. The kings could do nothing if the mob did not throw up its cap when the king rides by. The king is consented to by the mob, because of that in him which is mob-like. The mob loves glory and prizes, so does the king. If he loved beauty and justice, the mob would shout for him while the fine words were sounding in the air, but he could never celebrate a jubilee or establish a dynasty. When the crowd gets ready to demand justice and beauty, it becomes a democracy and has done with kings."

Thus we read in Roman history the rise of the mob and of the emperor who is the mob's exponent. It is not the presence of the emperor which makes imperialism. It is the absence of the people, the want of men. Babies in their day have been emperors. A wooden image would serve the same purpose. More than once it has served it. The decline of a people can have but one cause, the decline in the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way than this, and a race of men is under the same laws. By the rise in absolute power, as a sort of historical barometer, we may mark the decline in the breed of the people. We see this in the history of Rome.

The conditional power of Julius Caesar, resting on his own tremendous personality, showed that the days were past of Cincinnatus and of Junius Brutus. The power of Augustus showed the same. But the decline went on. It is written that "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." The emperor in the time of Claudius the Caligula was not the strong man who held in check all lesser men and organizations. He was the creature of the mob, and the mob, intoxicated with its own work, worshipped him as divine. Doubtless the last emperor, Augustulus Romulus, before he was thrown into the scrap-heap of history, was regarded in the mob's eyes and his own as the most godlike of them all.

What have the historians to say of these matters? Very few have grasped the full significance of their own words, for very few have looked on men as organisms, and on nations as dependent on the specific character of the organisms destined for their reproduction.

So far as I know, Benjamin Franklin was the first to think of man thus as an inhabitant, a species in nature among other species and dependent on nature's forces as other animals and other inhabitants must be.

In Otto Seeck's great history of "The Downfall of the Ancient World" (*Der Untergang der Antiken Welt*), he finds this downfall due solely to the rooting out of the best ("Die Ausrottung der Besten"). The historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or any other empire is engaged solely with the details of the process by which the best men are exterminated. Speaking of Greece, Dr. Seeck says, "A wealth of force of spirit went down in the suicidal wars." "In Rome, Marius and Cinna slew the aristocrats by hundreds and thousands. Sulla destroyed the democrats, and not less thoroughly. Whatever of strong blood survived, fell as an offering to the proscription of the Triumvirate." "The Romans had less of spontaneous force to lose than the Greeks. Thus desolation came to them sooner. ¹¹⁷Never was bold enough to rise politically in Rome was without exception thrown to the ground. Only cow-

ards remained and from their brood came forward the new generations. Cowardice showed itself in lack of originality and in slavish following of masters and traditions."

The Romans of the Republic could not have made the history of the Roman Empire. In their hands it would have been still a republic. Could they have held aloof from world-conquering schemes, Rome might have remained a republic, enduring even to our own day. The seeds of destruction lie not in the race nor in the form of government, but in the influences by which the best men are cut off from the work of parenthood.

"The Roman Empire," says Seeley, "perished for want of men." The dire scarcity of men is noted even by Julius Cæsar. And at the same time it is noted that there are men enough. Rome was filling up like an overflowing marsh. Men of a certain type were plenty, "people with guano in their composition," to use Emerson's striking phrase, but the self-reliant farmers, the hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Apennines, the Roman men of the early Roman days, these were fast going, and with the change in the breed came the change in Roman history.

"The mainspring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline of the population that lined the Apennines."

With the Antonines came "a period of sterility and barrenness in human beings." *"The human harvest was bad."* Bounties were offered for marriage. Penalties were devised against race suicide. "Marriage," says Metellus, "is a duty which, however painful, every citizen ought manfully to discharge." Wars were conducted in the face of a declining birth rate, and this decline in quality and quantity of the human harvest engaged very early the attention of the wise men of Rome.

Thus "*Vir* gave place to *Homo*," real men to mere human beings. There were always men enough such as they were. "A hencoop will be filled, whatever the (original) number of hens," said Benjamin Franklin. And thus the

mob filled Rome. No wonder the mob-leader, the mob-hero rose in relative importance. No wonder "the little finger of Constantine was thicker than the loins of Augustus." No wonder that "if Tiberius chastised his subjects with whips, Valentinian chastised them with scorpions."

Government having assumed godhead took at the same time the appurtenances of it. Officials multiplied. Subject lost their rights. "Abject fear paralyzed the people and those that ruled were intoxicated with insolence and cruelty." "The worst government is that which is most worshipped as divine." "The emperor possessed in the army an overwhelming force over which citizens had no influence, which was totally deaf to reason or eloquence, which had no patriotism because it had no country, which had no humanity because it had no domestic ties." "There runs through Roman literature a brigand's and barbarian's contempt for honest industry." "Roman civilization was not a creative kind, it was military, that is destructive." What was the end of it all? The nation bred real men no more. To cultivate the Roman fields "whole tribes were borrowed." The man of the quick eye and the strong arm, gave place to the slave, the scullion, the pariah, the man with the hoe, the man whose lot does not change because in him there lies no power to change it. "Slaves have wrongs, but freemen alone have rights." So at the end the Roman world yielded to the barbaric, because it was weaker in force. "The barbarians settled and peopled the empire rather than conquered it." And the process is recorded in history as the fall of Rome.

"Out of every hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand were slain. Out of every hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." This is Dr. Seeck's calculation, and the biographical significance of such mathematics must be evident at once. Dr. Seeck speaks with scorn of the idea that Rome fell from the decay of old age, from the corruption of luxury, from neglect of military tactics or from the over-diffusion of culture.

"It is inconceivable that the mass of Romans suffered from over-culture." "In condemning the sinful luxury of wealthy Romans, we forget that the trade-lords of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were scarcely inferior in this regard to Lucullus and Apicius, their waste and luxury not constituting the slightest check to the advance of the nations to which these men belonged. The people who lived in luxury in Rome were scattered more thinly than in any modern state of Europe. The masses lived at all times more poorly and frugally because they could do nothing else. Can we conceive that a war force of untold millions of people is rendered effeminate by the luxury of a few hundreds?"

Does history ever repeat itself? It always does if it is true history. If it does not we are dealing not with history but with mere succession of incidents. Like causes produce like effects, just as often as man may choose to test them. Whenever men use a nation for the test, poor seed yields a poor fruition. Where the weakling and the coward survives in human history, there "the human harvest is bad," and it can never be otherwise.

The finest Roman province, a leader in the Roman world was her colony of Hispania. What of Spain in history? What of Spain today? "This is Castile," said a Spanish writer, "she makes men and wastes them." "This sublime and terrible phrase," says another writer, "sums up Spanish history."

Another of the noblest of Roman provinces was Gallia, the favored land, in which the best of the Romans, the Franks and the Northmen have mingled their blood to produce a nation of men, hopefully leaders in the arts of peace, fatally leaders also in the arts of war.

Today we are told by Frenchmen that France is a decadent nation. This is a confession of judgment, not an accusation of hostile rivals. It does not mean that the slums of Paris are destructive of human life. That we know elsewhere. Each great city has its great burdens, and these fall hard on those at the bottom of the layers of society. There is degradation in all great cities, but the great cities

are not the whole of France. It is claimed that the decadence is steadily falling, that the average stature of men is lower by two inches at least than it was a century ago, that the physical force is less among the peasants at their homes. Legoyt tells us that "it will take long periods of peace and plenty before France can recover the tall statures mowed down in the wars of the republic and the first empire." What is the cause of all this? Intemperance, vice, misdirected education, bureaucracy and the rush toward ready made careers? These may be symptoms. They are not causes. Demolins asks in that clever volume of his: "In what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon?" Before we answer this, let us inquire in what constitutes the inferiority of the Latin races? If we admit this inferiority exists in any degree, and if we answer it in any degree, we find in the background the causes of the fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of Spain. We find the spirit of domination, the spirit of glory, the spirit of war, the final survival of subserviency, of cowardice and of sterility. The man who is left holds in his grasp the history of the future. The evolution of a race is always selective, never collective. Collective evolution among men or beasts, the movement upward or downward of the whole as a whole, irrespective of training or selection does not exist. As Lepouge has said, "It exists in rhetoric, not in truth nor in history."

The survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the primal moving cause of race progress and of race changes. In the red stress of human history, the natural process of selection is sometimes reversed. A reversal of selection is the beginning of degradation. It is degradation itself. Can we see the fall of Rome in the downfall of France? Let us look again at the history. A single short part of it will be enough. It will give us the cue to the rest.

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting, dating from the time of Waterloo, called Napoleon in Hell. It represents the great marshal with folded arms and face unmoved descending slowly to the land of the shades.

Before him, filling all the background of the picture with every expression of countenance are the men sent before him by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. Three millions and seventy thousand there were in all—so history tells us, more than half of them Frenchmen. They are not all shown in one picture. They are only hinted at. And behind the millions shown or hinted at are the millions on millions of men who might have been and are not—the huge widening human wedge of the possible descendants of the men who fell in battle. These men of Napoleon's armies were the youth without blemish, "the best that the nation could bring," chosen as "food for powder," "ere evening to be trampled like the grass," in the rush of Napoleon's great battles. These men came from the plow, from the workshop, from the school, the best there were—those from eighteen to thirty-five years of age at first, but afterwards the older and the younger." "A boy will stop a bullet as well as a man;" this maxim is accredited to Napoleon. "The more vigorous and well born a young man is," says Novicow, "the more normally constituted, the greater his chance to be slain by musket or magazine, the rifled cannon, and other similar engines of civilization." Among those destroyed by Napoleon were "the élite of Europe." "Napoleon," says Otto Seeck, "in a series of years seized all the youth of high stature and left them scattered over many battle fields, so that the French people who followed them are mostly men of smaller stature. More than once in France since Napoleon's time has the military limit been lowered."

The spirit of freedom gave way to the spirit of domination. The path of glory is one which descends easily. Campaign followed campaign, against enemies, against neutrals, against friends. The trail of glory crossed the Alps to Italy and to Egypt, crossed Switzerland to Austria, crossed Germany to Russia. Conscription followed victory and victory and conscription debased the human species. "*The human harvest was bad.*" The first consul became the emperor. The servant of the people became the founder of the dy-

nasty. Again conscription after conscription. "Let them die with arms in their hands. Their death is glorious, and it will be avenged. You can always fill the places of soldiers." These were Napoleon's words when Dupont surrendered his army in Spain to save the lives of a doomed battalion.

More conscription. After the battle of Wagram, we are told, the French began to feel their weakness, the Grand Army was not the army which fought at Ulm and Jena. Raw conscripts raised before their time and hurriedly drafted into the line had impaired its steadiness."

On to Moscow,* "amidst ever-deepening misery they struggled on, until of the 600,000 men who had proudly crossed the Niemen for the conquest of Russia, only 20,000 famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres staggered across the bridge of Korno in the middle of December."

"Despite the loss of the most splendid army marshalled by man, Napoleon abated no whit of his resolve to dominate Germany and discipline Russia. " . . . He strained every effort to call the youth of the empire to arms. . . . and 350,000 conscripts were promised by the Senate. The mighty swirl of the Moscow campaign sucked in 150,000 lads under twenty years of age into the devouring vortex." "The peasantry gave up their sons as food for cannon." But "many were appalled at the frightful drain on the nation's strength." In less than half a year, after the loss of half a million men a new army nearly as numerous was marshalled under the imperial eagles. But the majority were young, untrained troops, and it was remarked that the conscripts born in the year of Terror had not the stamina of the earlier levies. Brave they were, superbly brave, and the emperor sought by every means to breathe into them his indomitable spirit." "Truly the emperor could make boys heroes, but he could never repair the losses of 1812." "Soldiers were wanting, youths were dragged forth." The human harvest was at its very worst.

*These quotations are from the "History of Napoleon I," by J. H. Rose.

And the sequel of it all is the decadence of France. In the presence of war—of war on such a mightily ruthless and ruinous scale—one does not have to look far to find in what constitutes the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. And we see the truth in Franklin's words, the deeper truth of their deeper wisdom: "Men do not pay for war in war time; the bill comes later."

Another wise man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has used these words: "Man has but one future, and that is predetermined in his lobes." "All the privilege and all the legislation in the world cannot meddle or help. How shall a man escape from his ancestors or draw off from his veins the black drop?"

It is related that Guizot once asked this question of James Russell Lowell, "How long will the republic endure?" "So long as the ideas of its founders remain dominant," was the answer. But again we have this question: "How long will the ideas of its founders remain dominant?" Just so long as the blood of the founders remains dominant in the blood of its people. Not necessarily the blood of the Puritans and the Virginians alone, the original creators of the land of free states. We must not read our history so narrowly as that. It is the blood of free-born men, be they Roman, Frank, Saxon, Norman, Dane, Goth or Samurai. It is a free stock which creates a free nation. Our republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movement of history, the progress of peace and industry leaves for the future not the worst but the best of each generation. The Republic of Rome lasted so long as there were Romans, the Republic of America will last so long as its people, in blood and in spirit, remain what we have learned to call Americans.

By the law of probabilities as developed by Quetelet, there will appear in each generation the same number of potential poets, artists, investigators, patriots, athletes and superior men of each degree.

But this law involves the theory of continuity of paternity, that in each generation a percentage practically

equal of men of superior force or superior mentality should survive to take the responsibilities of parenthood. Otherwise Quetelet's law becomes subject to the operation of another law, the operation of reversed selection, or the biological "law of diminishing returns." In other words, breeding from an inferior stock is the sole agency in race degeneration, as selection natural or artificial along one line or another is the sole agency in race progress.

And all laws of probabilities and of averages are subject to a still higher law, the primal law of biology, which no cross-current of life can overrule or modify: *Like the seed is the harvest.*

International Aspects of Socialism

By A. M. Simons.

THE Socialist movement is a working-class movement. It arises out of the struggle between employers and employes, over the division of the product of labor. It is concerned with whatever affects the welfare of the working class. It deals with such problems as hours of labor, wages, strikes, boycotts, trusts, child labor, and the ownership of property. These problems all arise, and in much the same form in all countries whose industrial life is based upon private ownership of capital and the resulting wage system.

In all countries the interests of laborers in relation to these questions are practically identical. It is therefore inevitable that a labor movement should be international.

The workers in all countries desire a larger product and better conditions of living and working. The interests of the owning class, on the other hand are competitive, conflicting. Capitalists desire new and larger markets and all of them desire all the markets. The pursuit of their interests leads naturally to international jealousies and wars. Indeed the Socialists claim that nearly all modern wars have resulted directly from commercial conflicts.

Whatever may be true of internal questions it is certain that in the last analysis all great international questions tend to revert to the stern arbitrament of "blood and iron." For this reason great standing armies and ever-growing navies are maintained. But it is from the ranks of laborers that the soldiers must come. It is from the wealth produced by labor that the billions of dollars expended upon modern militarism must be taken. Whenever the Socialists ask for funds for old-age pensions, for the care of the sick, the injured and the widows and orphans, for the unemployed, or any of the social reforms for which they stand, they are always met with the excuse of "no funds." At the same time they see an ever-growing flood of dollars poured into the military budget. When war actually comes, it is from the ranks of the workers that the "cannon fodder" must be drawn, while the benefits of victory are reaped by those who take no part in the fighting. It has been said many times that wars will cease when rulers are compelled to do the fighting. The Socialists propose to end war by insisting that those who are not interested in war shall not bear its burdens.

Socialists maintain that governments at the present time are used largely to maintain and defend the interests of private property. While they hold this position they are not apt to be carried away by any jingoist form of patriotism, but are apt to look with hostility upon any proposition leading to war in defense of such interests.

Socialists are therefore very much alive to the solidarity of labor throughout the world. They realize that such a tremendous change as is involved in the victory of the working-class and the transformation of private capital to collective ownership could not well be brought about in one nation while the remainder of the world remained hostile. All the principles of Socialism, therefore, lead inevitably to international action.

This fact has been reflected in the organization of the Socialist movement from the very beginning. The very first organized expression of modern socialism was the Interna-

tional Workingmen's Association, founded in London in 1864. It quickly extended to nearly every important country. It was to a considerable degree under the direct personal influence of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Its main historical purpose was to give a uniform philosophical foundation to the working-class movement of all countries. When this work was accomplished, its founders recognized that the movements in the various countries would develop much better if given greater national autonomy. At their suggestion the headquarters were moved to the United States with the deliberate intention of bringing about the dissolution of the Association, which took place in 1876. Incidentally, it may be remarked, this is almost the only instance of a powerful organization being dissolved by its founders because its work was finished.

Before the dissolution of the "Old International," as this early body is commonly and fondly called by Socialists, it had succeeded in firmly implanting the seeds of Socialism in all important European countries. Twelve years after the dissolution of this first organization the various national organizations had grown so strong that they began to feel the need of closer international relations. The "Old International" had organized the various national movements; the "New International" was to be but a means of co-operation between the various national organizations.

The first important step in the creation of new international relations was the calling of the International Socialist Congress at Paris in 1889. Since that date these gatherings have been held at fairly regular intervals,—at Brussels in 1891, Zurich 1893, London 1896, Paris 1900, Amsterdam 1904, Stuttgart 1907, and the next will be held at Copenhagen in 1910. These congresses have grown steadily in size and importance. At Stuttgart there were a thousand delegates representing practically every civilized country. All European nations sent delegates, and there were representatives from the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Japan, and India.

For one week this great gathering discussed questions of international policy. There were four subjects upon the general program: 1. The proper relations of the economic and political wings of the labor movement, that is, the Socialist parties and the trade unions. 2. Militarism. 3. Woman suffrage. 4. Emigration and immigration. Although the discussions were warm and press dispatches published in the United States told of impending splits, every proposition but one was settled by a unanimous vote, and on that one the opposition was insignificant in numbers, and confined to a minor point. The whole congress was a most striking reply to the criticism often offered by ignorant opponents, that there are as many different kinds of socialism as there are Socialists. It proved once more that, as a matter of fact, the world has never known such a multitude of individuals drawn from widely divergent races and nations that show such a harmony of thought.

The Second Paris Congress in 1900 recognized the need of still closer international affiliations. A permanent International Socialist Bureau and Secretariat was established. The headquarters of this body were located at Brussels with the office in the great Maison du Peuple, owned by the co-operatives of that city and forming the general headquarters of the Socialists, trade unions, and co-operative societies of Belgium. The present International Secretary is Camille Huysmans. His general function is to form a center of information and communication between the Socialist parties of the various countries. He has also accumulated one of the largest Socialist libraries in existence, including files of the Socialist papers of every country.

The International Socialist Bureau is composed of two delegates from each of the affiliated countries. It meets at least once each year and may be called together at any time in extraordinary session on request of any of the affiliated countries, if this request is, by correspondence, approved by a majority of the members of the Bureau. It has only advisory powers, and its decisions are in no way binding

upon the affiliated parties. Indeed the same is true of the decisions of the International Congress; and there have been instances of national refusals to heed such decisions without thereby injuring the standing of such a national party in the international organization. At the same time the moral effect of such decisions cannot but be very great.

The International Bureau issues appeals for international action when necessary. This is always done when there is a threat of war between any two affiliated nations. During the Russian revolution large sums of money were gathered from all parts of the world by the International Bureau and forwarded to the Russian Socialists.

Recently the various Socialist members of national legislative bodies felt the need of closer and more direct means of communication and co-operation. There are now more than two hundred such members, and the legislation for which they are working is much the same in all countries. Frequently the experience of one country furnishes the powerful arguments for or against similar legislation proposed elsewhere. The introduction of the same measure simultaneously in several nations would give a general momentum, so to speak, that would be of material assistance in securing its enactment. One of the most common objections offered to any legislation reducing hours, increasing wages, or in any way increasing the cost of production is that the nation first adopting it would be hampered in the international market. If the same legislation is simultaneously introduced in all competing nations this argument disappears. These are but suggestions of points in which there is room for co-operation. To meet this need a Socialist Interparliamentary Conference has been organized which held its first meeting immediately before the Stuttgart congress in 1907. Other sessions have been held since and methods of common action are being gradually worked out. In case of threatened war this conference can plan a common line of action for its members in the various parliaments which would be most effective in preventing war.

The germ of another agent of international co-operation was evolved at a recent meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. This was a Socialist and Labor News Agency. This will be based upon the widespread Socialist press already existing and is expected soon to form a newsgathering agency that will disseminate news matter which is of special interest to the working-class and which is quite generally neglected or distorted by existing news agencies.

Each of these organized forms of action has developed only when the work in some particular field of International Socialist activity becomes too great for existing organization. Consequently there is a large amount of international action for which no especial organs exist.

Any threat of war is always met by counter demonstrations on the part of the Socialists in the countries affected. It is generally admitted that these demonstrations did much to preserve peace between France and Germany at the time of the Morocco affair, and Socialists assert that they were directly responsible for the prevention of war between Norway and Sweden on the occasion of the separation of those two countries.

There was a rather striking incident in connection with the Franco-German situation that illustrates the Socialist position and powers at the present time. Karl Marx said, in discussing the "Six Great Powers of Europe," that a seventh and greater "Power" had arisen,—the "power of the international Socialist movement." When the German Socialists asked Jean Jaures, the great orator of the French Social movement, to speak in Berlin during the Moroccan crisis, Chancellor Von Buelow feared the effect of such an address so much that he instructed the German ambassador at Paris to transmit a request to M. Jaures to refrain from making any such speech. So far as anyone has been able to recall this was the first note ever addressed to an individual through such high diplomatic channels and the German Socialists declared that by so doing the "Seventh Great Power" has been granted diplomatic recognition and admitted to the "concert of nations."

Recent events in America have shown that "citizenship" in this new "power" is not without value. When the Russian government sought the extradition of Jan Janoff Pouren in New York and Christian Rudowitz in Chicago, although they were both but poor peasants in Russia, and in America Rudowitz was but a number on a corporation payroll, the fact that they belonged to the International Socialist movement brought powerful friends to their aid. To be sure, these cases attracted thousands who had no sympathy with Socialism, yet it was only because of the widespread organization of the Socialist movement that the agitation was started and these powerful friends secured.

In view of this widespread international organization and the principles upon which it rests the Socialists base their claim to being the largest and most powerful "peace society" in existence. They assert that, even while the competitive or monopolistic system persists the Socialist movement offers the greatest guarantee for universal peace, and that only upon the abolition of the commercial antagonism upon which modern war rests is there to be found an assurance of permanent abolition of the arbitrament of blood and iron.

There are fully thirty thousand men and women who are directly affiliated or in such close sympathy with the international Socialist organization that they will respond to its efforts to promote peace. The Socialist movement is the war against war waged by those who have fought all wars.



Part V--Utrecht, Amsterdam, Broek, Zaandam, Monnikendam, Marken, Volendam, and Edam*

By George Wharton Edwards

MY Dutch friend having left me temporarily, I was thrown on my own resources and leaving my baggage, I wended my way down to the "Catherijne Kade," crossing the canal. Naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, I do not court undue notoriety and observation. This is necessary to state here because alighting from the train at Utrecht, I immediately became aware that I was for some reason an object of attraction. The porters were rather attentive to my luggage and when I tipped them, they grinned broadly and winked at one another. I was curious as to their actions but it was when passing over the bridge on the Rijnkade, that I met a number of school children and to my amazement, something in my appearance convulsed them with laughter and with shouts and gesticulations, they turned and ran on ahead of me, walking backwards as children do, and staring at me the while. In vain I looked myself over, felt of my hat, my hair, and my collar, which seemed all correct and in place. Attracted by the noise men and women appeared at shop doors and, when I passed, fell in behind me, and soon I was at the head of a long, straggling procession, which closed in upon my heels in a most uncomfortable manner, and it was only by dodg-

*The "Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land" began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN and will continue through May.

ing through an alley and turning on my steps, then through the Stadhuisbrug and back to the quiet streets by the canal, that I managed to elude my pursuers. "What," thought I, "is the matter with my appearance," and I stepped into a little shop which displayed some books in a window, and bore the sign, "Boekhandlerij," and to the clerk behind the counter asked did he "see anything strange in my costume?" His answer dumbfounded me. "Does Mynheer pull the teeth today?" Briefly told it transpired that a couple of itinerant, quack dentists had been in town the day before, that they carried American flags, and had extracted teeth free of charge in the Cathedral square, selling tooth-powder, besides, restoring miraculously the whiteness of black teeth in one application. "But why," said I, "am I thus followed, I am no dentist." "Why, Mynheer wears the yellow shoes like the others! never before have we seen such in Utrecht, therefore the people think Mynheer a dentist." I fled back to the station, and my comfortable tan shoes were promptly consigned to the depths of my traveling kit.

Utrecht lies peacefully in the midst of verdant fields and vast, deep woods. Its parks are charming; it has a fine campanile, opulent looking houses, and a university. Its canals are different from those of other Dutch towns, inasmuch as they lie considerably below the level of the streets. There are practically two roadways, one on each side of the waterway. The upper, lined with prosperous looking shops and well-appearing buildings, forming a sort of roof for a lower line of vaults and stores which give upon the lower level to the canal. The effect is picturesque and novel. The Cathedral is only a sort of fragment as the Nave was destroyed by a storm in 1674. From the vastness of the tower, it must have been one of the finest and most important in the Netherlands. It stands upon the opposite side of a large square. The interior of the remaining portion is disfigured by unsightly woodwork, but it contains some very interesting monuments. From the tower, a level country is visible for miles, with its towns and villages shining in the sunlight. The "Malieban" or Mall should be vis-



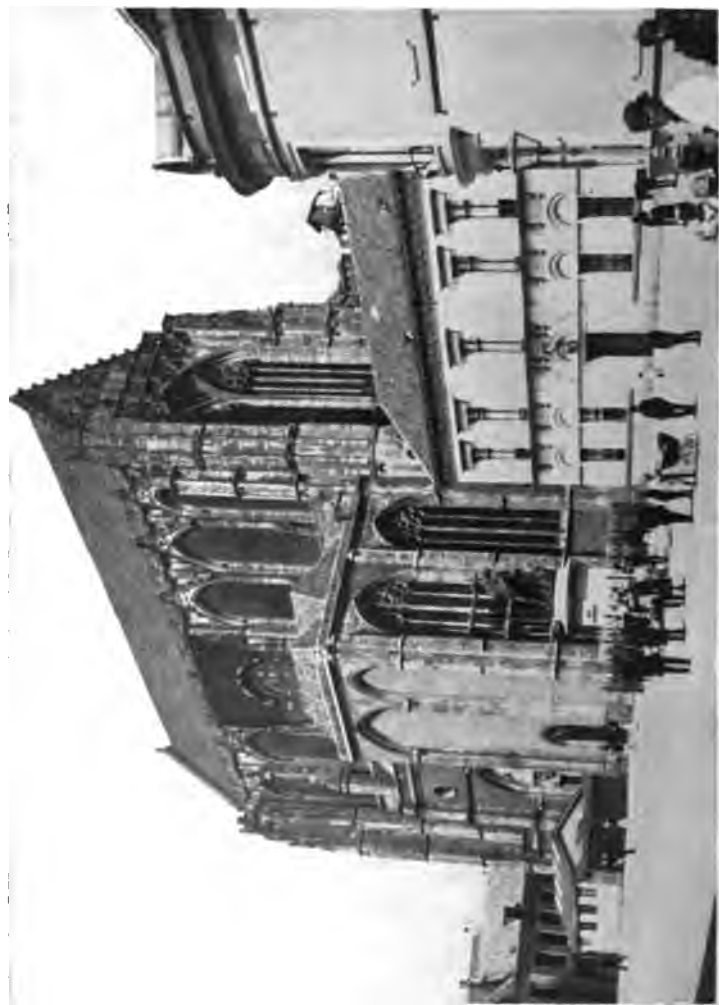
A Canal (Heeren Gracht), Amsterdam.



The Bourse, Amsterdam.



Canal and Street, Utrecht.



The Cathedral, Utrecht.



The Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



View of Canal entering Amsterdam. At the right, the Montalbaanstoren.

ited, a charming avenue of lime trees, three rows deep on either side and more than a mile in length, forming one of the finest promenades in the Netherlands. The city is the headquarters of the Jansenists, a curious Roman Catholic sect, founded in the fifteenth century by Cornelius Jansen. They form a separate communion in Holland, numbering some six thousand, and "bull" after "bull" has been promulgated against them by various Popes. A very ancient city, Utrecht has a very interesting history. In early days when the country was subject to the Romans, it was known as "Trajectum ad Rhenum," that is, Ford of the Rhine. Its first bishop was Wilibrod, an Anglo-Saxon, who came from England to preach the gospel in Walcheren. The prince-bishops of Utrecht were famous for their power and wealth, and ruled with the counts of Holland for many centuries. The famous treaty of Utrecht, the union of the southern provinces, the foundation of the Netherlands republic (1579) was signed here. The paintings on exhibition in the town are commonplace and do not call for special mention.



The Royal Palace, Amsterdam.

The saying of Erasmus who waxed witty at the expense of Amsterdam, and compared the Amsterdam people to "crows living in the tops of trees," need not be quoted further, as every traveler refers to it in detail, but it is certain that were the city turned upside down it would present the appearance of a forest of bare tree trunks. The Exchange, I am informed, rests upon some 3,500 piles driven into the sand. There is so much to be seen in Amsterdam that one is at a loss where to begin; the canals are filled with huge ships and barges busily loading and discharging cargoes, and in the streets are seen vast heaps of casks and bales, and facing them, shops, crowded with people, here the shopmen and clerks, there the rough wandering sailors and boatmen wide breeched and ear-ringed. The city is most confusing in its configuration. The north side is given up to the docks on the Ij (pronounced "Eye"). It is built in the form of a horseshoe, and the streets radiate from the "Dam" like a spider's web. The Dam is therefore the center or hub and presents a busy aspect at all hours of the day. On the Rem-



Bridge over the Amstel looking towards the Paleis voor Volksvlyt, Amsterdam.

brandt Plein the scene is very animated and gay on fine evenings with the crowds, and the lighted cafés, and the cosmopolitan gathering. But it is the river front which will attract the tourist, and leaning upon the rail of a bridge one's nostrils are greeted with the odor of strange bales of goods, of tar, and the smell of cooking from the galleys of the vessels. And one cannot linger long upon the bridge either for there is the constant raising and lowering of the draws to let the boats pass to and fro. The rattle of the chain and block mingles with the roar of wheels, and the noisy whistles on the tugs, the jangle of chimes from the steeples, and the guttural shouts of the boatmen. Huge "Boms" pass in tow of diminutive tugs, carriages pass side by side with the boats, sails are mirrored in shop windows, and the rigging is reflected in the water of the canal. From the Dam start the numerous tramways with attending crowds in swarms, soldiers are on duty before the Palace, merchants hurry to and fro from the exchange, shoppers pass to and from the Kalverstraat, and peasants in curious costumes from the country stand and gaze in wonder. During the last week in August the small boys of the city are permitted to make a playground of the "Beurs" or exchange, a privilege granted by the city in commemoration of the discovery of a plot by the Spanish in 1622. The massive gloomy building on the west side is the palace, but the Queen only stops here one week in the year. It is described by Thackeray as follows:

"You have never seen the Palace of Amsterdam, my dear sir? Why, there's a marble hall in that palace that will frighten you as much as any hall in 'Vathek,' or a nightmare. At one end of the cold, glassy, glittering, ghostly, marble hall there stands a throne on which a white marble king ought to sit with his white legs gleaming down into the white marble below, and his white eyes looking at a great marble atlas, who bears upon his icy shoulders a blue globe as big as a full moon."

And he continues in the same strain. But frankly I think the room of fine proportions, and altogether impressive in its magnificent length of 120 feet, 60 feet in width, and 100 feet in height with white marble walls.

There are many curious back streets in Amsterdam



Typical House and Garden at Broek in Waterland

through which I have wandered day after day, streets bordering on quiet, sluggish canals, and lined with dark, solemn looking house of black and brown brick, with immaculately clean white window frames, rising sometimes to a considerable height and culminating in curious, stepped gables from which quaint cranes and hooked pulleys project, and above which the "Hei-tutors" fly. I don't know why, but these houses suggest spookey secrets, and seem inhabited solely by strange waxen-faced, lace-becapped ladies gazing furtively into the little "Spui" (or small mirror) which is invariably fastened to each window. I have mental pictures of interiors behind these many-paned windows containing vast stores of exquisite marqueterie furniture, rare Delft ware and paintings by Hals, massive sideboards crammed with Dutch Apostle spoons; inverted silver drinking cups surmounted by windmills and antique ships, and heavy cut-glass chandeliers with brass balls hanging pendant from the ceiling. Many days have I idled along these silent "Grachts," seeing only these dim, furtive, reflected, waxen faces in the windows and an occasional black cat scurrying across the way. But there is great



Mill, Zaandam.

contrast to the silent, dark canals in the great "Kalverstraat" which runs south from the Dam, by day and night filled with hurrying multitudes of merchants, peasants, and voyagers, and noisy with the clank of the wooden "shoon." The Kalverstraat is the Broadway of Amsterdam, but only in the sense of its being a busy thoroughfare, and not from its width, for it is quite narrow. The tourist will seek in the evening the "Warmoes Straat" in which is situated the "Krasnapolsky," the most gigantic restaurant in Europe, and perhaps the most cosmopolitan. It was here I caused consternation one evening at dinner by calling for a plate of ice, for I was thirsty and longed for a cold drink of good water. The waiters came and looked at me by turn and excitedly talked among themselves and gesticulated, finally calling the manager who asked me with great courtesy what I desired. I explained that I desired a plate of ice. He repeated "Ice?" I again said ice. Three waiters behind him looked at each other and echoed ice. Then they all vanished. I waited. Finally I called the nearest waiter and giving him with a magnificent air a "dubbeltje" (small coin)



Canal, Monnikendam.



Street in Monnikendam.



Street in Monnikendam, showing leaning Houses.



On the Island of Marken.



Typical House Interior, Island of Marken.



The Walk along the Dyke, Marken.



The Fishing Fleet at the Wharf or Dyke, Marken.



Boats, Volendam.



Peasant Group, Volendam.

said simply "a plate of ice, if you please." He too started visibly and said, "Ice?" I once more repeated *ice*. He in his turn vanished. After waiting for some time came the head-waiter with a plate of ice, two small cubes of the size of butter balls, set it down before me with a hesitating air and said, "ice mynheer," then stood to one side to see what I would do with it. Then came waiter number one, bearing a plate with one small piece of ice of the butter ball size and stood to one side with the proprietor to see what I was which he in turn set down before me, saying "ice mynheer," going to do. Then came waiter number three bearing triumphantly a plate with another small piece of ice which he placed with the other dishes, saying "if you please, ice mynheer," and joined the other two. With a spoon I placed the four small pieces of ice in a glass with some seltzer, and to their astonishment I drank it. They seemed satisfied, however, for when my bill was presented at the end of the dinner, the charge to my consternation was *four gulden* for the ice alone (\$1.60), and I noticed the extreme respect with which the waiter brought me my hat, my coat, and my cane and bowed me out into the night.

Around the Rembrandt's Plein are the principal cafés, surrounding the statue of the great painter. In summer evenings this square is well-nigh impassable with the strolling crowds from the Kalverstraat and the people seated about the small tables and chatting gaily. Friday evening until the night of Saturday, one of the greatest sights of the city is the "Jews' quarter." In this veritable "Ghetto," Spinoza was born. The house is still shown and is numbered 41 on the Waterloo Plein. The great Rembrandt, also, dwelt for a number of years at number four Jordenbreestraat. Of course, as is well known, this is the great center of diamond cutting and polishing, and in their little dingy cafés the merchants may be seen chaffering over gleaming heaps of the precious stones. Some writers have spoken of the fact of their letting the nail of the little finger grow long so that they may use it as a scoop, but I have not seen this myself. In this

quarter one may buy wonderful, antique rings and diamond sparks, but unless one is expert and delights in bargaining, and is willing to be cheated, one should avoid the experience. At the head of the "Gelderschekade" is a tower with a tiny spire, called the Weeper's tower, dating from the fifteenth century. Here the family or wives of the fishermen waved good-bye to the departing sailors long ago and watched them for a long distance. At the side of the fish market is "St. Anthony's weigh-house," a quaint, red-brick structure. Not far from here is the "Prins Hendrik Kade" where De Ruyter lived in the seventeenth century. It bears on its front his portrait in relief.

The St. Anthony's weigh-house, now used as a fire station, was in the fifteenth century the outer limit of the city. Some of the city Guilds met here, and I am told a society of surgeons once had a dissecting room on the upper floor. Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" originally hung in this building. There are some magnificent, charitable institutions in the city. Charles II. when in exile at Bruges is said to have remarked that "God would never forsake Holland," so charitable were its inhabitants. A frequent sight in the streets are the children from the orphanages who may be recognized easily by their picturesque costume or uniform of red and black. The skirt and bodice are divided equally, vertically in two colors, one side red, the other black. I had an excellent view in the evening at the open-air concert in the Zoological Gardens of the life of the people and at the "Tolhuis," a large tea garden across the ferry of the lights of the city and listened to the music of the fine military band. "The Rijks Museum" contains magnificent and world renowned paintings, the list of which is too extended to note in this article, but the traveler will seek the Gallery of Honor, at the end of which is the Rembrandt Room with its huge masterpieces. "The Night Watch" at once impels attention. It is, of course, *not a night watch at all*, for the lighting is from sunlight in a courtyard, but the misnomer will forever cling to the canvas. It represents Cap-

tain Frans Banning Cocq and his company of Arquebusiers leaving their headquarters for military exercises.

In the same hall hangs the brilliant work of Van der Helst, "The Banquet" of the Amsterdam shooters. This work brought the artist a great reputation. Thackeray describes the hands of the figures as being as wonderful as the faces. Here are pictures by Frans Hals, Jan Weenix, Metsu, Dou, Ter Boorch, Jan Steen, Wouwermans, Hobbema, Ruisdael, and a host of others no less wonderful. There are also many modern paintings, the most popular of which is Queen Wilhelmina's coronation by Ecrelmans. There are numerous other picture galleries in the city. All in all, the tourist will find it difficult to tear himself away from Amsterdam.

Broek has long been celebrated by writers of Holland as being the cleanest place in the world but when I passed through it did not strike me as being cleaner than any other town of its class, though it did impress me as being more upon the toy-box order than any other, and it seemed to me that the inhabitants were painfully aware of their reputation and were trying to live up to it. It is certainly clean, for across the road there is a wooden bar to prevent horses or vehicles from entering the principal street, and a sign pointing out the way to a back thoroughfare by the canal. I saw an old dame who was nearly as wide as she was tall, busily sweeping up some imaginary dust into a pan in the middle of the roadway. She scowled at me as I passed so that I looked at my boots to see if they were not as clean as they might have been. It is all on a diminutive scale and looks like a play town arranged for some fête, and there are tiny ponds before the houses and three-foot drawbridges over two-foot canals, connecting the walks. But it is a pretty village with its tiny gardens, its trim trees, and its little ponds and I am not sorry that I passed through it.

Monnikendam I spent the night in. A queer, forgotten town with a stately, old brick church, big enough to hold a regiment. The houses are red, the shutters are green, the streets are deserted and the pavement is of very

yellow brick. It was from here that I took a sail boat for Marken, which wonderful island is nothing but a huge meadow dyked up against the sea, with the most theatrical population imaginable. It is said that the women rarely ever leave the island and that they know nothing of the outer world but I am inclined to doubt this, for they do understand the value of the "stuijver" (coin). The little villages, of which there are several, are built on high mounds of earth brought from the mainland in boats, and these are connected by narrow, brick-paved roadways running across the fields. In the spring and fall when the winds are high, the sea rises and the little villages are separated completely. The costumes of the men are comical. They wear a kind of divided skirt ending at the knees, with a blue shirt, and sou'wester. The dress of the women I shall describe with a certain diffidence as a short, full petticoat of some blue stuff, a very gay bodice covered with bright flowers, in red, green, and purple, which seems to be laced up the back; blue-knitted sleeves from wrist to elbow, thence to the shoulder in white, and bright orange handkerchief or a string of coral beads around the neck. Each woman wears a queer, close-fitting cap of black cloth with an edging of white lace, and her hair is cut straight across in a bang at the forehead, and two, long, curly locks hanging down each side of her face to her shoulders. As for the children, up to the age of ten, they are dressed exactly alike. It is only possible to tell the boys from the girls by the button the former have on their caps, and the red rose the latter wear under their chins. Marken is pronounced "Marriker." It has been said that Marken is no place for the sensitive traveler, and this, I think, true. The people are certainly mercenary to the last degree and some travelers have called them savages. But I would not go quite so far as this. The women impressed me as being better-natured than the men, and I was prepared to take it all on trust and believe in them thoroughly until I saw some of the interiors of the homes. The trouble with Marken is that it is a commercial community, a business enterprise with a discreetly hidden busi-

ness manager. The lavishly displayed bric-a-brac, Delft plate, brass milk cans, the Apostle spoons, as a rule are all made for the occasion and placed there by astute dealers, and the prices they ask for these would stagger even an American. And so let us leave them to the business.

Certainly, if Volendam, which I shall describe hereafter as a deep red village, is so identified, then Zaandam must be styled the "Green Village," for nowhere in Holland is there such a lavish display of green paint, and curiously enough the effect is charming. It would seem as if the weather had a qualifying effect upon the color for it becomes with time of an exquisite turquoise tint. These houses seen beneath the rows of trees which run down its long streets, are in effect most pleasing. Zaandam is divided by the river, Zaan. There is a little hotel called the "De Zon," presided over by a most kind, old vrouwe, and here one may sit at peace with the world, and watch the ducks swimming in the canal. Zaandam is preeminently the windmill town and invariably is associated with Don Quixote but of course he has had nothing whatever to do with it, and Whistler would say "why drag him in." These mills are whirling and gesticulating in all directions. There are blue mills, red mills, white mills, brown mills, black mills, and two green ones. I am told that for the most part they are pumping water, but I saw some which make fertilizer; others grind or cut tobacco, and many saw wood. The guide book tells me that there are four hundred of these mills and that they stretch along the canal for five miles. I counted eighty from the station alone, while waiting for the train, to the amazement of a cabman who was watching me and who certainly thought I was crazy. The moment I disembarked at Zaandam, I was beset with guides of all sorts: small boys danced before me, old men pushed and pulled me, and one man not being able to reach me for the crowd, tapped me on the head with a long stick which he held in his hand and holding up his other hand, shouted "Peter's house, Peters' house." But with one single word in Dutch with which I had been equipped by my Dutch

friend and which I will never disclose, I discouraged them, and sought out the house of Peter myself, for one cannot miss it, whether one wishes or not. It is now encased for preservation in an outer covering of zinc and brick, and outwardly resembles a small chapel. There are two small rooms to be seen, in one of which is Peter's bed. The walls of the hut are covered with autographs and some Russian tablets. Peter the Great lived here in 1697 when he worked as a shipwright in the yard of one Mynheer Kalf. The monarch is said to have spent only eight days in this hut and if this be so, he is certainly responsible for a great deal of trouble to the poor tourists and no little money has fallen into the pockets thereby of the bland Zaandamers. Anton Mauve, one of the greatest of the modern Dutch school of painters, was born here in 1838. He died at Arnheim in 1888. Strange to say neither Zaandam nor Arnheim has evinced the slightest interest in the fact.

And now Volendam, the artist village. To this we must go in the "Trekschuyt," a funny, little ark of a boat drawn by boy power along the canal, said boy and a sturdy one, too, being hitched up into a sort of harness with a wide leather band across his breast and the tow-line attached to a hook in his back. He leans over his "job" at an angle of 45 degrees and pulls the boat along the canal at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour which is fast going considering. Mynheer of the vast, gloomy hotel at Monnickendam, helped me down to the boat with my traps in the morning and introduced me to our boy motor. The boat, which lay in the canal, was shaped like a small Noah's Ark, nearly as broad as it was long, with a door at one end, giving entrance to the interior. Through the little, square windows in the sides, I saw the pretty faces of a number of girls in charming lace caps. The faces vanished as I looked and I heard a good deal of giggling and the boat swayed alarmingly from side to side. Once on board Mynheer presented me formally to the quaintest collection of girls that I have ever seen. There were six of them in the prettiest costumes imaginable. They quite filled the little cabin, with

a number of brightly polished milk-cans and one huge basket of celery. Soon we were off and in response to their questioning I began to tell the girls where I came from, and where I was going, my name, my age, my family history and my occupation, and soon they were gaily chattering upon matters, not more than half of which I could understand. I asked one of them to sing me a song which she did very shyly, at first, and the rest joined in the chorus. It was something about chasing pigs out of the garden, and a poor, sore heart, but I could not see the connection although this must have been my fault. Then my neighbor asked me if I would sing a song. I said I couldn't, that I never had excepting in the privacy of my own quarters, but that I would if they wished it and would absolve me from the consequences, that there were cows in the fields all about us, and that some consideration was due to the boy who was pulling the boat. At the first sound of my voice, the boy returned to the boat and asked me if anything was wrong. I, of course, resented his impudence, thinking that if the young ladies did not object that it was no concern of his. The girls seemed perfectly satisfied, for after the first few bars, they laughed uproariously and they did not ask me to continue, although I was perfectly willing. They did, however, entertain me charmingly by telling me much that concerned Volendam at which we arrived all too soon. The village is below, or almost so, the sea level, excepting some of the houses on the outer dyke. I may say that Volendam is now, alas, different from what it was when I first saw it, nearly twenty years ago. The traveler is beginning to find it out and Mynheer Spanders' Inn has been enlarged and is thronged in the summer. The houses are largely of wood with quaint gables and the color, as I remarked before, is a deep red. That is to say the houses are so painted, and, as well, this is the color of the jackets and trousers of the men. The great trouble with Volendam is its open drain from which there is great danger, I should think, of typhoid. Artists have found Volendam and its streets and houses are thronged with them. They come, too,

from all parts of the world. The population has learned to like them and the men, women, and children can fall at once into the easiest possible poses.

Mynheer Spander and his kind daughters were hospitality itself. They have provided a richly furnished studio for the painter which contains nearly all that one would need. The men are taciturnity itself. On their return from fishing, one may see them squatting on their heels all along the dyke in sheltered spots, smoking furiously and persistently without saying one word for hours. One is struck by the collections of wooden shoes arranged outside each doorway in assorted sizes, until one learns that it is the rule that all shoes must be left outside before entering. The houses are very small, usually a story and a half, and are below the level of the street. The Volendam matron, when dressed ceremoniously, wears, I am credibly informed, some fourteen petticoats which are suspended from a wooden hoop worn about the waist. Those who can afford it, wear as many more as they can get, the outer one being of woolen stuff in broad blue and white stripes, embroidered with silk. The cap is unique and different from all others and has two, long lace points, projecting from each side of the face. The community is of the Roman Catholic faith. It is only on Saturdays and Sundays that the little harbor is completely filled with fishing-boats with their crews, presenting a very busy sight, and at church on Sunday the picture is unique.

Returning to Edam by the "Treskschuyt," one might linger for a little while at its museum. The house is a sufficiently, remarkable one. It has been styled "a curio of curios." Mynheer informs me that it was built by a sea captain, a wonderful man, away back in the sixteenth century, who so loved his vocation that he fitted up its interior as far as possible in the likeness of a ship. The custodian hands one a candle and invites one to descend into the "Hold." Formerly, I am told, this portion of the household floated in the canal water but it is now fastened to the rest of the structure. There is a steep ship's ladder, leading to a small cabin on the upper deck, which contains a

curious table so mechanically arranged that upon displacing the top some secret drawers are disclosed. There are various cunningly arranged closets, all contrived by this singular character. It is filled with old books and curios, and on the wall is a large painting, representing the battle of Chatham. I am told that the Dutch vessels therein engaged were built here. Of course, the town gives its name to the brand of cheese but as a matter of fact, little, if any, of this commodity is manufactured here.





V. The Painters of the Peasantry*

By George Breed Zug

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THE painters of domestic scenes, who were the subject of last month's article, were, in a way, the culmination of the national art. Other schools had introduced episodes from the intimate, daily life of the people into pictures whose central theme was religious. In early Italian art Giotto and his followers introduced fishermen and peasants into large sacred compositions. In fifteenth century Florence Benozzo Gozzoli and Fra Lippo Lippi painted pictures which were in the spirit of genre, though nominally religious. Likewise the early Flemish painters had brought scenes from daily life into their pictures of the Madonna and of the Deposition. In all these, however, the genre** element was apparently introduced to give naturalness to the story, and to enliven a religious scene by a purely human interest. The earlier Dutch painters had even gone so far as to reproduce tavern interiors and gatherings of the peasantry. But in the earlier schools and among the Dutch who came before Ter Borch it was exclusively the peasantry, the beggars, and

*The meaning of the "genre element" is indicated by the discussion of genre painting in last month's article. Philip Gilvert Hamerton in his "Painting in France," page 57, states that the expression generally refers to "a picture of small dimensions representing human character dramatically by means of clothed figures." Notice that in this art the incident depicted is usually of an intimate or even trifling character, never heroic or sublime in spirit.

*Articles of this series which have already appeared are: "Frans Hals and the Portrait" (September); "Rembrandt" (October); "Rembrandt and His Pupils" (November); "Painters of Domestic Scenes" (December).

the venders of wares who lent the genre touch. Thus it was reserved for Ter Borch to be the first painter to devote his brush exclusively to the portrayal of the gentler classes. Metsu's artistic qualities deteriorated when he put them to the service of the lower classes, Ver Meer and De Hooch were at their best only when depicting elegance and refinement.

This group then can be considered successful only in their treatment of gentility, but there is another side of genre painting without which the story of the Dutch school would be incomplete. For the elegant ladies of Ter Borch and the gallant officers of Metsu no more made the whole of Dutch life than did the cooks, the fishmongers, and the peddlers from whom Brouwer, Ostade, and Steen drew their inspiration. And it is to this other side that the masters of this article, and their many unnoticed followers, devoted their time and skill. And if their record be true, these peasants and artisans must have been a roistering lot over their feastings and their carousings. Just because this class of subjects does not make a ready appeal to the layman it is, perhaps a good time to assert again that in art and especially in the art of painting the subject of the artistic production is of least value, while the way in which the subject is presented is of greatest importance. In art it is not the matter, but the manner which counts. Great art may transfigure almost any subject. Of this truth there is no better illustration than the work of these genre painters, who were true artists, of consummate skill, of esthetic temperament. A peasant drinking, a girl chopping onions, a group of people playing cards, or an officer and his orderly may be handled with such a high degree of artistic skill that the work is more admirable as a work of art than many a picture of gods and heroes, or even of saints and martyrs. For what makes a work of art? Surely not the theme alone, but rather the higher qualities of artistic expression, refined and expressive drawing, skilful use of light and shade, good painting, harmonious color, and, finally, the pleasing and beautiful arrangement of all of these elements so as to pro-

duce a "life enhancing" result. Certainly a noble theme and a great conception are valuable, but they are of no avail if not nobly treated.

These little Dutchmen seem to value the domestic interior and the street scene as highly as they do the human figure. They seem to paint not nature merely, nor men and women merely, but man in his relations to nature. Nor is nature for them either a mere setting or a mere accessory, as with the Italians, nor is the human interest the supreme interest, but, instead, the two as related and interdependent.

Of these painters of the humble class the first to be mentioned is Adriaen Brouwer (also spelled Brauwer and De Brauwere). He was one of the first, if not the very first to devote himself exclusively to the portrayal of the lower classes, and through his influence many other men chose the same general theme. Born in 1605 or 1606 in Oudenarde in Flanders, he seems to have had his first training under Frans Hals, and has, therefore, been claimed by both countries and appears in the histories of both Dutch and Flemish art. But though Flemish by birth he was wholly Dutch by training. If report speaks true he was ill-used by Hals, who is said to have made him work incessantly and then starved him for his pains. Brouwer soon left the painter of Haarlem and studied under some unknown master in Amsterdam. When only twenty-five or twenty-six years of age he went to Antwerp, where he was thrown into prison as a spy. He was released, so his biographer tells us, at the intercession of Rubens, who would have had him reside with him. But so uncongenial to Brouwer's peasant nature were the magnificent surroundings of the master of Antwerp, that he considered Rubens' splendor little less irksome than the Duke of Arenburg's prison, and from this time he seems to have led a lawless sort of life until his sudden death at thirty-two years of age.

In his art he seldom leaves the tavern. His subject is nearly always the Dutch boor in his glory, drinking, quarreling, and generally misbehaving himself. Brouwer's themes are often frankly vulgar, but their technical treatment is

always masterly. The layman whose interest in art has not gone beyond his interest in the subject always detests Brouwer's pictures. It is the artist and the connoisseur who are invariably filled with admiration. His earliest pictures suffer from the common fault of young painters in being too crowded, restless and vociferous. But with the years he learned artistic sobriety and simplicity. His painting in the Munich Gallery of "Card Players Quarreling in an Inn" is a marvel of energy and sincerity. The great French painter, Meissonier has treated similar subjects, but he goes back to the eighteenth century for his figures, which seem, consequently, unreal and unconvincing. In fact all antiquarian painters such as Meissonier, who dress up their characters in the costumes of a past generation, end with superficiality and a certain lack of vigor. These are no faults of Brouwer for he painted the *habitude* of the Dutch tavern as he knew him. It was the very man with whom he himself drank, played and quarreled whom he cast on his canvas with absolute truth in the presentation. Moreover his grip on character goes far to redeem the unattractiveness of his material. In addition to this he is, perhaps, the greatest colorist in this group of Dutch artists. If it were not for the early death of Brouwer he might have proved himself the greatest of the peasant painters; as it is he has been surpassed in range and in variety of output if not in knowledge of character by a fellow-student under Hals.

Adriaen van Ostade was baptized in Haarlem on the tenth of December, 1610. When a youth of but eighteen he was working in the studio of Hals in company with Brouwer. Ostade was soon an independent master and set up his own studio in Haarlem at the age of twenty or twenty-two. His earlier pictures come very close to the style and spirit of Brouwer but in his middle period he shows something of the deep warm coloring and magical chiaroscuro of the master of "The Night Watch," which has led to Ostade's being aptly called the Rembrandt of genre painters. The works of his middle period are his best, since his later pictures are painted more thinly and with colder color. He

was one of the many stay-at-homes of the Dutch school, spending all his life in Haarlem and painting steadily until his death at the age of eighty-five. His "Peasants in an Inn," though painted in 1662, a little later than his best period, shows all the better qualities of his style. The room is naturally lighted through a window at the back and through a large door at the left. Three peasants are gathered about a low table. The man in the center is tuning his violin, another is lighting his pipe from a brazier on the table, while the third, seated on a three-legged chair, is resting a jug on one knee while he holds up a glass in his hand. A woman approaches with a chair. Delightfully natural is the dog begging the little girl for her bread and butter. The subdued lighting, the warm color, the life-likeness in pose and face of the peasants help to make this homely transcript of nature a true work of art. Very careful also is the painting of still-life,—the jug, the glass, the low table and the rustic chairs. The figures are as true to the life they represent as are the peasants of the French painter Millet. Indeed it is interesting to note that Millet had a great admiration for Ostade, and was, without doubt influenced by his work. There is an etching by Ostade that represents a poor peasant family gathered about a frugal table and in the act of giving thanks. Millet esteemed this work very highly, and those who know both the etching and the "Angelus" of Millet will recognize that the young man of the painting, standing in devout attitude and the woman with bent head and clasped hands are without doubt derived from similar figures in the etching. There seems in fact a bond of artistic kinship between the Hollander of the seventeenth century and the Frenchman of the nineteenth in their choice of homely people, simple treatment, and their unaffected human feeling.

Something of this sentiment and this feeling are discernible in Ostade's painting of "The Schoolmaster." The troubled look of the teacher as he wearily bends forward, the crying boy, and the nonchalance of the two stout little urchins beside the desk show the artist's appreciation of the

incident depicted. There is a warm golden tone to the picture and an interesting spotting of lights and darks. There is not, it must be confessed, sufficient concentration in arrangement; no one figure is emphasized by light and color, but the eye is allowed to wander over the whole picture instead of being attracted involuntarily to a central point of interest. Ostade may be counted among the fairly prolific producers, since we have nearly four hundred works in oil besides a large number of water-colors, drawings, and etchings.

Among Adriaen's pupils was his younger brother Isaak van Ostade, who was born in 1621 and died at the age of twenty-eight. His earliest pictures are painted in apparent imitation of his brother's work and represent interiors with peasants. Later he developed a style of his own, his favorite subjects being winter landscapes with people amusing themselves on the frozen canals, and such out-door scenes as "The Wayside Inn." Isaak is, however, on the whole inferior to his brother since his work is usually thin in painting and cold in color. It is with the landscape painters that he should really be compared and with them he cannot rank among the best.

There is a painter of this group who is at times as spiritual as Rembrandt or again as coarse as Brouwer, now as refined as Metsu, now as careless as Ostade when he is nodding, who at his best is as great a colorist and draughtsman as Ter Borch and who combines in his animated compositions more various episodes from the drama of life than any Dutchman save only Rembrandt. We refer of course to Jan Steen. He alone of all the Little Dutchmen is equally successful in the painting of both high and low-life. The fine ladies of Ter Borch and Metsu are never insipid though they are elegantly serious; the boors of Brouwer are more than merely vulgar, they are very real and human, but Steen's ladies and sumptuously clad doctors have something of the vigor of his peasants yet with all their own refinement. His peasants caught by the artist in their scenes of merriment are the unconscious actors in the comedy of human

life of seventeenth century Holland. None of the Dutch paintings excel certain masterpieces of Steen in combining all the good qualities of painting; no painter save Rembrandt equals Steen in variety of subject and adaptability of method. He knows how to be tender with the sick and suffering, and to be serious with those who are sad, while more often he is merry with the light-hearted and a boon companion to the roisterers. In view of the theme of the present article only one side of his artistic expression will be illustrated.

Jan Steen, the son of a well-to-do brewer, was born in Leyden in 1626 and died there in 1679. Although he was a born painter and a diligent worker his pictures brought him only about twenty florins (about \$8) apiece, which was not enough to support his large family. There are stories of an apothecary seizing and selling the unfortunate man's pictures in payment of a small debt for medicines, and of his landlord's accepting three paintings in lieu of rent. To eke out his income, it seems, he leased or owned at different periods in his life two breweries in the neighboring town of Delft. This and the fact that he kept a tavern in his last years was sufficient foundation for early writers to tell stories of his convivial habits, of the jolly painter and of his boon companions. Some authors have gone so far as to assert that he was a habitual drunkard, but one must readily see that the artist who produced the five hundred paintings that have come down to us could not have been a habitual drunkard. His sureness of hand and his clearness of vision are incompatible with such a life.

In Steen's "Bad Company" there may be something of a warning. An ingenuous youth has fallen into what is indeed "bad company!" That it may be seen how high a place this picture holds in the estimation of those most competent to judge, it may not be out of place to quote the dean of American art critics:

"The picture," writes Mr. John C. Van Dyke, "stands for the individual genius of Steen. The theme is certainly not elevating, but one forgets it directly he looks at the manner in which it is portrayed. The character of the drawing is masterful, and that is not





"Bad Company," by Jan Steen. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Family Meal," by Jan Steen. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Feast of St. Nicholas," by Jan Steen. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



"Peasants in an Inn," by Adriaen van Ostade. In the Hague Museum.



"The School Master," by Adriaen van Ostade. In the Louvre, Paris.



**"The Wayside Inn," by Isaak van Ostade. In the Rijks Museum,
Amsterdam.**



Le Bénédicité (Grace before Meat), by Nicolas Maes. In the Louvre, Paris.



"The Spinner," by Nicolas Maes. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.

always the case in Steen's pictures. Here he is very sure, very marked in the meaning of his lines, very emphatic in giving bulk and solidity. The limpness of the young man, the half-intoxicated sway of the young woman, the arm of the woman at the left, the clothing, chairs, and floor are superbly characterized. And Steen is just as clever in composition as Ostade, and more varied. He knit and wove objects together in a wonderful woof of tones and colors, until they were all of a piece, united, harmonious. This he has done in 'Bad Company.' And what a splendid color! The richness of the blues, yellows, and reds is relieved against a deeper golden-brown background—the tones all simple, transparent, mellow, admirable in their relationship. Add to this a painting as facile and sure almost as that of Hals, and we have the make-up of as fine a piece of painting as Dutch art has ever shown."

Less carefully drawn, but with equal vivacity and more light-heartedness is "The Family Meal." Here, as often happens in Steen's art, there is too much crowding of figures, not sufficient concentration of attention. He seems to be laughing with humanity and when he laughs at humanity it is without bitterness; like Hogarth he preaches his sermons upon the vanity of human life all the more tellingly because of his evident sympathy and good feeling. Sympathy and good feeling are also shown in his paintings of children. He is so much at home in illustrating the joys and sorrows of childhood that he is acknowledged to excel all his contemporaries in this line. Ostade and the other Dutchmen represent little children who are not only stubby and thick-necked, but stolid and expressionless as well. Such a picture as "The Festival of St. Nicholas" shows Steen's understanding of the child nature. The festival of St. Nicholas is celebrated in Holland on the sixth of December, and on the eve of this holy day the children hang up their shoes and stockings, and the good children are rewarded with gifts of toys and cakes, while the bad boys and girls receive only a rod. The picture which is herewith reproduced is supposed to represent the family of the painter. His father and mother are in the background; in the foreground to the right his wife is holding out her hands to the happy child, who is laden with gifts, while the older sister in the background is presenting their big brother with a bunch of rods in a shoe, and the younger brother is pointing roguishly at him. Steen was an uneven painter, often falling

below his best, but judged by his many successes in his long list of five hundred pictures he is the unapproachable master among the Little Dutchmen for variety, for dramatic gifts, for invention, and for knowledge of character, high and low.

It should be noted that some of these genre painters really belong in two or three classes. Metsu and Gerard Dou were painters of the peasantry and distinguished portraitists as well, but for convenience Dou was brought in as Rembrandt's pupil. Another of Rembrandt's pupils who was also an important portraitist was Nicholas Maes, but as his most charming work consists of his paintings of peasant women he has his place in this article. He was born in 1632 and died in 1693. He was a born genius, for only a genius could have painted at sixteen years of age "*Le Bénédicité*" (Grace before Meat), a masterpiece of drawing painting, and feeling. Two years after this accomplishment he went to Rembrandt for three years of study. He then devoted himself to portraiture without producing any masterpiece. It is therefore not his portraits but such subjects as "*Grace before Meat*" and "*The Spinner*" which have given him distinction. While one may easily perceive a certain Rembrandt quality in these works yet their own unique qualities of color and feeling save them from being in any way imitative. For no master has portrayed old age with greater charm and suggestion of contentment.

Even after so cursory a view of Dutch art one can see that other nations have produced as great schools of landscape and portrait painting, that Italy and France have done the best in mural painting, but that only the Little Dutchmen of the seventeenth century have raised the painting of domestic scenes to the dignity of a national form of expression, and it is they who gave such varied expression to the life of their people that they still remain the greatest school of genre painters the world has ever seen.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

See Histories of Dutch Painting (General Bibliography).

As for the painters of last month's article, the following books are specially recommended:

Sir Walter Armstrong's "*The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting.*"

Cole and Van Dyke's "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters." Chapters on Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes.

"The Figure Painters of Holland," by Lord Ronald Gower (in series of "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists").

"The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by David C. Preyer. This is the last volume in the series entitled "The Art Galleries of Europe," and has been announced and published since the first of these articles were written. The author, who is a Dutchman, has taken advantage of the fact that most of the pictures in the galleries described are by Dutch artists, and by following the chronological order has been able to make of his hand book a history of Dutch painting. Many illustrations enhance the value of the book.

Masters in Art on Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes. 20 cents each.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. 5 vols. \$6.00 per vol. Useful as reference book. May be seen in most libraries. Other biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias may be consulted for any of the Dutch painters. Bryan's Dictionary is one of the best; but its articles are of uneven merit. Some are excellent, others too short and inadequate.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

All the painters mentioned in the article of this month are represented in the little penny pictures (The University Prints). Among them are three examples of Brouwer's work, including the Munich "Gamesters Quarreling in an Inn," referred to above. See note on "Illustrations" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, September, 1908, page 84.

All the painters who have been mentioned in these articles, with the exception of Brouwer, may be studied in public and private galleries in the United States. An example of Brouwer in America is unknown to the writer.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS UPON THE REQUIRED READINGS
WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS
MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading, pages 178-248.)

Famous European Short Stories*

Adoption

By François Coppée

FOR twenty years Jean Vignol has been writing continued stories for the popular newspapers, stories filled, as it was proper they should be, with assassinations and children exchanged for one another in their cradles. In his specialty he was no worse than his rivals. If you are ever dangerously ill—which Heaven forbid!—and if you know not how to while away the wearisome hours of a long convalescence read the “Mysteries of Menilmontant,” a story of not more than twenty-five thousand lines. In it you will find all the customary ingredients of the literary cuisine I refer to.

The beginning is startling, especially where the scoundrelly Duke of Vieux-Donjon, on coming out of the opera, goes down into a sewer, where he has a rendezvous with an escaped convict of his acquaintance, who is to hand over to him papers which would be fatal to the happiness of the beautiful Marquise des Deux-Poivrières, who was exchanged in her cradle and so is not really the daughter of a Spaniard of high rank, as all the Faubourg Saint-Germain believes, but of a poor cabinet-maker who was condemned to death in consequence of a legal error, and guillotined in the place of the very convict who has made the uncomfortable and subterranean appointment with the Duke.

You see from this simple illustration that Jean Vignol perfectly understood his calling. And yet the poor fellow was not a success. He had great difficulty in placing his copy and made a miserable livelihood; in the first place, he had bad luck, and besides he was retiring, timid, and did not know how to push, to make his way in the crowd after the American fashion.

Of course he had not begun by writing serials. He still

*Reprinted from “Tales for Christmas,” by François Coppée, through the courtesy and by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

kept hidden away in a drawer the two works of his youth which were written at the time when he still had all his hair, together with ambition and belief in his art. Now he no longer hoped that they would ever see the light of day. One was a volume of *Elegies*, *Fleurs de Poison*, in which the poet complained of the faithlessness of a young person whom he designated by the romantic pseudonym of *Fragoletta* and whom he compared to all the lovely women celebrated in song from the most distant antiquity to the present day; although in the cold light of reality the lady's name had been *Agatha* and she herself a florist's errand girl. The other manuscript, which was more voluminous, contained a horrific drama of the Middle Ages, throughout which persons with hoods and pointed shoes reciprocally attacked one another with two-handed swords and never-ending tirades.

Unfortunately, dramas in verse are not edible and *fleurs de poison* cannot even be used like nasturtiums to adorn a salad. So he had to live up five flights in a little lodging in Belleville which he occupied with his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism and who groaned from morning till night. In order to earn, oh, ever so little money, the poet became a writer of popular stories, just as a would-be artist often takes to photography. Gently and submissively he accepted this work and took great pains with it, as we have said, but without success. It was natural enough, after all, for he was lacking in conviction, in sincerity; he did not take seriously enough his marquises with guillotined cabinet-makers for fathers, and his dukes, who, in fur coats and white cravats, went to walk in sewers.

The editor of the *Petit Proletaire*, who published his tiresome tales, said to him bluntly, "My dear sir, one feels that you don't believe in them;" he therefore paid him very little. The poor fellow, who felt himself superior to such work, suffered and often sighed. But to what purpose? It was his fate, and in order to make the kettle boil he wore himself out inventing more and more extravagant adventures.

At one time, for example, he was two whole quarters behind in his rent, and would have had notice to leave if he had not at the last moment obtained an advance from the editor of the *Petit Proletaire*, who was attracted by a story of which the following is a synopsis of the first installment: "A musician belonging to the Ambigu orchestra, who was really, without suspecting it, the bastard son of an English peer, goes home after the performance and discovers a skeleton in the case of his 'cello.—Continued in our next."

As long as his mother was alive, Jean Vignol, who was a model of filial devotion, had found enough to live for. But during the two years since he had been left alone, with no relatives, few friends, and the habits of a recluse, he found life in his lofty quarters very dull.

He was now a man of forty-seven, with the beginnings of a corporation, a big black beard, a Socratic nose, kindly eyes, and just a topknot of hair on a head that was otherwise quite bald. As his health was not good and his stomach only second-rate, he had even had to give up the consolations of tobacco. Never had the commonplace characters in his tales, the kid-gloved assassins, the virtuous working girls, abused and abandoned by low, cowardly aristocrats, the generous young engineers who, on leaving school, succeed in their work to the extent of obtaining the most honorable decorations and the hand of the young person so often in the course of the story menaced with the most terrible calamities,—never, I say, had all the puppets of his melodramatic show seemed more tiresome to him. The poor chap was actually beginning to hate his means of livelihood.

"The deuce!" said he to himself one Christmas eve, as he slowly toiled up to the fifth floor, for he was beginning to be a little asthmatic, "the deuce! The editor now finds that my last plot lacks excitement. I shall have to resuscitate Bouffe-Toujours, the convict, whom I had fall off the Eiffel Tower last week, and furnish him some more victims. Yet even my readiness to oblige will not induce him to raise my pay. I'm tired of it all."

When he got to his room he had various minor annoyances. After a melancholy glance at his pipe-rack, Jean Vignol discovered that his coke fire, which had been well covered with cinders before he went out, was completely extinguished. Before he could light it he had to rake it all out, soiling his hands; his lamp needed a new wick, and then he found that there were but two matches in his box.

"Shades of the dead!" he exclaimed; "I should be in a pretty fix if my fire or my lamp should go out again, for I must spend the night reviving the old convict. But five flights to go down and to come up again for a few matches! I'd rather borrow them of my neighbor."

This neighbor was Mother Mathieu, a poor old woman whose daughter had lately died of childbirth after having been deserted by her husband. The little one was five months old, and the grandmother was bringing up the child by hand. There was real poverty in that wretched room. Vignol, who was a kind man, had occasionally dropped in and left them a small piece of silver, although he had not any too much for himself.

He knocked. "Good-evening, Mother Mathieu. Can you give me a few matches?"

He paused in astonishment on the threshold. By the light of a candle-end the old woman crouched upon the floor, had rolled up and was tying her only mattress. The child was asleep in a wicker cradle near an old bedstead of painted wood.

"Why, Mother Mathieu, what are you doing?"

"You see for yourself, Monsieur Vignol," replied the old woman, whimpering. "I am going to take this to the Mont de Piété, and I must hurry, for the office closes at eight o'clock. They will give me ten francs for it. It is good wool."

"What! Your only mattress?"

"I must. My eldest sister, a widow, too, the one who lives at Lilas and does cleaning, has taken to her bed; and they won't have her at a hospital because she has an incurable disease. So I must help her a little. She has been good

to me. I can sleep a few days on straw; it won't kill me. For I hope to get my mattress back again when pay-day comes. It's the little one that troubles me. It will take me at least an hour to go to the Mont de Piété and to my sister's. I generally give him to the concierge, who is a good woman. But tonight is Christmas Eve, and they are having a family dinner; they are singing now over their dessert. What can I do with the child?"

Jean Vignol's eyes were filled with tears. "Don't, Mother Mathieu. Keep your bed. I still have fifteen francs. Here are ten of them. Run to your sister; and as for the child, leave him with me. He is sleeping like a good fellow; he won't hinder me in my work. Besides, if he begins to make music, I shall not mind rocking and feeding him."

It was the old woman's turn to feel pleased. "Oh, my good kind Monsieur Vignol!" The cradle was placed near the author's writing-table, and Mother Mathieu departed, muttering benedictions. Left alone with the child, Vignol chuckled, as he said to himself, "Here I am installed as dry nurse!"

Quite cheered up by his kind deed, he seated himself near his lamp, and took up his pen. For, hang it! he dared not forget that tomorrow morning he must send his chapter to the printer. The whole story was modified by the resurrection of Bouffe-Toujours. The story-teller was in high spirits. His convict, thrown from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower by an elegant scoundrel, a Viscount descended from the Crusaders and a member of the Jockey Club, catches an iron bar as he falls, and climbs up to a support with the agility of a marmoset. On the day after tomorrow, he will stab three policemen. I hope now that the subscribers will be supplied with emotions.

Suddenly the baby begins to cry. Jean Vignol, amused at his new function, takes up the bottle and gives it to the child, not so very awkwardly either for a beginner, then rocks him and puts him to sleep again.

But he does not go back to his table. He stands quietly

looking at the poor little thing lying there on the pillow with its tiny cunning hands clasped on its breast.

Cradles! Children! How often he had used them in his absurd stories! How stupid they all seemed to him at this moment, all those improbable tales of children stolen or substituted for one another! A child! Here was the real thing, an orphan, a child of poverty! What was to become of him? The grandmother was old; worn out with toil and privation, she would not last long. Then he would be one of those unfortunates brought up by the thousands by public charity, and who almost always turn out badly. From their number is recruited the army of evil-doers, of future convicts. This poor little urchin, what does life hold in reserve for him? Life, a romance of mystery which grows more incomprehensible with each number and whose uniform ending affords no clue to the problem! Jean Vignol falls into a mournful reverie. The poet he dreamed of being when he was young, is not quite dead. Remembering that tomorrow will be Christmas, he thinks, as he stands before the cradle, of the Child who slept upon straw in the stable of Beth'lehem. He came into the world to command that men should love one another; and yet, the churches where this doctrine is preached have abounded in the land for two thousand years, evil and poverty still exist alongside of them. The materially and morally abandoned child, the child destined by a sort of social fatality to vice and crime, there is a subject for the book Jean Vignol ought to write, pouring into it all the charity, all the tenderness, all the indignation, all the wrath, that is in his heart. But of what is he thinking—Jean Vignol has no talent, never has had; he knows it well. And if at this moment he is choked by tears, they are shed over the misfortunes of this poor child as well as over his own disabilities.

The door opens. In comes Mother Mathieu, quite out of breath. How tired and feeble she seems, and how worn her face, with its multitudinous wrinkles, looks in its black woolen head-dress!

The good fellow gives way to the desire which has taken hold of him during the last few moments.

"Listen, Mother Mathieu; I have been thinking during your absence. While my mother lived I earned enough for two. Now I want to take you in; will you come? You shall look after the house and I will help you with the little one."

The poor woman gives a little cry as she falls upon a chair and covers her face with her hands. As the child, waking up with a start, begins to moan, Jean Vignol takes him from his cradle, looks closely at him, and presses on his soft tender cheek a paternal kiss.

But that is not all. Do you know that Jean Vignol's generous conduct proved very advantageous to himself? He continued of course to serve the same kind of stuff to his special public, and yet there is in his last story, "The Orphan of Belleville," a certain something not to be found in the others, and which made even the grisettes sob. The circulation of the *Petit Proletaire* increased, as did also the author's pay.

The story was reproduced in several provincial sheets; and when, not long ago, Jean Vignol went to pay his dues at the Society of Authors, he had the joy of his life. The most illustrious, the foremost novelist of his time touched him on the shoulder as they stood side by side at the desk, saying "Monsieur Vignol, I have read two or three of your stories lately and find in them touches about children that are extremely fine, sincere, affecting."

The poor man blushed up to his ears.

"I thank you, my dear master," he replied, stammering with pleasure. "It is because—you see—now—when I write anything about children—I am working from nature."

German Songs and Song Writers in the Struggle With Napoleon

By M. Wilma Stubbs.

THE years 1806-13 are a dark page in German history. The victories of Jena and Auerstadt had cast the spell of Napoleon's genius over the kingdom of the Great Frederick. With half her lands torn from her, her taxation enormously increased to support foreign troops, her commerce blockaded, and her means of defense taken away, little national life was left to Germany.

The disastrous retreat from Moscow, however, furnished the opportunity for which all patriotic Germans had been waiting. A coalition was formed with Russia, England, and Sweden, and on the third of February, 1813, came the memorable call to arms. It was answered as only the loyal sons of the Fatherland could answer it. Officers gave up their salaries, and women brought their savings to fit out companies of volunteers. Patriotism became contagious.

It is to this period of stress that German literature owes some of its most popular lyrics. These songs, glowing with patriotism, went ringing through the land. Sung everywhere, by old and young, rich and poor, they were a mighty rallying force. It is indeed almost impossible to estimate the importance of the part they played in Germany's struggle for freedom.

There is perhaps no finer example of this patriotic spirit than the martyr-poet, Theodor Körner. Nor is it difficult for us today to understand how the springs of this patriotism were fed. Körner's father counted among his intimate friends the poet Schiller, and it was in the garden-house of the Körner villa at Lösschwitz that "Don Carlos" was completed. No wonder then that the boy grew up with the same hope for a united Germany which we find so often expressed in Schiller's writings but which

neither poet was destined to live to see fulfilled. Of the home life and its influence upon the lad we may judge from Arndt's brief but suggestive description of the elder Körner. "Körner was an eminent man," he writes, "highly educated and very scientific, equal in knowledge to the best German scholars, and superior to most in faithful devotion to his country."

At the outbreak of the struggle Körner was living in Vienna. Although only twenty-two, he was already an author of promise and had been appointed poet of the court-theater. Despite these brilliant prospects, Körner thus wrote to his parents. "Germany is about to rise. The Prussian eagle by the beating of its mighty wings arouses once more in all true hearts the hope for German liberty. My soul sighs for the Fatherland. Let me prove myself her worthy son. I must forth and oppose my breast to the raging storm. What! shall I be content to sing my comrades' triumphs?"

He at once enlisted in Lützow's free corps, and who can tell how largely it was due to his battle songs and to his own inspiring and helpful presence that this corps became the terror of the enemy? It had been with the solemn words of his hymn "Dem Herrn allein die Ehre" (To God alone the Glory) sounding in their ears that the soldiers had gone forth from the consecration service in the little church at Rogau, and it was to the battle cry of his "Wilde Jagd" that the fearless deeds of the "black troopers" were performed in the days that followed. With the prophetic vision of the poet he seems to have foreseen the fate which awaited him.

"Ye friends that love us look up with glee.
The night is scattered, the dawn we see,
Though we with our life's blood have gained it."

His leisure moments were all spent in pouring forth in verse the love of Fatherland, and these songs, set to popular airs, were sung about the camp fires at night, stirring in the hearts of his soldier comrades a patriotic zeal that sent them undaunted into the midst of the enemy.

He had risen to the rank of adjutant to the commander of the corps when he was treacherously wounded at Kitzen, but succeeded in escaping and recovered for a few more months of service. Returning to battle only to fall in a skirmish near Gadebusch, he served his Fatherland perhaps even more truly in dying than he could have done in life. His comrades gathered about his bier and swore to avenge the country he died to save. Over his grave near Wöbbelin has been erected a monument of iron with the design of a lyre and sword and upon the oak which overshadows it are these words from one of his own poems.

"Forget not the loyal dead."

One of his most famous songs and one that still inspires the German soldier, "Das Schwertlied," was composed only a few hours before his death, and it is said that he was reading it to a friend when the call to battle came. It is written in the form of a dialogue between himself and his faithful sword, which he addresses as his bride. We will give it in part.

"Wohlauf, ihr kecken Streiter,
Wohlauf, ihr deutschen Reiter,
Wird Euch das Herz nicht warm?
Nehm't's Liebchen in den Arm.

Nun lasst das Liebchen singen,
Dass helle Funken springen,
Der Hochzeitmorgen graut,
Hurrah, du Eisenbraut!"

Then forward, valiant fighters!
And forward, German riders!
And when the heart grows cold,
Let each his love enfold.
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;
Now let the clear blade ring,
Till the bright sparks shall fly,
Heralds of victory!
Hurrah!

—From the translation of Lord F. H. Gower.

To another poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, Germany is indebted for her national song, "The German Fatherland." His service, though spared the tragic ending of Körner's was no less self-sacrificing. Instead of leading him to the battle-field, it forced him into exile and separation from the little son doubly dear for his own sake and the mother's of whose life the boy had been the price.

A native of the island of Rügen, which was then a dependency of Sweden, Arndt's early loyalty was divided between that country and Germany and it was not until after the disasters of 1805-6 that he definitely chose his fatherland. "My Swedish predilections," he writes of that time, "were once and forever dead. The Swedish heroes were nothing any more to me but legends of the past. When Germany through its discords had fallen to nothing, I recognized its true unity." Henceforth the Fatherland had no more devoted servant than this modest but able poet-patriot.

In 1806 Arndt, who for some time had been connected with the ancient university of Greifswald, received the appointment of professor extraordinary of philosophy; but the publication soon after of the first part of the "Geist der Zeit" (Spirit of the Age), which was, as he says, "an expression of manly anger at the destruction of German and European honor and freedom," and the influx of foreign troops made it unsafe for him to remain longer in Germany, and he fled to Sweden.

During the years of his exile which were spent in Russia, he was the trusted assistant and confidant of Stein in the gigantic efforts of the latter for the reorganization of the administration and resources of the Fatherland. True statesman that he was, Stein realized the need of an appeal to the emotional nature in breaking the spell which Napoleon's seemingly unconquerable genius had cast over Europe. "Herr Arndt," he says in announcing to the Emperor Alexander the poet's arrival in St. Petersburg, "must be immediately employed in composing songs and writings which may be distributed among the Germans to

correct their ideas and to inspire them with enthusiasm," Nor were Stein's expectations disappointed. Pamphlets, poems, and songs followed each other in quick succession.

It was, however, the Wars of Liberation that called forth his most popular and lasting lyrics. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow occurred in the late autumn of 1812 and in the first days of January, 1813, Stein left St. Petersburg, taking Arndt with him. With the severity of the Russian winter, the primitive means of travel, and the scenes of horror which the retreating army had left along its line of march, we can imagine the journey as far from pleasant for Arndt even though it meant a return to the land of his adoption.

The remainder of the winter was spent in Königsberg, the capital of Old Prussia, and it was here that his immortal lyric, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" was composed. Arndt thus modestly and briefly chronicles the success of this poem. "It was here in the midst of the universal excitement which was driving the whole nation to combat, that my "Song of the German Fatherland" sprang into existence, which has been sung in later days in Germany, but at last probably, like other songs, will have had its day." Despite this modest prophecy it is still, after the lapse of nearly a century, one of the favorite songs of the united German nation and vies in popularity with the "Wacht am Rhein." So familiar is the poem that we need recall only a few of its stanzas.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
Ist's Preussenland? Ist's Schwabenland?
Ist's, wo am Rhein die Rebe glüht?
Ist's, wo am Belt doe Möwe ziet?
O nein, O nein, O nein!

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?
So nenne endlich mir das Land?
"So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt!"
Das soll es sein!
Das, wackrer Deutscher, soll es sein!

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!
O Gott, vom Himmel sieh' darein,
Und gieb uns echten deutschen Mut,
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut.
Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Schwabia? Is't the Prussians's land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic brine?
O, no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's Fatherland.

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land.
"Where 'er resounds the German tongue,
Where 'er its hymns to God are sung."
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy Fatherland!

All Germany, then, the land shall be;
Watch o'er it, God and grant that we
With German hearts in deed and thought
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land—
All Germany shall be the land!

From translation by A. Baskerville.

Not long after this appeared the little volume "Songs for Soldiers," which contains many of his most famous war lyrics. One of these "Der Gott de Eisen wachsen liess" so well expresses the spirit of the time that we quote its opening stanza.

"The God who made the iron ore
Will have no man a slave;
To arm the man's right hand for war
The sword and the spear he gave.
And he gives to us a daring heart,
And for burning words the breath
To tell the foeman that we fear
Dishonor more than death."

Many of his songs were modeled upon earlier popular songs. Thus in his description of the battle of Leipzig he

uses the form of the old German gleemen's songs, alternate questions and answers of one waiting for news from the battle and the courier who has brought the tidings .

"Whence cometh thou in thy garments red?
Soiling the hue of the green grass plain?"
"I come from the field where brave men bled,
Red from the gore of the knightly slain,
Repelling the crash of the fierce assailing;
Mothers and brides may be sorely wailing,
For I am red."

"Speak, comrade, speak, and tell me true,
How call ye the land of the fateful fight?"
"At Leipzig the murd'rous fierce review
Dimmed with full tear-drops many a sight;
The balls like winter snowflakes flying,
Stifed the breath of thousands dying,
By Leipzig town."

"And who in the strife won the hard-fought day,
And who took the prize with iron hand?"
"God scattered the foreigner like the sea-spray,
God drove off the foreigner like the light sand;
Many thousands cover the green-sward lying,
The rest like hares to the four winds flying,
With Napoleon, too."

"God bless thee, comrade, thank thee well,
A tale is this the full heart to cheer,
Sounds like a cymbal of heaven swell,
A story of strife and a story of cheer.
Leave the widows and brides to their wail of sorrow,
We'll sing a glad song for full many a morrow,
Of the Leipzig fight."

From Seeley's Life of Arndt.

Among other poets of this time may be mentioned Friedrich Rückert, whose career opened with the publication in 1814 of the war-songs entitled "Sonnets in Armor," and Max von Schenkendorf, who, though having the use of but one arm, enlisted at the call of his country, fighting valiantly at the battle of Leipzig. One of Schenkendorf's poems, the "Rhine Song" is in part as follows:

"The sound how clearly ringing
Of that dear old German name!
'T is heard where men are singing
To spread abroad the fame
Of one whose ancient line is royal
A king to whom all hearts are loyal;
It cheers the heart like wine
To hear that name—the Rhine!"

But he whose name stands first on the roll of Germany's illustrious poets and whose command reads "Ehret die Leider" (Honor the Song)—how shall we account for his strange silence throughout all this time of struggle? Shall we say that its only explanation is to be found in Goethe's admiration for the greatness of Napoleon's genius, and in the hopelessness with which he viewed any attempt to break the almost magical power of the Emperor. It is true that Arndt quotes Goethe as saying "Shake your fetters if you will; you cannot break them. The man is too great for you." But shall we not also remember that Goethe is the apostle of an aesthetic universality; that in his thought "science and art belong to the world, and the barriers of nationality vanish before them?" Yet he is loyal to his country believing in the future of its people. "But the right time," he says, "no human eye can foresee, no human power hasten on. To us it is given, everyone according to his talents, inclinations, and position to increase, strengthen, and spread general culture." And thus it comes about that while Arndt and Körner are fighting out with sword and pen the issues of nationalism, Goethe, in accordance with his talents and inclinations, is engaged in writing the "Westöstlicher Divan" songs in the cause of a more widespread culture.

The value which the Germans place upon the work of those who responded so nobly in the hour of the nation's need is attested by the various memorials which are destined to keep alive the memory of their heroic deeds, Thus in the Körner museum at Dresden the visitor is shown the lyre and sword which in the hand of the poet

became so great a force in the accomplishment of freedom; and, more valuable still, the very note-book, blood-stained, in which his war-songs were written for the inspiration of his comrades of the battlefield. Here, too, is the portrait, painted upon ivory, of her whom Körner had chosen to be his bride, the fair Antonie Adamberger. At both Dresden and Leipzig the anniversaries of the poet's birth and death are celebrated every year by the reproduction of his "Toni," "Rosamunde," and "Zriny." To Arndt, "the Blücher of German lyrics," statues have been created at Schoritz, his birthplace, and at Bonn, where he lies buried under an oak tree planted by his own hands. But the most lasting memorial of all is to be found in the devotion of Germany's sons and daughters to the memory of her poets, and in the popularity which many of these songs still enjoy. For

"As far as sounds the German tongue
And German hymns to God are sung,"

so far the names of these heroic singers are known and honored.



A Dutch Poetess: Tesselschade Visscher

ONE does not usually associate the housewives of Holland with literary pursuits. Their genius would seem to be largely domestic, exemplifying Kaiser William's epigram that the sphere of woman should embrace, to the exclusion of all other interests, Kirche, Kuchen, and Kinder—church, cookery, and children. Yet there was once a period in Dutch literary history when talented poetesses were not unknown, singers who combined decorous versifying with the careful fulfillment of household duties. Of such was Tesselschade Visscher, born in 1594 and dying in 1649, the friend of virtually all the great writers who flourished in Holland during the first half of the seventeenth century, Hooft, Huyghens, Barlaeus and Vondel, and the center and hostess of a delightful group that embraced all that was best of the artistic genius and social refinement in the noblest period of Dutch history.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his volume "The Literature of Northern Europe" has devoted an essay to the celebration of the admirable Tesselschade, not in truth, by reason alone of her literary merit, but because she was in a sense the inspiration of the best minds of her time, the adoration of poets, who celebrated her in their verses and vainly importuned her to marriage. From this group of admirers it is impossible to disassociate her; nor in a review of the literary triumphs of her day is it desirable to consider individuals separately: all were linked in the common purpose of creating a Dutch literature; united they express the renaissance of letters in their age.

In youth Tesselchade Visscher was favored of the gods. From her father she inherited a pronounced literary bent; she was born to wealth and position; and she was, as well, beautiful in body, and in disposition, charming. Born in 1594, the youngest of three daughters, Tesselschade came to maturity in the most gracious period of Dutch history, the time of peace which followed upon the long struggle with Spain, a time when Holland was one of the most powerful nations of Europe, rich, successful, and full of vigor, which, temporarily turned from the pursuits of war, was directed largely into artistic channels. This is the flowering time of Dutch art, not only in painting, though the period is that of the greatest triumphs of Dutch painters, but, as well, in literature.

Her father, Roemer Visscher, poet, was one of a group which sought by the study of the classics, to which the Renaissance had stirred the interest of the cultured classes, to stimulate the growth of a national literature. Tesselschade grew up, therefore, in a studious and accomplished society and was doubly fortunate in witnessing and participating in the literary revival which her father and his friends had, by their enthusiasm for classical literatures, inspired in the young writers of the day.

As may readily be imagined the three gifted daughters of Roemer Visscher were educated far beyond the needs of girls dedicated to a merely domestic career. It is recorded by a contemporary that they "were practised in very sweet accomplishments: they could play music, paint, write, and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider all manner of fabrics, and swim well, which last thing they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." They were not, however, trained to read Latin and were remarkably free from all pedantic affectations. The evidence goes to show that they were all sensible, gifted, and attractive girls, Tesselschade, the youngest, surpassing her sisters in genius and beauty.

The family lived in Amsterdam and their home was a

social and artistic center. Among their friends and frequent visitors was Pieter Hooft a young Italianate Dutchman who wrote pastoral poetry after the classical manner. His early poetry is said not to exhibit characteristically Dutch qualities for it is overimitative, but he is said to remind the English reader of Spenser, the poet who was almost his contemporary. Vondel, destined to become the greatest of Dutch poets, the dramatist to whom Milton was indebted for many fine passages of "Paradise Lost," was also an early friend of the family, becoming, it may be, years afterward when he was a widower and Tesselschade a widow, the unsuccessful suitor for her hand. Brederoo, rough and unpolished but highly gifted, one of the greatest of Dutch dramatists, was also one of the circle, as, too, were Jan Starter, a lyric poet of English descent, Laurens Reael, a poet who became a famous colonial governor, and Samuel Coster, a dramatist, writer of comedies and farces. One further name should be mentioned, that of Constantine Huyghens, a diplomat and poet, who, in the estimation of Mr. Gosse is unrivalled in his mastery of poetic form among the poets of Holland.

These are the chief figures in a group of famous writers who for long periods were intimately associated with the famous sisters. Tesselschade was the queen of the circle. To her laudatory verses were addressed; with her these famous writers corresponded when abroad. She seems to have been, alike, a friend and inspiring genius, a poetic goddess to whom all good works might be worthily inscribed. Nor did Tesselschade's prosaic marriage at the age of thirty to a middle aged, prosperous, and retired seaman destroy these pleasant relations. Her admirers saw rather less of her than formerly but their ardor of admiration appears to have been unquenched.

Tesselschade's poetry is not, says her critic, Mr. Gosse, to be compared with the works of the great poets whom she owned as friends. Yet she was distinctly gifted and the following verses—among her best—admirably translated by

Mr. Gosse, show her to have been a graceful and pleasing writer. The poems are after the sugared manner of pastoral imitations but they are not the less pleasing for their pretty artificiality:

THE COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIS

My sheep, who hunger satisfied
With fragrant thyme, now turn aside
To these rose-petals, from my crown;
They brought their scent to sacrifice,
And ravished heart and soul with spice,
Whene'er to dance I was led down.

'Tis better that the blossoms feed
My lamblins which I, dying lead,
Than that, undone, dishonored,
Between my groans and sighs of woe,
Bathed in my hot tears' burning flow,
They, faultless, wither on my head.

Ah! chew them small with little nips,
Innocent flock! but when your lips
Are weary, and you fall on sleep,
Muse on the death of my delight,
That bids me toss in sad despite
My rosy garland to my sheep.

For you were near when faith and troth
Philander swore, who breaks them both,
And lewdly courts another lass!
For you were near, when his sweet words
Bound my weak heart, and heaven records
How tender and how false he was!

Yet health, and not revenge be found!
Give balsam for my aching wound,
Give balsam from the heavenly store!
But if revenge your will decree,
O gods, chastise, but let it be
The prick of conscience, and no more.

My sorrow, sure, will make him burn,
My passion to his passion turn,
His passion turned again to me;
And so, once more, as once hath been,
No happier pair on earth be seen
Then Phyllis and Philander be.

I. THE WILD SONGSTER.

Praise thou the nightingale,
Who with her joyous tale
Doth make thy heart rejoice,
Whether a singing plume she be, or viewless winged voice;

Whose warblings, sweet and clear,
Ravish the listening ear
With joy, as upward float
The throbbing liquid trills of her educated throat;

Whose accent pure and ripe
Sounds like an organ pipe,
That holdeth divers songs,
And with one tongue alone sings like a score of tongues.

The rise and fall again
In clear and lovely strain
Of her sweet voice and shrill,
Outclamours with its song the singing springing rill.

A creature whose great praise
Her rarity displays,
Seeing she only lives
A month in all the year to which her song she gives.

But this thing sets the crown
Upon her high renown,
That such a little bird as she
Can harbour such a strength of clamorous harmony.

II. THE TAME SONGSTER.

But, wild-wood songster, cease!
Draw breath and hold thy peace!
Thy notes make no sweet noise
That can compete for tone with Rosamunda's voice,

Who hath so dear an art
Of whispering to the heart
In measured plaintive sobs,
That, bound in friendship's net, like a snared bird it throbs.

Whose cunning voice instils
Deep wisdom, while it fills
The minds of those who hear,
And makes the soul leap up into the listening ear.

In moanings low she dies,
And then with tender sighs,
In amorous soft conceits
A world of various tongues she nimbly counterfeits.

No weariness we know,
Though from her throat may flow
Much song; new pleasures high
Still charm the insatiate ear with each fresh harmony.

Here rare rapture lives
That fitful music gives;
No feathered song so gay
As this, that summer gives nor winter takes away.

The latter years of Tesselschade's life do not read so happily as those of her admired youth and amiable middle age. Her friends were always faithful to her; she never altered in their esteem. But family misfortune and, as well, the ravages of time in the circle of her intimates, darkened her last days. Her husband and eldest daughter died suddenly of smallpox in 1634, leaving her alone but for her young daughter. During the years of widowhood which followed she sought consolation by writing and translating poetry and did at this period some of her best literary work. Her style, it is said, shows in this later work the influence of Vondel with whom she was intimately acquainted. Despite his love for her, however, she remained single. Nor could the entreaties of other woers, of whom there seem to have been several, prevail upon her to alter her way of life.

In 1642 her friend Reael died; another friend, the poet and historian Hooft, died in 1647; Barlaeus the poet, a former suitor for her hand, died in 1648. Shortly after, her beautiful daughter died and Tesselschade did not long survive, dying in 1649. Of the great writers who make this period, the first half of the seventeenth century, famous above all others in the history of Dutch literature, but three lingered long on the scene. Jacob Cats died in 1660; Vondel in 1679, Huyghens in 1687.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

WE withdraw from the circle of friends, from the cares of the house, from the demands of business that we may first of all command ourselves, commune with ourselves, and in the silence and solitude attempt to commune with God.

This degree of self-control is of inestimable importance. Without it there can be little hope of access to God. The eye of the astronomer must be fixed at the opening of the glass through which he would gaze upon the star in the far off heaven. He must hold still. There must be no wavering, no trembling, no throb of curiosity to look elsewhere. And so with the soul that would look by faith into the depths of Deity.

This preparatory act of one who truly desires to worship is the first as it is the most important step to be taken in the approach to the invisible Deity. Therefore the inestimable value of actual retirement into a place of absolute silence. "Enter into thy closet," said the Master. "Shut thy door....Pray to thy Father in secret." Sometimes men who have perfect self-command may be absolutely alone in a crowd. This power of abstraction has its value. It may be cultivated. We know people who have mastered the secret of self-withdrawal and concentration. But this self control is exceptional, and the most of us who would be alone with God must literally withdraw from the bustle of business, the activities of the world and the presence of other personalities, and in the secret place of prayer prepare to think of God as here and now present.

And this is the second step in the act of prayer: The realization of the divine presence. As the atmosphere is here and now present so really is God "in this place." As the light fills the whole sphere of my present horizon so God as Light for the inner life is veritably present. Of

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

this there is no doubt. There must be no doubt. Let me say it over and over: *God is here. God is here. God is here.* I may really at this time and place become conscious of faith, of the actual immediateness of God. I think the thought. With a measure of faith (perhaps a feeble faith) I accept, I believe, I rest in, I resolve that I *will* rest in the reality of God and the reality of God's presence.

The actual realization of this great reality—God's personal nearness here and now—must be the starting point of all prayer that will prove to be prayer, prayer in earnest, the "prayer of faith." Therefore at this point take time to think, to remember, to reason, to recall and to quote the words of Holy Writ which teach the divine omnipresence.

If one can do no better at this point he may at least assume as a tentative proposition, held by an act of the will, the fact of God and the fact of God's presence here and now. He may risk everything on it and put into words his purpose: *I will* believe that God is now here. *Oh God I will do* here and now open my whole being to *Thee*.

This is an approach to the Diety. It is an honest effort to believe. It is the only thing a man can do who has as yet but a slight faith in the reality and in the nearness of God. This much any man can do. This much every man ought to do. It is the reaching out as of a little child's hand in the dark who is in quest of his father's hand. Would any human Father refuse the outstretched hand to such a pitiful appeal?

You may be positively sure that *God* is no less merciful, loving and eager to help His children who cry out to Him in the darkness.

And now that I am intent on seeking communication with God what is my next step? I am here. God is here. I am feeling after Him. He knows that as really as I know it. He also knows, as I ought to try to know, the motive uppermost and dominant in my mind for seeking Him. O God: Open my inner eyes to see, that I may thoroughly know myself. Open my eyes that I may to some extent realize the fact of my great sinfulness and unworthiness. I

might fill pages with confession of wanderings and wrongs, all of which cast great barriers between my soul and Thee. But what Thou demandest is a loathing and a forsaking of sin. And what Thou hast provided is a most merciful and gentle Saviour in Jesus the Christ. To Him I turn with genuine repentance and with a child-like faith. In Him I *will* rest.

This then I have honestly done: I have confessed my wanderings. Now I will try to forget everything that tends to hide the face of the good God from my gaze. I *will* believe. As God has promised to "forget" so will I seek to forget as I have believed His promise to forgive.

It is neither sane nor safe to be forever dwelling on "the past." It is not well for the pilgrim to the heights to be constantly turning towards the valley he has left and the path he has trodden. His thought and resolve and watchword must be "*onward*." Let the past go. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Forget Yesterday. Let your soul turn towards the summits rising yonder into the sunlit sky.

Therefore Thou God of the Future: Receive my prayer. Give me grace to hope and strength to resolve. Fill me with confidence in Thy memory. Help me to see the smile of forgiving love on Thy face, and to feel in my inmost soul the assurance of Thy holy purpose concerning me. I will believe. I *will* rest in the exceeding great and precious promises of the Word which Thou hast put on record for my encouragement. Thou mightest have said "I can never forgive one who has dared to deny me, or to forsake me or to forget me for a moment." But Thou hast not said this. Nay, Thou hast rather said "Not until seven times but until seventy times seven." What wonderful words they are, and they are from the lips of no less an authority than Jesus the Christ. A disciple one day said to him "If my brother sin against me seven times shall I forgive him?" It sometimes seems to me, as I recall that question and the Master's answer that Jesus must have smiled with a smile of match-

less grace and beauty as He gave that reply: "Not until seven times but until seventy times seven."

In prayer we must always remember the boundless love and tenderness equal to the almightiness of the Lord to whom we pray. On a hot day we go to the hydrant for a drink. A cup is filled and handed to us. But we forget as we drink from the cup the inexhaustible supply stored in the great reservoirs and back of them in the springs and rivers and lakes among the mountains, and above them in the treasuries of the clouds and the atmosphere. Thus our God's resources are inexhaustible. And He loves to give and still more He loves to see us *take*.

The greatest peril of a soul is selfishness. One may seek from God gifts of grace to deliver him from unworthy and selfish motives. But our eyes may be turned toward God while our thoughts and desires are at the same time fixed on our own unworthy selves. Wrong motives may sway our lives, create our ideals, and be at the root of even our Religion. Poor mortals we are and even in our devotion we may sing of heaven and live for earth. We may cause our lips to tremble with words of devotion our hearts the meantime intent on self and selfish aims.

It is just here we must begin the conflict. And it is never safe to fancy that we have ended it. And again it is not well to dwell too much on the fact of selfishness. We may not ignore it, but we must not feed self by thinking too much about self.

The safe rule is to turn from our poor human nature to the God of all grace. Forget self. Lose ourselves in God. Think of Him. Recall His attributes, the standards of life He has set before us and the exceeding great and precious promise He has put on record for our encouragement.

He is a wise man who has his appointed hours for devotion, when he forces himself to look well into the motives of his life, to find out what he loves best, to discover his weak points, to accept the criticisms of frank friends who are in the habit of making remarks which are both candid

and correct. Our religion is of little value if it does not discover our weak points and the features of personal character which are out of harmony with religious profession. But it is a very unprofitable type of religious interest if it does not drive us to the God of all grace for strength and inspiration.

It is wonderful to turn the pages of revelation to see what warrant we have from God Himself for going to Him with a childlike confidence asking Him for the things we need. He could not, even we could not put into human language larger offers than in the Holy Scriptures are made to the soul that trusts in God. He gives us *carte blanche*. His promises cover everything we could possibly ask. He fills the pages of the great book with illustrations of historic characters who believing in God have gone to Him, trusted in Him, committed all their ways to Him and have found Him true to His own word.

Let us accustom ourselves to think of the Infinite God as our Father and with a mother's love and fidelity, and we shall have more faith in the doctrine of prayer and shall be encouraged to look directly to God without doubt or challenge.

There is a precious little volume compiled in 1750 by a clergyman in England, the Rev. Samuel Clarke, D. D., with an introduction by the distinguished Dr. Isaac Watts, a volume packed with the "sweet assuring promises of Scripture." The copy which I have was published by Lane & Scott in 1850. It was used by my good and devout mother and I have made it for years a companion. Our Readings for the current month shall be from these choice promises of God. They are as true now as when they were first recorded and we may ourselves experiment with them. It is not necessary to offer any expositions whatever. They are the words of God designed to give souls confidence in Him under all circumstances. Let us, remembering our need and believing in the power and love and trustworthiness of our God, look at these promises, accept them as real and by faith make the treasures they offer our own:

The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. Ps. 84, 11.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness and honor. Prov. 21, 22.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things Rom. 8, 32.

All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cepas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours. Cor. 3, 21, 22.

Godliness is profitable unto all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Tim. 4, 8.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6, 33.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe. Prov. 18, 10.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord. Psalm 112, 7.

There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. Psalm 130, 4, 8.

He was manifested to take away our sin. John 3, 5.

Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he shall hear thee. Job 22, 27.

Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Matt. 7, 7, 8.

If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts to your children how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him. Matt. 7, 11.

I will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. 2 Cor. 6.18.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations forever and ever. Amen. Ephesians 3.20, 21.

The Promises I have here quoted are about three pages of the little volume collated by Dr. Samuel Clarke. The book itself contains more than 230 pages.

Let us study the promises of the Holy Scriptures more than we have done and let us believe and apply and test them.



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What else is wisdom? What of man's endeavor
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free to breathe and wait,
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate
And shall not Loveliness be loved forever?—*Euripides.*

Once in a while a reader with, perchance, memories of the spare-the-rod type of school days, seems to revert to old ideals. To such readers anything savoring of school has a flavor of fear about it. There is one beaten track and they must walk in it. Woe to them if they wander. So when they write out the review questions on the year's reading, that nemesis of their childhood, "the correct answer," looms up before them, and fearing to depart from what the book says, whole phrases are laboriously copied from the text book where only a brief statement in their own words was requested. The psychologists are reminding us to-day that fear is one of our greatest enemies. We are ourselves only as we are free from that fear which dominates. The C. L. S. C. question paper was never intended to usurp the place of the inexorable school master of other days. The Chautauqua reader is a free personality. He reads and thinks and enjoys according to his best light and reason. He is openminded and tries to learn from others, but no one should do his thinking for him. So the review paper says "Consult such helps as you need but use your own language in answer." In other words, this paper is to

help you recall some of the interesting things which you have read. See if you can get the idea and state it in your own words. If so, you may be sure that it is clear to your own mind and that your faculties have been freshened by exercise." Eighty per cent. of answers clearly stated in the reader's own language is infinitely more worth while than one hundred in the words of the book; the eighty have educated him.

THE CLASS OF 1912.

Members of the new class have been organizing Circles and becoming accustomed to their duties as Chautauquans. These, as even the newest Chautauquan knows, are not arduous, and though many 1912's will be "trained in" by old Circles, others will start out on their untried paths alone or in groups and find their way as securely as those earliest of adventurers, the Class of '82, who set sail in 1878. Some of the 1912's at Chautauqua started a Round Robin letter as a means of strengthening their class relationships, and the secretary writes that she hopes soon to give some news of this venture. As suggested in the October magazine, members who would like to belong to a Round Robin group may report to the Treasurer, Miss Julia H. Douglas, 170 West 59th St., New York City. It is interesting to note in the following letters, the spirit in which the members of 1912 are taking up their work:

Columbus, Ohio. I am a member of the 1912 C. L. S. C. Class —The Shakespeare Class, having enrolled last August at Lincoln Park, Kansas. I wish to join one of the Round Robin groups and so am sending in my name, with wishes for the best success of the class as well as the Institution as a whole.

Ladonia, Texas. Last Saturday afternoon at my home I organized a Circle of twelve members, each enthusiastic over taking the four years course. Noticing your request in the Round Table I send my address and would like to join one of the Round Robin groups.

A member of the class writes from Ohio that she spent July and August at Chautauqua, had repeated invitations to become a member, failed to join and then returned home to repent, so her own five dollars and an extra fee for a friend who joins with her have wiped out the



Protestant Church in Mercedes, Argentine Republic.

score. Others hovering on the brink of 1912 might do well to follow her example.



A 1908 CHAUTAUQUAN IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

"With what pleasure I write in reply to your letter of July 7 and should have done so earlier had time permitted. It requires a month for our letters to reach us, and although we grow somewhat accustomed to reading news a month old, we sometimes wonder what is really happening *now*.

"First of all, let me say that it is not the Class of 1911 that can claim me as a member, for I am now awaiting my diploma as a graduate of the present year (1908). For three years prior to my marriage I was a member of the Outlook Circle, Mount Vernon, New York, and the study was doubly interesting because of the delightful meetings we had. This past year's work has been done entirely in South America, as we arrived here in August, 1907, and naturally Chautauqua reading had to suffer because of the time spent in studying Spanish. For the first six months only, we were in Buenos Aires, Mr. Bauman being assistant pastor of the American church there. This is a large church, entirely English, and differing in no way from the churches at home. Buenos Aires is a city of over a million inhabitants, very progressive and modern in every way, with excellent street car system, railways, etc. There is a large English-speaking population (but comparatively few

SOCIAL TIDSKRIFT

N:r 9.

SEPTEMBER.

1908.

Chautauqua.

I.

Ett folkbildnings centrum.



Fågelperspektiv av Chautauqua.

Bildning står högt i kurs i Förenta Staterna. En varas pris betingas av dess sällsynthet, och bildningens pris sattes under de tider — tider, som i västern ännu icke äro förbi — då människornas hela kraft fordrades för landets materiella byggande, och den intellektuella utvecklingen nödvändigtvis av de flesta måste försakats. Offret var för många kännbart, och sålunda se vi fordom nya Englands kolonister, trots en mödosam och oviss nationell existens grunda lärdomsmöten för att åt sina efterkommande bereda boksynthetens fröjder, och i våra dagar fattiga immigranter göra till sina strävandens mål att kunna sända söner och döttrar till högskolor och seminarier. Den kulturblooming, som historien lär oss ofelbart följa på en nations enastående materiella framgång, skall helt visst ej utebli för Amerika. Är det för djärvt att se dess annalkande i den bildningstörst, som härute nått en omfattning ojämförligt större än i andra länder, och som nu med en länge undertryckt naturkrafts våldsamhet bryter ut och fordrar tillfredsställelse? Den beundransvärda biblioteksörelsen är ett av svaren på detta krav, folkbildningsorganisationen är ett annat. Ty om också de högskolebildades antal i Förenta Staterna är större än i

Americans), and one might easily imagine himself in one of our large cities at home. Dwelling houses, however, are quite different, and lack many of our home comforts. What we missed more than anything was stoves. Although this is a semi-tropical climate it gets decidedly cold and damp in winter, but the houses are built without chimneys or provision of any kind for heating, and with their large, airy rooms and open patios are like refrigerators. People wear their overcoats and wraps from the time they arise until they retire at night!

"In February we were placed in charge of the church at Mercedes, with a Spanish and an English congregation, the latter being very small, as there are very few English residents. You can imagine that it was not easy after six months in the country, to take charge of a Spanish congregation, but it was excellent practice and we soon became accustomed to the Spanish ways and tongue. The attendance at church services Thursdays and Sundays averages about seventy-five and at Sunday school one hundred. We have a pretty little church and a large parsonage, besides a school and orphanage here in Mercedes. I enclose a post card showing the church building. Our Spanish people are almost all poor and many are unable to read and write. Although this is a Catholic country, most of the natives have grown tired of the oppression of the priests and are indifferent to all religion. In June a little boy arrived in our home and there was less time than ever for Chautauqua reading. However, my husband and I both employed some of our spare moments to good advantage in reading the interesting American books and the always interesting magazine, and I have succeeded in finishing my course.

"I have not finished with Chautauqua by any means, however, for I sing its praises whenever and wherever I can. Although there is no field for introducing the work here, I have interested one gentleman, who is now reading some of my books. For the present I must drop out of the great Chautauqua circle, but shall hear of its doings from my sister and cousin, who are still members. May the Circle ever increase and each year give knowledge, inspiration and a broader outlook to more readers, fitting them for greater service in this needy world."

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE KESSLER BAUMAN.

CHAUTAUQUA'S MESSAGE TO SWEDEN.

A collection of the various tongues in which Chautauqua's educational ideals have been carried to the ends of the earth would be a good argument for Esperanto. Russia, Japan, Finland, Switzerland, Norway, Italy, and the Dutch of Orange Free State,—each of these countries has

given Chautauqua welcome in its own native tongue. The latest addition to the group is Sweden. The Social Tidskrift, a facsimile of whose first page on Chautauqua is here given is a government publication designed to bring before the people important questions relating to education and social institutions, in all parts of the world. The present article by the editor, Herr G. H. von Koch, is the outcome of his visit to Chautauqua last summer when he and Mrs. von Koch were fortunately able to time their visit so as to be at Chautauqua on Recognition Day.



A 1909 POINT OF VIEW.

Now that the year has actually changed its name, the members of the Class of 1909 will realize anew that their four years' goal is not so very far ahead. "Yes, I am planning to be at Chautauqua," writes a member from Tennessee, "and shall bring with me several friends from this part of the country to swell the ranks of our glorious Dante Class on graduation Day. What an event in our lives this will be. But we do not mean to stop here. We recognize the helpful character of the C. L. S. C. and will be ready for another four years reading to begin with 1909."



SOME OF MONTAIGNE'S PHILOSOPHY. DO YOU AGREE WITH IT?

Our minds are never at home, but ever beyond home.

I will take care, if possible, that my death shall say nothing that my life has not said.

Life in itself is neither good nor bad: It is the place of what is good or bad.

Knowledge should not be stuck on to the mind, but incorporated in it.

Irresolution seems to me the most common and apparent vice of our nature.

Age wrinkles the mind more than the face.

Habit is a second nature.

Hunger cures love.

It is easier to get money than to keep it.

Anger has often been the vehicle of courage.

It is more difficult to command than to obey.

A liar should have a good memory.

Ambition is the daughter of presumption.

To serve a prince, you must be discreet and a liar.

We learn to live when life has passed.

We are all richer than we think, but we are brought up to go a-begging.

The greatest masterpiece of man is . . . to be born at the right time.

There is not so good a man who so squares all his thoughts and actions to the laws, that he is not faulty enough to deserve hanging ten times in his life.



FROM THE PRESIDENT OF 1903.

Members of the Class of 1903 will be glad to know that their president, Mrs. Hemingway, is enjoying a winter in Switzerland. Her experience as leader of a circle in Providence, Rhode Island, for some years has prepared her to get a great deal out of her European sojourn. She writes from Neuchâtel, whither the good wishes of every member of her class will follow her:

"I am to remain in Neuchâtel all this winter, as my children are to enter the University here next month. We have traveled in five countries and my Chautauqua readings have been a great help to me. I only wish I had my books and magazines with me now so I could review. Yesterday I went to see an open air play called 'Divico.' It was of the early history of Switzerland in the time of the Druids. All was in French, but I found I had become 'foreignized,' as Mark Twain says, enough to understand most of it. I am going to Zurich some day and see where Bishop Vincent stopped. I wish to send greetings to the members of '1903' and all Chautauquans."

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Many of our readers have by this time made the acquaintance of "Holland and Its People" and will understand why that charming volume, written by an Italian, has so long been recognized as a classic. When de Amicis made his trip to Holland, few books of travel upon Holland were available, and despite the many excellent works since published, this one remains a favorite. His death at the age of sixty-two occurred only last year. As a lieutenant scarcely out of his teens he was set to hunting brigands in Sicily. At twenty he fought against the Austrians at Custozza. His literary tendencies showed themselves at an early day in military sketches and in his editorship of the *Italia Militaire*, and he finally retired to civil life when Victor Emmanuel occupied Rome. Novels and sketches of various sorts in his own country made him very popular. Later he traveled in Spain, Holland, Morocco, Paris, Constantinople and other cities further establishing his fame by the truthfulness and charm of his descriptions.

A VALUABLE REFERENCE BOOK.

A valuable reference book frequently mentioned in the programs is Larned's "History for Ready Reference." This work was originally published in four or five volumes to which a supplementary volume has since been added, bringing the material up to date. One of the advantages of this work is that the author has selected many of the most graphic presentations of a given subject and brought them together so that the student can find in their proper chronological order descriptions and character studies which might otherwise be inaccessible. Every library ought to have a copy of this useful work and Chautauqua readers will do well to make its acquaintance.



HINTS FOR THE STUDY OF ART.

In connection with Mr. Zug's articles on Hals and Rembrandt, copies of the "Masters in Art" series were recommended. The publishers have recently announced that these two numbers of the series are now out of print. The other numbers as noted by Mr. Zug in the September CHAUTAUQUAN are still available. Ter Borch, De Hooch, Dou, Vermeer, Steen, Metsu, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, and Maes. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with these monographs we may say that each contains ten admirably executed half-tones of the masterpieces of a given artist, a comprehensive biographical sketch, and a number of carefully selected comments upon his work by acknowledged masters of criticism. Brief comments by well-known critics upon each of the ten pictures are also included and a bibliography, making the pamphlet a most important work of reference. Perhaps its greatest value lies in the fact that the pictures can easily be removed and used for purposes of study in Circles, or, mounted and hung up for individual study at home.

The above pamphlets can be secured for twenty cents each through The Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
 BRYANT DAY—November 3.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.
 MILTON DAY—December 9.
 COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.
 LANIER DAY—February 3.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
 LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
 SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
 INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY — May 18.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
 INAUGURATION DAY — August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
 RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OR REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28—FEBRUARY 4.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Friendship of Nations," Chapter V. The Human Harvest.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter I. The Song of Roland, Chapter II. Montaigne and Essay Writing in France.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "International Aspects of Socialism."
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter III. Molière's "Tartuffe," Chapter 17. Lyrics and Lyrics of Old France.

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Dutch Art and Artists," Chapter V. The Painters of the Peasantry.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter V. Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three."

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "A Reading Journey in the Hollow Land," Chapter V. Utrecht, Amsterdam, Broek, Zaandam, Monnikendam, Marken, and Edam.
 In the Required Book: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter VI. The Short Story in France.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK—JANUARY 28—FEBRUARY 4

- Brief Paper: President David Starr Jordan and his Work. (See 21 references in Poole's Index.)
 Review of Chapter V in "Friendship of Nations," The Human Harvest, with discussion of answers to search questions.
 Discussion of the Song of Roland.
 Reading: Selected passages from the Song of Roland. Unfortunately there seems to be no edition of the Song in print, but copies can be found in many libraries.
 Oral Report with Selected Readings from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." (See "Studies in the Poetry of Italy." Kuhns. A former C. L. S. C. book which will be found in many private as well as public libraries.)
 Paper: The World in which Montaigne lived, his contemporaries in politics, religion, literary and social life, education, etc. (See Bibliography.)
 Roll Call: Epigrams from Montaigne. (See Round Table.)
 Discussion from one or more of his essays. In the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature will be found a number of selections. An interesting study might be made by comparing Montaigne's essay on "Friendship" with Emerson's "Friendship." A brief summary of Emerson's essay on Montaigne would form an illuminating side light.

SECOND WEEK—FEBRUARY 4-11.

- Papers: Molière and his Times; Molière as a play writer. In the "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature" is an interesting comparison of Molière and Shakespeare. (See encyclopedias and bibliography.)

Readings from Molière: Selections from a number of his plays will be found in the "Warner Library." The giving of a single play by members of the Circle would make an interesting evening. If this seems to require too much time, a single play such as "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (Shopkeeper turned Gentleman) might be read by one or more characters. The play translated can be secured through The Chautauqua Press for 30c. Without any such supplementary reading, however, the selections from "Tartuffe" given in our own book might be assigned to different members and the dialogue presented in abridged form, thus helping to familiarize the Circle with this masterpiece.

Paper: Hotel de Rambouillet and the Precieuses with selections from Molière's play *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.

Roll Call: Answers to the question: What characteristics make the French writers thus far studied seem typically French to us?

THIRD WEEK—FEBRUARY 11-18.

Character Study: Victor Hugo. (See bibliography, also "Ten Frenchmen of the Nineteenth Century" a former C. L. S. C. book to be found in many private families.)

Readings from Hugo's Poems. (See above, also Carrington's volume.)

Roll Call: Answered by illustrative selections from "Ninety-Three" with reason for the choice.

Paper on Utrecht University with selections from "An American in Holland," Chapter XXIII, the "Lustrum Feast of 1891."

Discussion of the works of Brouwer, Van Ostade, Steen, and Maes. (See bibliography. All the above except Brouwer can be found in the "Masters in Art" series.)

FOURTH WEEK—FEBRUARY 18-25.

Paper: Arminius, Holland's great Theologian. (See encyclopedias.)

Map Study of Amsterdam and its Waterways: See Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" for map, "Great Canals," CHAUTAUQUAN, 20:298, Dec., 1894. "Canals in Holland," *Living Age*, 192-810.

Reading: Selections from "The Canals and their Population." (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country.")

Brief Reports: The Diamond Industry. (See Amicis' "Holland and Its People;") Sectarianism and Varied Nationalities to be found in Amsterdam (see encyclopedias, also Amicis): The Jansenists and the Moravian settlement at Zeist. (See Amicis.)

Reading: Selection from "How We Saw Amsterdam." (See "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" by Waller, pp. 172-6.) See also colored illustrations and text in "Amsterdam," by E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:45-53, January, '05.

Review of Article in this magazine on Tesselschade Visscher.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

Special programs for Graduate Circles and Clubs specializing upon the two Dutch Series. (A copy of Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" is quite indispensable for such clubs.)

FIRST WEEK.

Paper: Utrecht and other Dutch Universities. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XIV.)

Reading: Selection from "An American in Holland," Chapter XXIII., the "Lustrum Feast" of 1891; (see also Chapter on Utrecht in "Holland and the Hollanders.")

Paper: Utrecht in History. (See Baedeker, histories of Holland, Amicis' "Holland and Its People.")

Oral Report: The Jansenists. (See Amicis' "Holland and Its People," encyclopedias, and all available works.)

Reading: The Moravian Settlement at Zeist. (See Amicis' chapter on Utrecht.)

Roll Call followed by Discussion: Famous Churches of Holland, with special reference to their architecture, Utrecht Cathedral, St. Lawrence at Rotterdam, St. Peters at Leyden, Oude Kerk and Nieuwe Kerk at Delft, etc. Pictures illustrating their style should be brought, if possible. A committee should make up a list of churches. The discussion may bring out the general character of Dutch Gothic churches as compared with those of France and Germany. See "Holland and the Hollanders," page 271, on government care of churches.

SECOND WEEK.

Paper: Amsterdam in History. (See Dutch histories, Larned's History for Ready Reference.)

Reading: Selections from "A Wanderer in Holland," Lucas, page 55, quaint description of Amsterdam in the seventeenth century; pp. 170-71, Dutch versus English national traits.

Roll Call: Striking features of the great Rijks Museum. (The program committee should assign these.)

Brief Reports on: The Diamond Industry. (See Amicis and "Holland and the Hollanders," page 361); Orphanages; Sectarianism and varied nationalities as witnessed in Amsterdam. (See Baedeker, Amicis, and other helps.)

Reading: Selection from "The Canals and their Population." (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country.")

Paper on Waterways, with map study of Amsterdam: (See "Great Canals," CHAUTAUQUAN, 20:298, "Canals in Holland," *Living Age*, 192:810.)

Reading: How we saw Amsterdam. (See "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" by Mary E. Waller, pp. 172-6; also selections from Amicis' chapter on Amsterdam; see also colored illustrations in "Amsterdam" by E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:45-53, January, 1905.)

THIRD WEEK.

Paper: Holland from 1813 to 1830. (See histories of Holland and of Modern Europe.)

Reading: Selections from "The Cloister and the Hearth." (See *Scribner's Magazine*, 37:116-122, Jan., '05.)

Review of article in this magazine on Tesselschade Visscher.

Roll Call: Quotations from this poet. (See also for better details "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," by Edmund Gosse.)

Reading: "The Don Quixote Country" in "Through the Gates of the Netherlands," Chapter XVIII.

Oral Reports: Various travelers' views of Broek, Zaandam, Marken, Monnikendam, etc. (See available books.)

Study of pictures by Brouwer and Van Ostade. (See Bibliography following Mr. Zug's article.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Paper: Arminius, Holland's great Theologian. (See encyclopedias.)
 Reading: Selection from "Magenta Village," E. Penfield, *Scribner's Magazine*, 40:25-33, July, '06; or Volendam, the Artists' Village, F. C. Albrecht, *Scribner's Magazine*, 41:327-29, March, 1907.

Oral Report: The Cheese industries of Holland. Volendam and Edam. (See article by F. C. Albrecht in *Scribner's Magazine*, 41:606-10, May, '07, and the various books referred to above.)
 Study of pictures by Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes. (See bibliography following Mr. Zug's article.)



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS. CHAPTER V. THE HUMAN HARVEST.

1. Under what circumstances was this address first given? 2. What was Franklin's comment regarding the harm of a standing army? 3. What four factors enter into the creation of a superior type of horse? 4. What parable does the author present? 5. What were the days of Roman greatness and why? 6. What was the effect of the spirit of "domination" which developed? 7. What is meant by the statement that the king is dependent upon the mob spirit? 8. Illustrate this by the Roman emperors. 9. How have historians in general regarded the importance of men as organisms? 10. How did Romans brave enough to rise politically usually fare? 11. What did Caesar's complaint of the scarcity of men signify? 12. What state of things came to the front under the Antonines? 13. What became the relation between the citizens and the emperor? 14. What at length brought in the barbarians? 15. What is Dr. Seec's estimate of the quality of men who survived the fall of Rome? 16. Why is the idea that Rome fell because of luxury repudiated? 17. What significant comment was made upon Spain by one of her own writers? 18. Why is France said to be a decadent nation? 19. To what does our author ascribe this? 20. Illustrate in Napoleon's life the growth of the spirit of domination. 21. Describe the drain upon the resources of the country.

A READING JOURNEY IN THE HOLLOW LAND. CHAPTER V.

1. What is the character of the country around Utrecht? 2. What are some of the striking features of the town? 3. What famous treaty was signed here in 1579? 4. Describe the general appearance of Amsterdam. 5. What are the attractions of the river front? 6. What picture of back streets does our author give? 7. What is the Krasnapolsky? 8. What interest has the Jews' quarter? 9. What is the history of the Weeper's Tower? 10. What historical interest has St. Anthony's weigh house? 11. What are some of the attractions of the Rijks Museum? 12. What quaint character has Broek? 13. Describe Marken and its inhabitants. 14. What is Holland's greatest windmill city and what its famous relic? 15. What attractions has Volendam for artists? 16. What unique character has the museum of Edam?

DUTCH ART AND ARTISTS. CHAPTER V. THE PAINTERS OF THE PEASANTRY.

1. What other painters aside from the Dutch had introduced genre scenes? 2. How did these earlier pictures differ in kind

from those of Ter Borch, Metsu, and other men of his group? 3. Define genre. 4. What constitutes great art in painting? 5. What subjects attracted the Little Dutchmen? 6. What are the chief facts in the life of Adrian Brouwer? 7. Why are his paintings disliked by many persons? 8. What fine qualities does the artist see in them? 9. How did his earlier compare with his later work? 10. With what great master is Van Ostade compared and why? 11. How is his skill shown in his "Peasants in an Inn"? 12. How is intimacy between him and Millet shown? 13. What qualities of their work naturally draw them together? 14. What remains of Ostade's work show the range of his gifts? 15. How far were his brother Isaac's talents comparable to his own? 16. For what qualities does Jan Steen take high rank? 17. How many of his paintings have come down to us? 18. Describe his "Bad Company"? 19. Why is it improbable that all the tales told of him are true? 20. How does his treatment of child life compare with the work of his contemporaries? 21. In what respect did Nicholas Maes achieve distinction? 22. Compare in general the achievements of the "Little Dutchmen" with those of other European countries.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What was the cause and what the result of the battle of Philippi? 2. Who was Cincinnatus? 2. How did Claudius and Caligula come to wear the Roman purple? 4. Who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"? 5. Who were Marius, Cinna, and Sulla? 6. What period of time elapsed between Tiberus and Constantine? 7. What is the Wiertz collection in Brussels?

1. What Pope was born in Utrecht and what connection had he with Charles V.? 2. What great war was terminated in 1713 by the Peace of Utrecht? 3. What is the origin of the term "a papal bull"? 4. What is "Vathek"? 5. What is the Bean Festival portrayed by Steen in one of his paintings? 6. What pictures of his may be seen in this country and where? 7. What Dutchman, famous for his literary achievements, had his portrait painted by Nicholas Maes?



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

1. Vasari was an Italian architect and painter, but is chiefly known by the celebrated series of lives of the artists, 2. The Thirty years' War. 3. Philip IV., grandson of Philip II. 4. It was originally the palace of Prince John Maurice of Nassau, Governor of Brazil, who built it on his return from Brazil in 1644. It was a magnificent building, but destroyed by fire in 1704. It was restored externally and in 1820 set apart as a royal art gallery. The collections were made by various Princes of Orange, especially William V., the last stadtholder. 5. William III., Prince of Orange. 6. Because in many towns of Holland there were people of the same name as the painter, living at the same period.

1. A distinguished American artist who spent his life chiefly in London. He was a person of independent views and erratic in temperament, but possessed genius of a high order. He painted the famous Peacock room which was later brought to America, and

in time will become the property of the national government. His portrait of his mother is widely known. He was a great student of technique and his handling of colors was masterly. As an etcher he ranks with the few great artists of the world. 2. He was born in Holland, but spent h's life in Paris, achieving distinction as a painter of portraits of famous men and of religious subjects. 3. The unjust execution of John of Barneveld. 4. A famous English writer of noble descent, wife of Edward Wortley Montague, who served as ambassador to Turkey in 1717. She was very intimate with Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., and her "Letters" give many admirable descriptions of the social life of her times.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I must confess," remarked a dejected member of the Round Table, "that the Dutch names are too much for me. It's worse than trying to learn to talk German without ever hearing it. The double o's and the gutturals and all the rest fill me with despair. My husband says the only way out of it that he can see, is to take a trip to Holland!" "Evidently you don't belong to a Circle," observed a Michigan member. Our Circle has had a drill on Dutch words at every meeting till we've almost forgotten how we used to pronounce them. Yahn Stane, and Nicholas Mahs and even Peter deh Hoach we can really pronounce glibly in spite of the German ch, and as for Van's Grahvehzahnde the name begins to seem quite human, though for a time we could not approach it. But as between joining a Circle and going to Holland—you won't, of course, misunderstand me!" "I live in a mountainous country," commented a Tennessean, "and perhaps that explains the peculiar sense of novelty that Holland has for me. I've read our Reading Journey in Holland several times over and supplemented it with Amicis' charming volume. I was sorry to note a brief account of his death and interested to know that was a staunch patriot. His book gives the impression of an unusually broad-minded writer."

The delegate from Ashland, Kentucky, reported great interest in the study of Napoleon. "There are six of us," she said, "and this is our third year. Before we began the C. L. S. C. work we were a Browning Club and we've not forgotten our first love, so we shall soon have a Browning meeting. It ought to fit in with most anything Modern European, the two Brownings were such cosmopolitan people." "Of course you'll read 'An Incident of the French Camp,'" said Pendragon. "You remember that picture of Napoleon:

"With neck outstretched, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind."

"I see from this clipping," he continued, "that the Edelweiss

Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York, in holding its first contest after dividing the Circle into two opposing camps, conducted a quiz on Napoleon. It proved a very spirited affair. A brief descriptive reading of Napoleon's march into Russia was supplemented by an interesting account of the famous retreat, and the Circle was put through a definition test of words selected from the Required Readings, besides discussions of other interesting topics. The Circle is holding an Esperanto hour before each meeting and by the end of the year we shall doubtless learn that the members are not only holding meetings in Esperanto, but are preparing to go abroad and cultivate their European neighbors!"



"We are still practising English," observed the delegate from Newbern, Tennessee, "and it is quite noteworthy in our circle how much the members find in the way of supplementary material with which to vary the regular program. They are not content with just reading the prescribed course, but find time for many additional books and magazine articles recommended in connection with the work. Dumas' beautiful story, 'The Black Tulip,' was told in class this afternoon, emphasizing very forcibly the Hollander's love of horticulture, and what an interesting writer we find George Wharton Edwards, and how charmingly he pictures 'brave little Holland,'—her wonderful record in war, arts, and commerce as compared to many countries several times her size. De Amicis speaks of them as a stolid, silent people who are rarely seen to laugh. It is hard to conceive of so prosperous a folk as the Dutch devoid of mirth and we wonder where Franz Hals found his models! Dr. Reich gave us a 'surprise' as well as new thoughts in some of his views on the American Revolution, and his argument of the 'mystic' in connection with the master mind Napoleon was quite beyond our vision. 'Danger points around the globe' is most timely and has led to much hard study of conditions in the Far East. The magazine grows better each year and it is whispered the new books are the best in the four years' course. Perhaps we are better prepared to grasp them. We were indeed sorry to hear of Chautauqua's great fire."



"The advantages of a Carnegie library being at our disposal," observed the delegate from Annville, Pa., "we are trying to live up to our opportunities, a very pleasant task, you may be sure. This is our third year. We have thirty members, and the spirit of discussion which is abroad in our Circle promises to keep our interest keen. At our first meeting we initiated our Dutch studies with a geographical study of Holland and consideration of what Holland stood for in the world's civilization. We are all most in-

terested in the books and the recent stirring events in Turkey, Austria, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Crete, and the proposed international council to settle difficulties are given additional interest and light by 'The Friendship of Nations.' Likewise the Holland-Venezuela imbroglio. We have adopted the plan of a fifteen minutes' intermission. It has already helped to give our meetings an informal character and enabled us to make the acquaintance of our new members."

"Here is a letter," said Pendragon, "which indicates how a small circle can adapt itself to the needs of some of its members in a way that some larger ones might not find possible. Small circles of from three to half a dozen members are quite apt to be very effective study groups. This one is in Appleton, Wis.:

"I myself am trying to get all I can out of the course laid out in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but in my position it is impossible to be regular in my study, yet we have a small circle which meets once a week and often at my office, in fact, that has been the place of meeting for the last two years, but as I was often obliged to be absent, they thought it best to meet at the different homes and occasionally at my office. We follow the outline given as closely as we can, assigning the different subjects to members as we see fit. I have had but little opportunity to do outside reading, so when library references are required others must do it. We each feel that this year's work is beginning with much interest and the first book has brought to us something new even about our own country. Each department of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is so interesting that it is hard to say which we enjoy most, but the Library Shelf of the September number is full of good reading."

"A Circle from which we haven't heard at the Round Table as often as we should," observed Pendragon, "is the King Avenue C. L. S. C. of Columbus, Ohio. You must hear from them:" "Pride and promptness seem to be our primitive virtues," responded the delegate. "We begin with the roll call of current events, and this year has lent itself to especially stirring parallel between our reading and present-day Europe, so that we all hate to miss anything and having once set our pace we have tried to keep it. There are seventeen of us, and our pastor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Rudisill, have done much to make the Circle a most important feature of our church life. Now and then when someone falls out there are others well primed who help bring up deficiencies so through this friendly interchange of interests we never fail to be stimulated by the meetings."

"We are another of those small circles," said a Louisville, Ky., member. "We number five. Two of us spent a season at Chautauqua in 1907 and our Circle is the result. Four of us are teachers. We meet every Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 5 unless a school supervisor by chance imposes other duties, when we readjust our Circle by telephone. We are doing a little outside reading this year

relating to the French Revolution, and as was the case last year, we borrowed books from the public library or each other. In June and July last year we supplemented our American readings by holding our weekly meetings in some picturesque spot near the river, talking over our work and reading aloud a short story illustrating some type of American literature. You can imagine we've got a great deal out of our year. We all hope to go to Chautauqua in 1911."

"As for our Circle," the speaker proved to be from Charleston, W. Va., "we not only extend our work into the summer but we enjoy it so much that we take no vacation at all! In the vacation period we meet once a week and confine our program to the year we've been studying. In July every year we have a picnic in the park. My home is the home of the Circle and there are more than twice our number that meet and study with us. As we knew of no circulating library in the city, last March we organized a library among ourselves and we take alphabetical turns in selecting our books and have had several donations of books, papers, and magazines."

"There is an interesting Chautauqua outgrowth in Lynnfield, Mass.," said Pendragon, as he noted various letters brought in by a messenger. "My informant alludes to it very briefly. He speaks of sixty-three having joined and then forty-three more. It seems to be a league with subdivisions for various activities, among them the C. L. S. C. We shall look for further particulars. At Ravenswood, Illinois, there is a fine new circle also promising later particulars, and at Cincinnati the Franklin Circle marks a new era. It has a membership of twenty. Cincinnati has had a strong organization of graduates from the time of the '82's, but a strong undergraduate circle has been needed. We are especially glad to congratulate the Franklin members."

"Let me say for the Whitney Circle of New Haven, Conn.," commented the president, Miss Briggs, "that we have been getting up a year-book for our Circle and feel that our meetings are going to be most interesting. We've all been more than pleased with the books. I've finished 'Seen in Germany,' and enjoyed it as much as I would a novel."

"I see that the 'Register' of our town, Mobile, Alabama," laughed a delegate, "says that on a recent date 'society worshipped at love's shrine, was brought together at cards and met at athletics and literary meetings. Literature was in the ascendant, for there were three literary meetings and the Chautauqua Circle had another to its credit in an afternoon meeting.' You'll be glad to know that not only literature in general, but the Chautauqua Circle in particular was in the 'ascendant.' We had an interesting afternoon

meeting, I assure you, with two fine papers on 'Josephine' and on 'The Turkish Situation.'"

"We are particularly enjoying the books this year," added a member from Belfast, Maine, "for our Circle contains both old and new readers and there are no duplicate books. We realize that Professor Emil Reich holds some facts and views quite new to us on the American Revolution. However, we all like the book and are trying to find something more about the author. We have some new members of 1912 in our circle, so the succession is being kept up. Our Union C. L. S. C. Vesper Service of all the churches' was held on October 25. The choir rendered fine music and the pastor of the Universalist church conducted the service and made the address. Our public library has the C. L. S. C. books and we are trying by means of lending books to interest others."



"Time and space always limit our reports," said Pendragon, "but this mass of clippings indicates the activities of many Circles here present who will have a chance later on. Among those who publish their reports in the papers are the Circles at Santa Clara and Oakland, California; Warren, Ohio, where a large Circle meets in a public hall; Wichita, Kansas, where the report of the Sunflower Circle may be taken as typical of the dozen or more circles in that town; Mishawaka, Indiana; the Des Moines group and the quartet of Circles at Jamestown, New York; Tarentum, Waynesburg, Punxsutawney, Pa.; Rowley, Mass., and a host of others. New Circles and graduate S. H. G.'s are among the number.

"We may like to remember in closing these words by Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's Magazine*, given in an address at Chautauqua last summer: 'Let us learn to read fewer newspapers and read great books more. Let us at any rate read for information and not for padding. Let us read to start ideas and not to stimulate vacant minds. An enterprise like Chautauqua is the greatest safeguard for the public and for every department of life. A solid basis of the ideal will make the future better. To learn how to live is what real education means. It means to realize the wish of the Latin poet, Horace, "A hollow tree, a crust of bread, and liberty! Those men are freest who want the fewest things."'"



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON STUDIES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I. AN EPIC. THE SONG OF ROLAND.

1. What is the earliest mention of the Song of Roland?
2. Why is this looked upon as reliable?
3. On what real event is the Song of Roland based?
4. Show how a tradition grows up.
5. What traditions have we seen grow in very recent times?
6. Why

did the Song of Roland change from lyric to epic form? 7. What importance has the religious element in the Song? 8. What features of the "Song" show its medieval atmosphere? 9. Who are the heroes of Orlando Furioso?

CHAPTER II. MONTAIGNE AND ESSAY WRITING IN FRANCE.

1. What was the political and religious atmosphere in the times when Montaigne lived? 2. How did the revival of learning bring about religious strife among the Northern nations? 3. What traits of character are indicated by the facts of Montaigne's early life? 4. Show how the essay developed into a new literary product under Montaigne's treatment. 5. Why did Montaigne give them this title? 6. What special distinction have they? 7. Why is he classed among the skeptics? 8. What are some of the problems discussed by Montaigne which still demand serious attention in our own day? 9. How does he exhibit a spirit of tolerance? 10. What ideals of Montaigne on Education have received much attention in our own day? 11. How has the modern essay developed a form quite distinct from Montaigne's?

CHAPTER III. TARTUFFE: A TYPICAL COMEDY BY MOLIERE.

1. Who was Molière? 2. St. Simon Stylites? 3. What famous men were to be found at the court of Louis XIV.? 4. What literary men of England were their contemporaries? 5. In what condition was the Church of France at this time? 6. How was the play of "Tartuffe" received? 7. Against what real evil was the play directed? 8. What office does Dorine perform in the play? 9. How has the Jesuit been able to impose upon so many of the characters? 10. How had the art of conversation been brought to perfection in France at this time?

CHAPTER IV. LYRISTS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE.

1. How did poetry in England and in France compare between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries? 2. What good result came from the rhyming instinct of the French during this time? 3. Why are the *Chronicles of Froissart* so important as a literary production? 4. What is the nature of that "brilliant, miserable" time which he pictures? 5. In what respects was it miserable as compared with our own day? 6. To what extremes did the passion for rhyming run? 7. How far was this true in Germany? 8. How did the reaction after the Crusades show itself in French poetry? 9. Tell what is known of the chief of these singers. 10. What famous poets have translated them?

CHAPTER V. VICTOR HUGO'S "NINETY-THREE."

1. Under what circumstances was "Ninety-Three" written? 2. In what respects is this novel quite different from many of Victor Hugo's? 3. How does the author lighten the tragic aspects of the story. 4. How does he make his description of nature contribute to the effect? 5. What are some of the famous descriptions in this story? 6. What ideas are typified by the three chief men? 7. Does Hugo show his own idealism in this story?

CHAPTER VI. THE SHORT STORY IN FRANCE.

1. In the story by de Maupassant published in the September *CHAUTAQUAN* show the author's remarkable skill in setting before the reader briefly the scene of his tale? 2. Note instances of his vivid delineation of character. 3. Note his handling of dialogue; how he suggests ideas without going into detailed description. 4. In what other respects does the story seem to you remarkably well

told? 5. What in general is characteristic of the scenes where Mérimée lays his short stories? 6. What different qualities of Daudet are shown in his two tales "The Stars" and "The Pope's Mule?" 7. What is the significance of the title of the group "Letters from my Mill?" 8. For what other works is Daudet famous?

CHAPTER VII. ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

1. Show how "The Three Musketeers" was appreciated by men of Dumas' own time. 2. Of what ancestry was Dumas? 3. What may be said of the influence of his environment? 4. Why did the drama appeal to him? 5. How was he finally attracted to fiction? 6. What was the general character of his famous series of novels? 7. How does his work resemble that of the old minstrels? 8. In what does his skill consist? 9. What qualities does he lack? 10. How were his stories published? 11. Into what extremes did this method of publication lead him? 12. Why may he be called an entertainer rather than an "artist?" 13. What gives "The Three Musketeers" its great charm? 14. How did Dumas' work blight the historical novel in France?

CHAPTER VIII. BALZAC'S EUGENIE GRANDET.

1. Of what series of stories by Balzac does "Eugénie Grandet" form a part? 2. Give the setting of the story, the character of the town and of the ex-mayor. 3. What is the outline of the story? 4. How is Balzac's genius shown in the way in which he has told the story? 5. Why has this great story exerted such a powerful influence?

CHAPTER IX. GEORGE SAND.

1. What marked contrasts may be noted between the work of George Sand and that of George Eliot? 2. What were the chief events of George Sand's childhood and early life? 3. Under what circumstances was her first independent novel produced? 4. What were the ruling ideas expressed in her earlier books? 5. How was her work influenced by her surroundings? 6. In what stories was her love of country life expressed? 7. In what does the charm of her writing consist? 8. How is her interest in folk-lore shown in "Little Fadette?" 9. Tell the story of "The Haunted Pool."

CHAPTER X. EMILE ZOLA. LE REVE.

1. How did "Le Rêve" contrast with the other works of Zola which gave him fame? 2. What were the chief events of Zola's early life? 3. How was he influenced by the writings of Balzac? 4. What circumstances finally led to the publication of the Rougon-Macquart series? 5. What in general is the character of the different books of this series? 6. What is the setting of "Le Rêve?" 7. How does the author make the surroundings of Angelique contribute to her character? 8. In what respects is his scientific realism shown? 9. What exquisite bits of description are found in the story? 10. What was the character of Zola's later writings? 11. How was the nobility of his character vindicated at the last?

CHAPTER XI. ROSTAND. CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

1. What event in Paris in December, '97, stands out in the history of modern literature? 2. What reputation had Rostand already won at this time? 3. How does the character of Cyrano establish itself in the first act? 4. What further traits develop in the second? 5. What ingenious device is employed in the third act? 6. What is the climax of the fourth act? 7. How is the romantic ideal translated by Rostand into the terms of modern life?

8. What brilliant qualities has the play? 9. How is the author's poetic skill shown? 10. What distinction has he received in recent years?

CHAPTER XII. LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE.

1. What strong traits of character had Lessing? 2. How is he looked upon at the present day? 3. What are the chief events of his life? 4. How was he drawn into religious controversy? 5. How did he resolve to meet his antagonists? 6. What was Lessing's creed? 7. Describe the types in "Nathan the Wise." 8. What is the story of the play? 9. What criticisms have been made upon the play? 10. What are its teachings?

CHAPTER XIII. SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL.

1. In what way are Luther and Schiller alike? 2. How do the Germans feel toward Schiller as compared with other great leaders? 3. What is the secret of Schiller's influence? 4. What does Carlyle say of him? 5. What are Schiller's best-known works? 6. How does Schiller rank among the poets of Germany? 7. What effect did the friendship of Goethe and Schiller have upon each of them? 8. What honors were bestowed upon Schiller? 9. How do the characters of "Tell" express the traits of the Swiss people? 10. How is the theme of the play developed in the first act? 11. Contrast the positions of the nobility and of the peasants. 12. What important points are brought out in the final act? 13. What is the connection between "Tell" and an earlier work of Schiller's?

CHAPTER XIV. GOETHE'S FAUST. PART I.

1. Why is Goethe considered the master of poets? 2. How was he fortunate in his parents? 3. Give the main facts of his life. 4. What were the remarkable characteristics of his time? 5. What varied talents did he show in early life. 6. What are his chief works? 7. What position did he occupy at Weimar? 8. How do Lewes and Carlyle estimate his greatness? 9. Why is "Faust" the "Divine Comedy" of Germany? 10. Why does the play of "Faust" possess such intense interest? 11. What forms had the Faust legend taken previous to Goethe's use of it? 12. Describe the three-fold introduction to Goethe's "Faust." 13. Describe the opening of Part I. 14. How and why is Faust rejuvenated? 15. How does Margaret expiate her wrong? 16. How does Faust's behavior show that Mephisto has not yet enslaved him? 17. How does Part I. prepare the way for Part II.?

CHAPTER XV. GOETHE'S FAUST. PART II.

1. Why is the second part of "Faust" of even greater importance than the first? 2. Why is it difficult to understand? 3. Why does it repay careful study? 4. What form of atonement is Faust to pass through? 5. What is the first step in the process? 6. To what does Faust now turn as a possible source of happiness? 7. What part does Mephisto take in this new undertaking? 8. Describe the masquerade. 9. What is Mephisto's object in helping Faust to his new position? 10. Describe the scene where Faust presents Paris and Helen to the court. 11. What is the effect of this experience upon Faust himself? 12. Through what experiences does Faust's quest of beauty carry him? 13. Describe the allegory of the third act and its significance. 14. To what kind of effort does Faust now turn in his pursuit of happiness? 15. How does he carry out his great project for service to mankind? 16.

What ghostly symbols appear to Faust and with what effect? 17. How does his end come? 18. Why has Mephisto really lost his wager? 19. Quote the lines which set forth Faust's salvation.

CHAPTER XVI. HEINRICH HEINE—HIS LIFE AND WORK.

1. What description does Heine give of himself? 2. Describe his parents. 3. What traits did he inherit? 4. What incidents of his childhood illustrate his strong imagination? 5. How did French influences enter into his education? 6. Why had Heine no special attachment to his own country? 7. What was the result of his attempt at business in Hamburg? 8. What remarkable qualities has his "Book of Songs"? 9. What were some of his experiences as a law student? 10. What were his "Travel Pictures," and why did they become so famous? 11. Why did Heine change his creed? 12. Describe his life in Munich and the changes which followed. 13. How did he live in Paris? 14. What was his ambition for himself and why did he fail to realize it?

CHAPTER XVII. MAURICE MAETERLINCK: "THE INTRUDER," "THE BLIND."

1. Who is Maeterlinck? 2. Why did "The Princess Maleine" call forth the comment "a greater than Shakespeare"? 3. How did this play indicate Maeterlinck's connection with the symbolists? 4. What other poets belonged to this group? 5. Define symbolism and naturalism. 6. What is the story of "The Intruder"? 7. What, according to Maeterlinck, are the three principal elements in literature? 8. What difficulties to the dramatist are presented by the third element? 9. How does the painter meet the same problem? 10. How does Maeterlinck explain his idea of dramatic dialogue? 11. What is the story of "The Blind"? 12. With what effective touches does Maeterlinck bring out the psychology of the characters in this play? 13. What human tragedy is suggested in his sketch "The Death of Tintagiles"? 14. How did Maeterlinck show pessimistic qualities in his earlier plays? 15. In what respect have his views widened in later years? 16. What is true of his essays?

CHAPTER XVIII. GERHARDT HAUPTMANN: "THE SUNKEN BELL."

1. What reaction from naturalistic art has been felt both in the drama and in general literature? 2. By what plays did Hauptmann carry out his theories of naturalistic art? 3. What was the effect upon Germany? 4. In what later play and how is the influence of Maeterlinck apparent? 5. What is the story of "The Sunken Bell"? 6. How does it differ from the old folk tales? 7. What do the various characters symbolize? 8. Who was Nietzsche? 9. Why does the play terminate unsatisfactorily? 10. What has Hauptmann produced since he wrote "The Sunken Bell"?

CHAPTER XIX. HERMANN SUDERMANN: "ES WAR."

1. What contrasts are exhibited between the plays of Hauptmann and Sudermann? 2. What plays of Sudermann show his highest development? 3. How do Sudermann's plays compare with his novels? 4. By what two writers was he influenced in the production of his novel "Es War"? 5. Upon what theme does the play lay emphasis? 6. Why does the hero find difficulty in holding to it consistently? 7. In what respects does he finally triumph?

CHAPTER XX. HENRIK IBSEN: "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

1. Through what struggles did Ibsen pass in the earlier stages of his career? 2. What events marked a turning point in his life? 3. At what time did he change from poetry to prose. 4. What

growing attitude toward life was expressed in his prose dramas? 5. Where are the scenes of these dramas laid? 6. Why did they command such widespread attention? 7. What effect did they produce in England? 8. How did the dramatic form of "A Doll's House" differ from the old type of play? 9. What differences in the stage setting? 10. How has Ibsen been unfairly judged? 11. What reasons can be urged for Ibsen's leaving the end of the play an open question?



Esperanto News

There will be no International Esperanto Congress in America in 1908. The Konstanta Komitato, that is to say, the Permanent Congress realized that a mistake had been made in trying to hold two International Congresses during the same year and asked the Spaniards to put off their Congress. They refused, then General Sebert asked America to postpone its Congress and the Esperanto Association of North America accented. This closes the incident.

The second National Congress of Esperantists will take place in Chautauqua from Aug. 9 to Aug. 14 and will mark a great advance upon the last Congress.

HOW TO FORM A CLUB.

There are a great many Esperantists who wish to do their share of the work which is so rapidly bringing Esperanto to the front, who wish to get in touch with other Esperantists and form a club in their own town, but do not know just how to set about it. For the benefit of such persons we intend to give a few suggestions.

There is not a town in the country of any size in which there are not at least a few Esperantists, as the subscription list of *Amerika Esperantisto* shows. In order to form a club, it is only necessary that these people get together.

Write an article for your newspaper, explaining Esperanto and its objects. Ask all interested to communicate with you for the purpose of forming an organization to boom Esperanto in your town. If you can't write it yourself, ask *Amerika Esperantisto* to furnish you with an article already prepared, or copy one from the *Bulletin*. Take it to your editor; he will be very willing to print it. You will be surprised at the number of answers you will receive, and it's ten to one that you will be able to form a good club and put your town where it belongs in the Esperanto movement.

Do it now!

A good example of the world-wide spread of Esperanto is seen in the fact that an Esperanto club, composed of Syrians, Arabs, and Egyptians, has been formed at Khartoum, Egypt, where only a few years ago the savage followers of the Mahdi held sway. A club of native Fijians at Levuka (Fiji Is.) is enthusiastically carrying on the propaganda of Esperanto. A missionary in South Africa is teaching the language to a class of thirty young Zulus.

The Esperanto Association of North America gained 270 members in the last month. This serves to show that Esperanto is gaining ground rapidly in the country. Since the cost is only 25 cents per year, everyone really interested in the success of our movement should become a member and thus contribute his mite towards carrying on the good work.

LA TUALETO. (*Daurigo.*)

Botelo da dentopulvoro estas sur la lavtableto. A bottle of toothpowder is on the washstand.

La infano prenas la botelon, The child takes the bottle,
li malŝraŭbas la ŝtopilon, he unscrews the stopper,
li malŝtopas la botelon, he uncorks the bottle,
kaj metas ŝtopilon kaj botelon sur laand puts bottle and stopper upon the
lavatableton apud la pelvon. washbowl.

Estas glaso sur la lavtableto. There is a glass on the washstand.
Li prenas la glason, He takes the glass,
li plenigas ĝin per akvo, he fills it with water, and puts the glass
kaj metas la glason sur la lavatableton. on the washstand.

Li prenas sian dentobroson, He takes his toothbrush,
li enmetas la broson en la akvon, he plunges the brush into the water,
li eltiras la broson el la akvo, he takes the brush out of the water,
li skuas la broson super la pelvo, he shakes the brush over the bowl,

Li prenas la botelon da dentopulvoro per He takes the bottle of toothpowder with
maldekstra mano, his left hand,
li levas la botelon, he lifts the bottle,
li renversas la botelon, he turns the bottle over,
li skuas la botelon, he shakes the bottle,
li faligas iomete da pulvoron sur la he makes a little toothpowder fall on
dentobroson, the toothbrush,
li remetlas la botelon sur la lavata-he puts the bottle back upon the wash-
bleton. stand.

Li subfleksas super la pelvo, He bends over the washbowl,
li malfermetas la lipojn, he parts his lips,
li kunpremas la dentojn, he closes his teeth,
li internigas la broson en la buŝon, he introduces the brush into his mouth,
lipurigas la dentojn, he cleans his teeth,
li eltiras la broson el la buŝon. he takes the brush out of his mouth.

li prenas la glason, He takes the glass,
li ĝin levas al siaj lipoj. he raises it to his lips
li prenas glutkvanton da akvo he takes a mouthful of water,
li lavetas la internon de la buŝo, he rinses the inside of his mouth,
li elsputas la akvon en la pelvon, he spits the water into the bowl,
li reprenas akvon en la buŝon, he again takes water into his mouth,
li gargaras, he gargles,
li refaras tion kelkfoje kaj metas glasonhe repeats that several times and puts
kaj broson sur la lavtableton. the glass and the brush upon the
washstand.

Li sekigas siajn lipojn, He dries his lips,
li purigas sian detobroson, he cleans his toothbrush,
li reŝtopas la botelon da dentopulvoro, he restops the bottle of tooth powder,
li malplenigas la pelvon, he empties the washbowl,
li metas ĉion en ĝian lokon, he puts everything in place,
kaj revenas al sia dormoĉambro. and goes back to his bedroom.

La infano trairas la ĉambron, The child crosses the room,
li iras al sia komodo, he goes to his bureau,

li prenas la du prenilojn de la tirkesto,	he takes both handles of the drawer,
li tiras la tirkeston,	he pulls the drawer,
la tirkesto cedas,	the drawer gives way,
la tirkesto glitas sur la gtililojn,	the drawer slides upon its runners,
la infano malfermas la tirkeston.	the child opens the drawer.

Li prenas puran ĉemizon,	He takes a clean shirt,
li refermas la tirkeston,	he closes the drawer again,
puŝante ĝin per genuo,	by pushing it with his knee,
li iras al sia lito,	he goes to his bed,
li metas la ĉemizon sur la liton,	he puts the shirt upon the bed,
li eltiras la pinglojn	he pulls out the pins
kiuj tenas la ĉemizon faldite,	which hold the shirt folded,
li malfaldas la ĉemizon,	he unfolds the shirt,
li prenas siajn ĉemizbutonojn,	he takes his studs,
li pasigas la ĉemizajn butonojn per la	he passes the studs through the but-
butonruojn.	tonholes.

Li lasas siajn ŝelkojn fali de sur siaj	He lets his suspenders fall from his
ŝultroj,	shoulders,
li malvestas sian noktan veston,	he takes off his night shirt,
li faras paketaĵon el ĝi,	he makes a bundle of it,
li jetas ĝin sur la liton.	he throws it upon the bed.

Li prenas la puran ĉemizon,	He takes his clean shirt,
li surmetas ĝin,	he puts it on,
li ordigas ĝin,	he arranges it,
li butonumas la ĉemizajn kolumon kaj	he buttons the neck and wristbands,
manumojn,	
kaj fine reordigas la ŝelokjn.	and finally readjusts his suspenders.

La infano prenas la koluman skatolon,	The child takes his collarbox,
li malfermas ĝin,	he opens it,
li elektas bonstatan kolumon,	he chooses a collar in good condition,
lie ĝin el la skatolo,	he takes it out of the box,
li refermas la skatolon,	he recloses the box,
li fleksebligas la butonruojn de la kol-	he limbers the buttonholes of the col-
umo.	lar.

Li prenas meze la kolumon,	He takes the collar by the middle,
li pasigas ĝin malantaŭ la kolon,	he passes it behind his neck,
li butonumas ĝin al la ĉemiza kolumo,	he buttons it to the collar of his shirt,
li butonumas unu ekstremon antaŭe,	he buttons one end in front,
li marforte tiras sur la alia ekstrema,	he pulls slightly upon the other end,
li butonumas la duan sur la unuan,	he buttons the second upon the first,
li ellasas la kolumon.	he lets go the collar.

Li prenas purajn manumojn,	He takes clean cuffs,
li almetas manumajn butonojn,	he puts on his cuffbuttons,
li fiksas la manumojn al la ĉemiza mani-	he fastens the cuffs to the shirtsleeves.
kojn.	

La infano prenas sian kravatton,	The child takes his necktie,
li sin direktas al la spegulo,	he goes to the looking-glass.
li haltigas antaŭ la spegulo,	he stops before the glass,
kaj la spegulo reflektas lian bildon.	and the glass reflects his image.

Li portas la kravaton al la kolo, He carries the necktie to his neck,
li pasigas la kravaton malantaŭ la kol-he passes the tie behind his collar,
umo,

li aranĝas ĝin en ĝian lokon, he adjusts it to its place,
li krucigas la kravaton, he crosses the tie,
li kunligas la kravaton, he ties the tie,
li kunpremas la banton, he tightens the knot,
li suprenpuŝas la banton ĝis la kolumo, he pushes the knot up to the collar.
li ellasas la kravaton. he lets go the tie.

Li regardas en la spegulon, He looks into the glass,
por vidi in order to see
se la kravato estas bone metita. if the tie is well put on.
La banto al li ne konvenas The knot does not suit him,
li defaras ĝin, he undoes it,
li penas fari alian banton. he tries another knot.

Li regardas ankoraŭ en la spegulon, He looks again into the glass,
lvidas ke, he sees that,
tiu banto estas tute malretka, this knot is all crooked,
li ne ŝatas tion he does not like that
tial ke li ne havas multe da paciencon, for he has not much patience,
tamen li persistas however he perseveres
kaj fine sukcesas. and finally succeeds.

Li prenas kravatpinglon, He takes a scarfpin,
li pikas ĝin en la kravaton, he sticks it into the tie,
li rigardas ankoraŭ he looks again
por vidi se in order to see if
tio al li iras bone, that becomes him,
li lasas la spegulon he leaves the glass
kaj fine sukcesas. and his image disappears from the glass.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Kiu vokas la infanon?—La servistino vokas la infanon.

Kie estas la infano?—La infano estas en sia dormoĉambro.

Kie estas la dormoĉambro de la infano?—Ĝi estas en la unua etaĝo.

Cu la servistino supreniras al la unua etaĝo?—Jes, ŝi supreniras tien.

Kien ŝi eniras?—Ŝi eniras en liun ĉambron.

Kial ŝi eniras en tiun ĉambron?—Por vekti la infanon.

Cu la infano ne vekigis mem?—Tute ne, li dormus ĝis tagmezo.

Cu la servistino iras al la fenestro?—Jes, ŝi iras tien.

Cu la kurtenoj estas malfermataj?—Ne, ili estas fermataj.

Kion faras la servistino?—Ŝi malfermas la kurtenojn.

Kial ŝi malfermas la kurtenojn?—Por enlasi la taglumon en la ĉambron.

Cu la servistino vokas la infanon?—Jes, ŝi lin vokas.

Cu la infano aŭdas ŝin? Ne lie ne aŭdas ŝin ĉar li dormas.

Kiel do (in what manner then) ŝi vekas la infanon? Alproksimigante a la lito, prenante lin per la ŝultro kaj skuante lin.

Cu la infano tuj vekigas kiam la servis ino lin skuas?—Ne, li nur ŝajnas vekigi.

Kion li faras?—Li malfermas la okulojn, oscedas kaj sin streĉas, sed remetinte kapon sur la kapkusenon li baldaŭ ekdormas de nove.

Ĉu la servistino lasas lin dormi?—Ne, ŝi lin skuas pli forte el la unua fojo.

Kiam vekigas la infano vere?—Kiam la servistino lin forte skuas.

For information about Esperanto write to Mr. B. Papot, 1038 Jackson Blv., Chicago, Ill.

Talk About Books

EDUCATION AND NATIONAL CHARACTER. By H. C. King, F. G. Peabody, Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, Shailer Mathews, and others, Chicago. Published by the Religious Education Association. Pp. 319.

The papers in this volume were read at the Fifth General Convention of the Religious Education Association, held at Washington, D. C., Feb. 11-13, 1908. These papers were selected from the large member presented at the Convention as being those most directly related to the theme of the Convention 'The Relation of Moral and Religious Education to the Life of the Nation.' As products of this organization they are naturally keen and liberal in their treatment of religion in its larger usefulness. They deal with the problems arising in social work in the large cities, in the college environment, in work among the negroes, in the public schools, in the Sunday School, and in the schools of theology. To anyone who is interested in contemporary problems of American life there are many contributions in this book to attract and hold the attention.

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN. By James O. Fagan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Pp. 181. \$1.00.

This is a most unusual book from a most unusual source. Mr. Fagan, a Scotchman fifty years of age, after experiences on the sea, in South America and in South Africa, came to America, and for the last twenty-seven years has been a railroad man, for twenty-two of them in the signal tower at Cambridge. He knows of railroad accidents and their causes, as a practical railroad man, and presents, in the chapters of this book a human document vivified by anecdotes and illustrations of the kind one does not forget. The articles have resulted in an invitation from President Eliot to lecture on Railroad-ing at Harvard University this winter, and have called forth from President Roosevelt and various railroad presidents and managers letters of high commendation. The thing is earnest, clear, direct, convincing, and is said to have done much already for further promoting progress toward an ideal relation between railroad operators and the employers.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND WHALERS. By John R. Spears.
The Macmillan Company: New York. Pp. 418. \$1.50.

This is the stuff of which literature is made; a comment by which no criticism of the book is intended, for it is frankly a chronicle and pretends only to present the raw materials of the subject. It carries the story from 1651—and the exploits of Samuel Mulford—to 1883, when the whale fishery fleet was of the greatest. While it is filled with exact information of the sort which the historian and the statistician enjoy, it also has many chapters which are exceedingly interesting on account of the live story of detailed adventure in the northern seas. Ten full page illustrations help to make the account vivid.

THROUGH THE GATES OF THE NETHERLANDS. By Mary E. Waller.
Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Pp. 337.

Of writing books of travel there seems no end, but the globe trotters narrative is often made presentable only by the pictures with which it is embellished. A book with a genuine style of its own, however, is like an impressionist picture,—you feel its atmosphere. Material facts of streets and houses and highways are transformed by an imaginative temperament into an enchanted country and even commonplace experiences of a "wholly domestic" sort take on an unwarranted gayety of their own. The author "Through the Gates of the Netherlands" could doubtless win friends for any land that she might describe and one who travels with her in the delectable volume will see the country in all its picturesqueness, getting vivid impressions and withal a sense of refined and joyous companionship, which is not the least of the pleasures of foreign travel. There is a fascinating quality about the book, whether it discusses the creaking, gyrating windmill in the "Don Quixote Country," glimpses for us the lights and shadows of Rembrandt's Amsterdam through its dusky and mysterious canals, takes us sight-seeing among the country folk, or leads us over the lonely dunes by the great gray sea. Quite in keeping with the simple binding of the book, enriched with the Netherlands Coat of Arms in red and gold, are the twenty artistic illustrations, which really illustrate, and make the volume especially acceptable as a gift book.

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No. 3.



THE sentencing of three labor leaders and officers of the American Federation of Labor to terms in jail for contempt of court was a startling surprise to the great majority of the people. Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell are highly respected and popular citizens, members of the National Civic Federation and prominent speakers at national gatherings and conferences on industrial and social questions. They are not "radical" reformers, but believers in trade union aims and trade union methods. Will they be sent to jail as lawbreakers and criminals? Are they guilty of deliberate, defiant resistance to court orders? Have they claimed inadmissible privileges which are denied to all other citizens, or have they merely exercised their legal rights?

The appeal that has been taken from the judgment of Judge Wright of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia will settle some, if not all, of the issues involved in this sensational case. It is likely that some of the issues will require legislative, not judicial, consideration and action—that is, that new laws and amendments of existing ones will prove to be necessary in the interest of labor and justice.

The facts of the case may be very briefly indicated. The American Federation of Labor, which claims a following of over a million unionists, had organized a boycott against a firm of stove manufacturers. The name of the firm had been placed on the "unfair list" of the Federation and its affiliated unions. The firm obtained in the equity court of the District of Columbia, the place of publication

elementary principles for the protection of the home are expected to be applied."

The newspapers are not asked to refrain from printing the news in any case, but merely to refrain from emphasizing and exploiting certain phases of life as they appear in criminal and degrading cases. The demand might well have been made stronger and broader, but possibly public opinion is not sufficiently aroused to encourage an effective campaign against the manufacturing of news, unnecessary invasions of privacy, misrepresentation and other vices that characterize certain sections of the press. The beginning is a modest one, and if advertisers and citizens of light and leading will lend the effort their support a great deal may be accomplished in a quiet way. The newspapers are in many respects so great and so valuable, and their progress in many directions has been so splendid, that there is little excuse for the sensationalism, vice-flaunting and "faking" that are still indulged in by many of them. And the further reforms that are desirable can be enforced by the more thoughtful of the readers and the more public-spirited of the advertisers.



Publicity and Railroad Control

The federal Supreme Court has decided, in the so-called Harriman cases, involving consolidations and purchase of railroad stock by other railroad stock, that the interstate commerce commission has but a limited power of investigation of individual officers or directors of carriers engaged in interstate trade. It may not enter upon "fishing" expeditions in order to bring out facts that may or may not bear on rate making or other functions and duties of carriers. It may not invade privacy where there is no necessity for the invasion, where no specific offense is alleged, and where the information sought would be inadmissible as evidence in any complaint before the commission.

This view considerably limits the power of the commission to prevent reckless financiering by railroads or the reaping of private gain from stock and bond deals ostensibly made in the interest of the railroads. The commissioners are inclined to believe that the work of control and regulation will not be seriously hampered by the decision, although they were distinctly surprised by it and although three dissenting justices declared emphatically that it changed the commerce act and restricted its scope and utility in a way never intended by Congress. Experience alone will determine whether the power of investigating individuals, in the absence of specific complaints of violation of the commerce law, is necessary to the work of the commission. If it be necessary Congress will doubtless amend the act and restore the power lost by the commission. Public policy, it would seem, demands the fullest publicity in railroad transactions, and if the law has not provided for it, an oversight has been committed.

This is the more apparent since the administration and President-elect Taft, as well as the progressive elements in Congress, favor legislation for the supervision of the issue of all railroad and common carrier securities by the commerce commission. A bill for such regulation, for the purpose of doing away with stock watering and juggling, with overvaluation and deception, has been introduced by Senator Dolliver, and the press generally indorses its principle. If securities of railroads ought not to be issued without official inquiry and permission, surely it is not unreasonable to ask that the supervising body be given power to obtain full information concerning stock deals by carriers, personal profit of officers from such deals, and the like.

The general feeling is that our entire railroad legislation needs revision. The railroads wish to be exempted from the operation of the anti-trust act and to be permitted to enter into traffic agreements subject to the approval of the commission. Many hold that they should be accorded this privilege, but that, in return, they should accept an en-

larged measure of control, both as to rate making and the issuing of securities. The new Congress will have the problem tolerably ripe for solution.



Conservation and the First Steps

Another congress has been held by the governors, legislators and citizens interested in the conservation of the nation's natural resources, and further discussion of the question has made the immediate needs as clear as the general policy of the movement has been. To conserve properly is to know the present condition of our natural growth, the dangers that threaten it, the wastes that need checking, and the proper safeguards that should be adopted. Accordingly an "inventory" of our natural resources has been decided upon and in part already made.

The reports of the investigators afford no ground for alarm, but they show the necessity of thrift and care nevertheless. The destruction of forests must be stopped; the mountain streams must be protected, the water power of the country prevented from falling under private or monopolistic control. There is appalling waste in mining, and neglect, or carelessness, or false economy, results in destructive forest fires. There is terrible waste of human life in all industries, and particularly in mining. All these things are integral parts of the conservation movement.

Closely connected with it is the problem of extending, improving and connecting our waterways. There has been much confusion in our river and harbor legislation, and no one denies that in spite of all legislative scrutiny millions have been annually "sunk" in unprofitable improvements. It has become necessary to elaborate a great plan of canal construction and river development, and nothing should be done save as it may fit in with the general plan. The lakes-to-gulf project of a ship canal has received an impetus from the action of Illinois approving a proposal to issue \$20,000,000 worth of state bonds for the extension of the Chi-

cago drainage canal. Other projects are under active discussion, and all must be treated as features of a systematic and national plan of waterway cultivation.

Such a plan implies a permanent body to pass on proposals and decide on the first steps to be taken in carrying it into effect. Congress is therefore urged to provide for a conservation commission of experts and to appropriate money for its ordinary and other expenses. Resolutions have also been passed in favor of a \$500,000,000 bond issue by the national government for canal and river improvement, but to this there is decided opposition. There are those who prefer annual appropriations for this work from the current revenues, but the chief objection to bond legislation is that it would be premature—that no plans have been formulated and few agree as to the immediate and wise use of such money.

The means will be provided in liberal measure when the time comes, and meanwhile, it is pointed out, Congress can help the movement by passing the pending forest reserve bill applicable to the White Mountains and the Appalachians, by creating the conservation commission and by postponing all river and harbor improvements that bear delay. And, in addition, anything that resists monopoly, encroachment on the national domain, grabbing of lands or timber, taken for conservation in the interest of the whole people.



"Genuine" Tariff Revision.

The great question before the country, the topic of animated discussion everywhere, is the character of the revision which the tariff law is likely to undergo next spring. When the Ways and Means Committee of the House opened its hearings there was much skepticism everywhere. The adverse utterances of certain "standpatters" abundantly justified that skepticism. It was asserted that the Dingley tariff was still satisfactory; that few changes were needed to adapt it to present industrial conditions; that too much tinkering would disturb business and retard the return of prosperity.

The first hearings were farcical from the viewpoint of the liberal revisionists, as most of the witnesses pleaded for higher duties and resented any suggestion of downward revision. The consumers were not represented, while some of the best known advocates of low rates did not wish to testify, saying it was all futile and ludicrous since there was no intention of permitting real revision in the interest of the people or of freer trade.

But latterly a change has come over the spirit of the whole situation. Genuine revision is now promised, and even the standpatters are supposed to have surrendered. Mr. Taft, the president-elect, in a series of notable speeches, has taken a strong hand in favor of thorough and honest revision. He favors proper protection, and even the raising of present rates where there is actual necessity for it; but in the main, he holds, rates should be lowered, for in many industries the need of artificial fostering has long since disappeared.

The schedules under special attack are those covering iron and steel products, hides, lumber, sugar, and several others. Many experts and manufacturers have flatly declared that there is no necessity for steel duties, and while they have been contradicted, the weight of the testimony is on their side. Again, the boot and shoe manufacturers disclaim any desire for protection, so long as they can obtain free raw material. Interesting controversies have grown out of these "radical" opinions, and coming as they do from supposed beneficiaries of high protection they are particularly surprising to the standpatters. The House committee is distinctly puzzled, and it is not probable that the reductions they will recommend will be drastic. It is considered reasonable enough to "err on the side of safety," provided the underlying principles of the revising process are clear and certain. Then, too, the task will be greatly complicated by the revenue situation. The deficit is still growing, and may exceed \$100,000,000 for the current fiscal year. Duties not needed for protection may in some cases—as in that of

sugar—be useful for revenue producing purposes. Usually lower duties mean increased revenue, but in some instances reductions might entail loss of income at a time when the national government is facing shortages and thinking hard of possible new taxes.

However, one lesson of the tariff hearings that several influential business organizations and leading newspapers have drawn and emphasized is likely to change our methods of tariff revision. The demand for an expert, permanent, nonpartisan, business commission to study schedules and duties, make inquiries abroad and at home, "scientifically" determine differences in labor cost and other elements of the problem, and to recommend from time to time modifications of the duties to Congress, is steadily growing. No delay is advocated as regards the next revision, but for the future, it is insisted, better and more trustworthy methods must be adopted. Political committees cannot get at the truth and are often misled by imposing tables and alleged evidence. Business men would not be easily misled, and their work would not alarm the manufacturers and merchants to the same extent as that of men who must think of elections and party interests. There is no reason why, under protection uniformly and scientifically applied, the liberal protectionists argue, revision talk should be disturbing and detrimental to business.



Will the Lords Reform Themselves

A select committee of the British House of Lords, of which ex-Premier Rosebery was chairman, has made a report on the question of upper-house reform. The report is timely, for the issue of "mending or ending the lords" is to be paramount in the next general election. This is the decision of the Liberal government and it is the result of recent political events.

The lords rejected the so-called licensing bill, the principal government measure of the late session. The bill was

a temperance measure essentially, and it was also designed to put an end to the vicious policy of recognizing vested rights in saloon licenses. It provided for increased regulation of the liquor traffic, local option, and the right, after a period of years, to vote saloons in or out at the will of the citizens. Under the pressure from special interests the lords killed this bill and bitterly offended the religious and temperance forces of the country.

Several other important liberal measures have been rejected by the lords since the return of that party to power, and the question whether an "irresponsible" chamber shall continue to veto legislation passed by a representative body in response to popular demands has once more assumed an acute form.

One section of the liberal party has favored a dissolution of parliament at this time and an appeal to the country. Premier Asquith has declared that such a course would confirm the claims of the lords and would necessitate frequent elections whenever the liberals were in power, as the lords are overwhelmingly conservative and intensely partisan, taking orders from the leader of the tory party and being incapable of rising to a level of independence and impartiality.

However, all agree that a general election is to be expected within a year or so, although the present parliament has four more years of life under the law. The government will soon present a "radical" budget, involving new taxes and higher burdens on certain existing sources of revenue, and this will arouse opposition in the lords. A radical franchise bill, abolishing plural voting, simplifying registration, conferring the parliamentary suffrage on women, and introducing other changes, will also be offered. This, too, will invite a veto from the lords, and it is highly probable that dissolution of parliament will be the liberal move in the event of such a veto.

The outcome of such a struggle no one can foretell. The lords affect great confidence, and profess to be carrying

out the popular will. The liberals, they say, have forfeited the confidence of the country, and it is idle for them to talk about "irresponsibility" of the upper-house, as that house is now in fact more responsive to or representative of public sentiment than the Commons. The by-elections, it is true, are still going anti-liberal, and the government has cause for apprehension. Though it cannot be blamed for all its failure, the fact that its record is rather barren militates against it nevertheless.

Meantime the lords admit that some reform of their chamber is advisable. The special committee referred to above would reduce the numerical strength of the chamber, introduce an elective element—the whole English peerage electing some 200 of their number to sit in parliament, just as the Irish and Scotch peers elect representative lords either for life or for the parliamentary term, and would give seats in the chamber to distinguished public servants like ex-premiers, ex-ministers, etc. These proposals have met with little favor among the liberals and radicals, the argument being that the changes would not affect the character or complexion of the lords and therefore would leave matters as they are as regards the prospects of liberal legislation. The tory organs regard the proposals as a great concession to democracy and progress. The lords as a body have not yet expressed themselves on the subject.



The First Ottoman Parliament

It was in July, 1908, that the amazing Turkish revolution—bloodless, yet singularly complete—took place. The young Turks, with their splendid organization among high and low army officers, secured control of affairs and compelled the sultan and his court clique to revive the constitution of 1876, summon a parliament, promulgate an election law and grant liberty to his subjects. Difficulties at once arose, domestic and external, and many doubted whether the parliament would ever meet. Had war broken

out in the Balkans the constitution might have been annulled a second time; but the ability and firmness, the genuine patriotism and sagacity of the Young Turk leaders proved equal to the sudden crisis and averted hostilities. The reform movement was checked for a time, but no reaction followed. The elections were postponed once, but in November and December the situation was sufficiently improved to warrant "going ahead," and the balloting proceeded in orderly fashion. Here and there complaints of interference, of gerrymandering, were made by non-Turks, but all admit that such cases were rare and inevitable. The election on the whole was fair and peaceful, and late in December the parliament assembled and was cordially addressed by the sultan. All the races and nationalities of the heterogeneous empire are represented in the popular chamber as well as in the appointive senate, and in picturesqueness the First Ottoman parliament of this generation does not yield even to the Russian duma.

Will the parliament live? Will the sultan be true and loyal to the constituents? Is the reform regime safe? Only the future can answer such questions as these. Mistakes will be made, differences and antagonisms will develop, racial and other problems will arise. But there is every reason to hope that Turkey will not revert to government by tyranny, corruption, espionage and plunder. The army is apparently on the side of the liberals, and the commercial classes have everything to gain and nothing to lose from a system of free and just government. The peasants and illiterate workmen may be ignorant and indifferent, but no real or permanent interest binds them to the old regime, and even if they remain benevolently neutral the cause of the reactionaries is lost. Only spies, official thieves, grafters and licensed plunderers and robbers can regret the disappearance of the autocratic regime.

The parliament has made an excellent impression and a good beginning. It has the approval and sympathy of the world. It has undertaken the settlement of the Balkan

problem in a spirit of justice and reason. It will endeavor to readjust taxation, finance and expenditures. It will promote popular education and honest industry. Its success will mean the advance and elevation of Turkey. Democracy the world over wishes it well.



Italy's Appalling Disaster

The earthquake in Sicily and Calabria was one of those overwhelming calamities which leave man stunned and speechless. It is impossible to reason or philosophize about convulsions and disturbances of nature. Arguments on the value of pain and evil as forms of discipline seem pointless and irrelevant at such times. The sudden destruction of tens or hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, of homes, churches, convents, ships, railroads, factories, stores, with the despair, anguish, misery that such destruction entails on the survivors and their kin and fellowmen, can enforce no moral to finite intelligence. We stand baffled and perplexed, and the only thing that is clear and certain is the practical, immediate duty of succor, relief, sympathy, helpfulness.

Humanity is happily always equal to its duty in such emergencies. There are inevitable delays, defects of organization, shortcomings, but the spirit is noble and worthy. The response to the need and cry of stricken Italy has been generous, and what can be done has been and is still being done to prevent starvation, illness and suffering.

The loss of life in the earthquake and tidal wave may never be accurately known. But the estimates are appalling and show the catastrophe to have been among the worst in recorded history. We still shudder at the accounts of the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum, but that calamity pales almost into insignificance beside this one of our own day. The affected area was singularly small—only a few square miles—but the fatalities were unprecedented. This was due largely to the extreme congestion of the area, especially in

the cities that were devastated and destroyed. In all probability Messina and Reggio will be rebuilt, as they have great natural advantages. The danger of earthquakes will, however, remain serious in that section, for these internal disturbances are the result of sea water reaching the zone of high temperature and becoming transformed into steam. There are "faults" or cracks in the earth's surface in many places, and until these are filled up quakes are inevitable from time to time. Humanity, through necessity largely, but also because of its courage and optimism and aversion to change, remains in areas subject to catastrophic visitations, and no thoughtful persons will advocate the abandonment of such rich fields and garden spots as are found in Sicily, and Calabria. After all, in the midst of life we are in death, always and everywhere.



Note and Comment

The International Prison Congress is coming to this country in 1910 and Secretary Root has asked Congress for \$50,000 to show the European delegates some of the things achieved in the United States in improved methods of dealing with crime. In the nearly forty years since the first congress met, the United States has made some interesting and important contributions to penological science. It has introduced the indeterminate sentence, developed a reformatory system for adults, shown through suspended sentence and probation the possibility of correcting many thousands of offenders without imprisonment. Finally, it has established children's courts, a Chicago idea which is rapidly spreading over the United States and Europe.

The program of questions for Washington, while dealing with matters of world-wide interest, will be especially attractive to Americans. A prominent feature will be the attention devoted to preventive and child-saving agencies.

Now that the United States has the coöperation of European governments in this congress, Secretary Root is seeking to secure the coöperation of the Central and South American republics.

This 1910 meeting will be the eighth since its organization in 1871, when Congress passed a resolution authorizing President Grant to send a commissioner abroad to secure the coöperation of European governments in the prevention and treatment of crime. E. C. Wines, the distinguished penologist, was appointed first commissioner from the United States. Since that first meeting in London, other congresses have met in Stockholm, Rome, St. Petersburg, Paris, Brussels, and Budapest. They have studied criminal law, environment, heredity, alcoholism, administration of courts, treatment of offenders, criminal labor, international comity, and international law.

CARL SCHURZ ON WAR.

In the last volume of Carl Schurz's reminiscences there is a dissertation on the alleged elevating influence of war which is abundantly sustained by reason and experience. It follows after a discussion of some of the incidents of Sherman's march to the sea, and a quotation from the general to the effect that if the best young men were incorporated in an army and sent to live in the enemy's country they would lose all principle and self-restraint.

Schurz, who saw much of war himself, commends the remark to those who speak of it as a great moral agency that kindles the noblest instincts and offsets the effects of a "vile, groveling materialism." He does not say that noble traits and a lofty heroism have failed to manifest themselves during war. That is beside the point. But he shows that the logic concerning the need of war to develop the traits and the heroism is contemptibly weak. The slaves of this "romantic fancy" will meet "one hundred men ready to storm a hostile battery, when they will meet only one with moral courage to stand up alone against the world." It is a mistake to suppose that bravery in battle is the highest bravery, and as for the "gross materialism" of peace it flourishes most luxuriantly when war has tilled the soil for it, when there are the greatest opportunities for capitalizing patriotism and exploiting the government for private gain.

Schurz does not argue that our civil war should never have been waged, but he asks very pertinently if the Union and emancipation would have been any the less valuable if they had been secured by peaceful means. He strikes hard at the confused reasoning and confounds the instrument with the object, and that seems to make the nobility of an act that is associated with war derive its character from war.

Peace abounds in examples of self-denial and sacrifice that require certainly all the fortitude that is exhibited in war without holding out the slightest prospect of glory and renown, and life would still call for all the sterling qualities of heart and soul if the last battle had been fought by armed men. It is clear also that the assumption of a necessary hostility between nations that must have its expression in war and keep us ever preparing for war is as weak as the logic to which we have referred. Given a proper tribunal with adequate powers, there is no international question that cannot be settled peacefully, and if the energy and enthusiasm that is devoted to military affairs were turned into other channels it would be far more profitable for the world in every sense of the word.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

* * * *

For the celebration next fall of the 300th anniversary of the exploration of the Hudson river by Henrik Hudson in 1609, the people of Holland, under royal patronage, will send to New York a reproduction of the *Half Moon* in which the original journey was made.

* * * *

Sunday, December 20, was observed in many churches in the United States as "Peace Sunday," in accordance with the recommendation originally made by the British Peace Society to churches of Great Britain for such observance each year on the Sunday preceding Christmas.



What is International Law?

By Dr. Henry Waide Rogers

Dean of Yale University Law School.

IT is highly desirable in a nation such as ours that the citizens should have a proper knowledge concerning International Law. Under a republican form of government the authorities of a nation are not much inclined to adopt a foreign policy, or a domestic one, which runs counter to the public opinion of the country as they understand it. Public opinion ought therefore to be in any nation, and particularly in a nation like ours, an intelligent opinion based upon a just conception of international rights and duties. Again and again it has happened that popular feeling based on entire misapprehension of the merits of a controversy has forced governments most unwillingly to enter upon wars which should never have occurred, and which never would have occurred if the people had had a true conception of the rights and duties of nations in their intercourse with each other. The people of the United States, in particular, should be encouraged to give attention to the study of International Law. Mr. Secretary Root has said that while it cannot be

*The first article of this series, "The European Equilibrium and the Peace of the World," by Victor S. Yarros, appeared in the September CHAUTAUQUAN; the second article, by the same author, "Danger Points About the Globe," in the October number. In November, "The Story of the Peace Movement," by Benjamin F. Trueblood; December, "Armies the Real Promoters of Peace," by Col. W. C. Church; January, "The Human Harvest," by David Starr Jordan; and "International Aspects of Socialism," by A. M. Simons.

expected that the whole body of any people will study International Law, yet a sufficient number can readily become sufficiently familiar with it to lead and form public opinion in every community in our country upon all important international questions as they arise. The number of those who can devote any large amount of time to a careful study of International Law must, in any community, necessarily continue to be small. But the number of those who can and should give some portion of their time to an intelligent study of the subject is not small. In every public library, even in our smallest communities, some book or books on International Law ought to be on the shelves. And intelligent men and women should not be content without some knowledge of a subject so interesting and important.

But the purpose of this article is not so much to emphasize the importance of International Law as to explain what the term International Law means. That, strange as it may appear to the casual reader, is a task of some difficulty. Scholars are not entirely agreed as to the answer to be given to the question, "What is International Law?" It is easy to say in a general way that the term International Law is used to denote the rules of conduct which modern civilized and sovereign states regard as obligatory on them in their relations with one another. But that would hardly be accepted as a satisfactory and sufficient explanation of the matter. The Lord Chief-Justice of England in a well known case, the *Franconia Case*, declared that International Law was nothing more nor less than the collection of usages which the civilized states had agreed to observe in their relations with one another. And in the *Fur Seal Arbitration* Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Chief-Justice of England, asserted that the law of nations incorporated many principles of ethics and of natural law, but that only such portions of ethics and of natural law as the nations agreed should be incorporated formed any part of that law. By the word "agreed," he explained, he did not mean that there was necessarily a formal, or express, or written agreement but only that an agreement had been manifested in any mode in

which it was possible for an agreement to be manifested, and that it might be manifested by acquiescence.

We shall, however, understand more clearly what International Law is if we consider

1. By whom International Law is Made.
2. To whom International Law is Applicable.
3. How International Law is Applied.

It may properly be remarked at the beginning of our consideration of the subject that the term International Law was proposed by Jeremy Bentham in 1780 as the most appropriate English designation of what had previously been known as the Law of Nations. This suggestion of Bentham's was received with general favor and has been adopted with practical unanimity by English speaking peoples.

By whom is International Law Made? The Constitution of the United States vests the law-making power of the National government in the Congress. Under the constitutions of the several states their respective legislatures have authority to enact laws which are binding within their respective boundaries. So the British Parliament can legislate for the British people, and the National Assembly for the people of France, and the *Bundesrath* and the *Reichstag* for the German Empire, and the *Cortes* for the people in Spain. But no one nation can enact a law which can bind another sovereign state and no international parliament exists with authority to enact laws which shall be equally binding upon all states.

The time was when Rome was mistress of the world. During the period that her domination continued there existed a power which was superior to that of all other states, and which determined what should be the relations to each other of the various political communities under the Roman rule. Disputes between states were then settled by appeals to Cæsar. After the Cæsars the Holy Roman Empire continued to determine international relations and to lay commands upon other states. The Papacy also came gradually to assert a similar prerogative. The pretended gift by Constantine of all the West to the Roman Pontiff consti-

tuted the basis of the claim that the Pope had a right "to give and to take away empires, kingdoms, principedoms, marquisates, duchies, countships, and the possessions of all men." With the coming of the Reformation the old order of things passed away and the nations ceased to recognize any common superior with a right to dictate commands to states which they are in duty bound to obey. Since the war with Spain it has become a common thing to say that the United States is now a world power. It is quite unnecessary to explain that it is not a world power in the sense that it has a right superior to that of other states to lay commands upon all nations or upon any other nation. It is a principle of modern International Law that all sovereign states are equal, and that no common superior exists.

This fact has led some publicists to deny that what is called International Law has any existence in the sense in which they understand the term law. John Austin and those who think with him conceive that laws are commands or rules of conduct laid down for the guidance of an intelligent being by an intelligent being *having power over him*. And as there is no nation which has power over all other nations there is no nation which can lay down commands or rules of conduct which other nations must obey. The limits of this article preclude any extended discussion of this phase of the subject. It must suffice to say that all juridical scholars do not accept Austin's definition of what law is. The latest writers insist that while there is no specially appointed and recognized international legislator nevertheless International Law *is* and has its being and is not improperly termed law.

The answer to the question "By whom is International Law Made?" is that there is no other author of the rules by which the relations of nations are regulated than the associated states themselves. No human power superior to them exists. As ex-Secretary Olney has said, "Rules upon which all states are united assume the shape of genuine international laws." The practically unanimous consent of civilized states is the basis of genuine International Law.

In the case of the Municipal Law of a particular state a statute may be enacted by a majority vote of the law-making body if it is approved by the executive. But very serious reasons exist which prevent International Law from being made by a majority of the states or even by two-thirds or three-quarters of them. A state may justly object to the determination of international rules by the action of any less than the whole number of states.

In view of what has just been said it seems incontrovertible that the Monroe Doctrine is no part of International Law. By that doctrine the United States has announced that "the American continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," and that our government will regard any attempt on the part of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." When in 1895 President Cleveland reasserted the Doctrine in the dispute with Great Britain over affairs in Venezuela the British Prime Minister was correct in declaring that the Monroe Doctrine did not embody any principle of International Law which "is founded on the general consent of nations," and that "no statesman, however eminent, and no nation, however powerful, are competent to insert into the code of International Law a novel principle which was never recognized before and which has not since been accepted by the government of any other country."

To whom is International Law Applicable? The Municipal Laws of any particular state are the rules of conduct which that particular state requires persons to observe who are within its territorial limits and subject to its jurisdiction. International Laws are rules of conduct which are applicable to sovereign states in their relations with each other. As individuals are members of a human society called a state, so civilized states are members of an international society, or International Circle, and together they constitute "the family of nations."

Publicists tell us that International Law as matter of scientific appreciation, resting upon Territorial Sovereignty, dates from the Peace of Westphalia, 1648. The original sphere of International Law was restricted therefore to the states which belonged to the new European system which that peace brought into being. President Woolsey in his treatise, which first appeared in 1860, defined International Law as "the aggregate of the rules which Christian States acknowledge as obligatory in their relation to each other, and to each other's subjects," and he went on to say that his definition could not be justly widened to include the law which governed Christian states in their intercourse with savage or half-civilized tribes, or even with nations on a higher level, but lying outside of their forms of civilization. And Hall, a leading English authority, says: "It is scarcely necessary to point out that as International Law is a product of the special civilization of modern Europe, and forms a highly artificial system of which the principles cannot be supposed to be understood or recognized by countries differently civilized, such states only can be presumed to be subject to it as are inheritors of that civilization." But other than Christian states are now recognized as members of the family of nations and as such are subjects of International Law. Turkey was so recognized in 1856, by the Treaty of Paris, and Japan and China have been since accorded a like recognition. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1870 said: "The full reciprocity, which, by the general rule of international law, prevails between Christian states in the exercise of jurisdiction over the subjects or citizens of each other in their respective territories, is not admitted between a Christian state and a Mohammedan state in the same circumstances."

The states which are subjects of International Law are sovereign states. No one of the states which compose the United States has under International Law a right to send or receive ambassadors or to make treaties, to declare war or make peace. All the foreign affairs of the United States must be conducted through the national government in

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which is vested the powers of external sovereignty. If a state desires to have intercourse with other states, International Law requires that there should be some authority within it capable of pledging it to a given course of conduct. International Law does not know the State of New York, or that of Pennsylvania, for no single state of the United States has any power in respect to external or foreign affairs.

How is International Law Applied? The Municipal Law of a particular state is applied by the courts of that state. But in the case of International Law there has been no International Court to which international disputes had to be or could be submitted. All such differences have had to be settled by negotiations conducted by the diplomatic officers of the respective states, and if they could not be settled in that way, then the matters in dispute have had to be settled by force or referred to arbitration. The First Hague Conference which assembled in 1899 provided for a Permanent Court at The Hague, but as the nations have not yet agreed upon a general treaty of obligatory arbitration, the provision that was thus made is little more than a method of referring matters to this "court" for arbitration when two disputing nations are disposed so to do. The Second Hague Conference which met in 1907 took steps which it is hoped will within a few years lead to the creation by the nations of a Court of Arbitral Justice which will be a real International Court. The Central American States at a conference held in Washington in 1907 established a Central American Court of Justice and the Central American States have bound themselves to submit to it "all controversies or questions which may arise among them, of whatever nature and no matter what their origin may be, in case the respective departments of foreign affairs should not have been able to reach an understanding." The contracting states have also formally bound themselves to obey, and compel to be obeyed the orders of the Court, furnishing all the assistance necessary for their fulfilment.

The fact that there has been no International Court to pass upon disputed questions of International Law and

no international authority invested with power to compel obedience to its rules, and no pains and penalties which the law imposed for its violation as in the case of Municipal Law, has furnished additional reasons to those previously mentioned in another connection as leading some writers to deny that International Law is entitled to be called *law*. In 1887 the Marquis of Salisbury, then British Premier, speaking in the House of Lords, said: "I think, my lords, we are misled in this matter by the facility with which we use the phrase International Law. International Law has not any existence in the sense in which the term *law* is usually understood. It depends upon the prejudices of writers of text-books. It can be enforced by no tribunal, and therefore to apply to it the phrase *law* is to some extent misleading." The limits assigned to this article do not permit us to enter into any extended discussion of this question. We must be content to say that there are after all real sanctions for the enforcement of International Law. Secretary Root has recently said: "A careful consideration of this question seems to lead to the conclusion that the difference between municipal and international law, in respect to existence of forces compelling obedience, is more apparent than real, and that there are sanctions for the enforcement of international law no less real and substantial than those which secure obedience to municipal law." It is quite true that there is no international sheriff, no policeman, no writ of execution, and that it is impossible to fine or imprison a nation or its officers for a violation of the rules of International Law. But it is well to remember that the force of law really lies for most people in the public opinion which prescribes it. Most men pay their debts and keep their contracts not thinking so much of the power of the sheriff and his writ of execution, as of the power of that public opinion which in every civilized community individuals are so unwilling to defy. Every civilized nation is sensitive to international public opinion, and is strongly inclined to pay deference to it and not to deny it. No civilized nation wishes to bring down upon itself the

world's condemnation, and it is as true of nations as of individuals that non-conformity to public opinion is inevitably followed by injury. The sanction of International Law thus lies in the power of international public opinion. During the nineteenth century there were many international arbitrations and there was but one instance in which any difficulty occurred over a compliance with the award. And that was a case in which the arbitrator had exceeded the terms of the submission. The power of International Law is in the fact that it has behind it the public opinion of mankind. The framers of the Declaration of Independence thought that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" required them to declare the causes which impelled them to the separation. As the years advance the necessity of showing a decent respect to the opinions of mankind becomes more and not less obligatory upon all the nations of the earth. *(For important additions to this article see Round Table page 426.)*

The Sanction of International Law

By the Hon. Elihu Root
Secretary of State.

ONE accustomed to the administration of municipal law who turns his attention for the first time to the discussion of practical questions arising between nations and dependent upon the rules of international law, must be struck by a difference between the two systems which materially affects the intellectual processes involved in every discussion, and which is apparently fundamental.

The proofs and arguments adduced by the municipal lawyer are addressed to the object of setting in motion certain legal machinery which will result in a judicial judgment to be enforced by the entire power of the state over litigants subject to its jurisdiction and control. Before him lies a clear, certain, definite conclusion of the controversy, and

*An address delivered before the American Society of International Law. Republished by permission of the American Branch of the Association for International Conciliation.



"Peace Spiking the Last Gun." From an allegorical painting.



"After War." From the Painting by Jan ten Kate in the International Museum of War and Peace, Lucerne.

for the finality and effectiveness of that conclusion the sheriff and the policeman stand always as guarantors in the last resort.

When the international lawyer, on the other hand, passes from that academic discussion in which he has no one to convince but himself, and proceeds to seek the establishment of rights or the redress of wrongs in a concrete case, he has apparently no objective point to which he can address his proofs or arguments, except the conscience and sense of justice of the opposing party to the controversy. In only rare, exceptional and peculiar cases, do the conclusions of the international lawyer, however clearly demonstrated, have behind them the compulsory effect of possible war. In the vast majority of practical questions arising under the rules of international law there does not appear on the surface to be any reason why either party should abandon its own contention or yield against its own interest to the arguments of the other side. The action of each

party in yielding or refusing to yield to the arguments of the other appears to be entirely dependent upon its own will and pleasure. This apparent absence of sanction for the enforcement of the rules of international law has led great authority to deny that those rules are entitled to be called law at all; and this apparent hopelessness of finality carries to the mind, which limits its consideration to the procedure in each particular case, a certain sense of futility of argument.

Nevertheless, all the foreign offices of the civilized world are continually discussing with each other questions of international law, both public and private, cheerfully and hopefully marshaling facts, furnishing evidence, presenting arguments and building up records, designed to show that the rules of international law require such and such things to be done or such and such things to be left undone. And in countless cases nations are yielding against their own apparent interests in the particular cases under discussion, in obedience to the rules which are shown to be applicable.

Why is it that nations are thus continually yielding to arguments with no apparent compulsion behind them, and before the force of such arguments abandoning purposes, modifying conduct, and giving redress for injuries? A careful consideration of this question seems to lead to the conclusion that the difference between municipal and international law, in respect of the existence of forces compelling obedience, is more apparent than real, and that there are sanctions for the enforcement of international law no less real and substantial than those which secure obedience to municipal law.

It is a mistake to assume that the sanction which secures obedience to the laws of the state consists exclusively or chiefly of the pains and penalties imposed by the law itself for its violation. It is only in exceptional cases that men refrain from crime through fear of fine or imprisonment. In the vast majority of cases men refrain from criminal conduct because they are unwilling to incur in the community in which they live the public condemnation and

obloquy which would follow a repudiation of the standard of conduct prescribed by that community for its members. As a rule, when the law is broken the disgrace which follows conviction and punishment is more terrible than the actual physical effect of imprisonment or deprivation of property. Where it happens that the law and public opinion point different ways, the latter is invariably the stronger. I have seen a lad grown up among New York toughs break down and weep because sent to a reformatory instead of being sentenced to a state's prison for a violation of law. The reformatory meant comparative ease, comfort, and opportunity for speedy return to entire freedom; the state's prison would have meant hard labor and long and severe confinement. Yet in his community of habitual criminals a term in state's prison was a proof of manhood and a title to distinction, while consignment to a reformatory was the treatment suited to immature boyhood. He preferred the punishment of manhood with what he deemed honor to the opportunity of youth with what he deemed disgrace. Not only is the effectiveness of the punishments pronounced by law against crime derived chiefly from the public opinion which accompanies them, but those punishments themselves are but one form of the expression of public opinion. Laws are capable of enforcement only so far as they are in agreement with the opinions of the community in which they are to be enforced. As opinion changes old laws become obsolete and new standards force their way into the statute books. Laws passed, as they sometimes are, in advance of public opinion ordinarily wait for their enforcement until the progress of opinion has reached recognition of their value. The force of law is in the public opinion which prescribes it.

The impulse of conformity to the standard of the community and the dread of its condemnation are reinforced by the practical considerations which determine success or failure in life. Conformity to the standard of business integrity which obtains in the community is necessary to business success. It is this consideration, far more frequently

than the thought of the sheriff with a writ of execution, that leads men to pay their debts and to keep their contracts. Social esteem and standing, power and high place in the profession, in public office, in all associated enterprises, depend upon conformity to the standards of conduct in the community. Loss of these is the most terrible penalty society can inflict. It is only for the occasional nonconformist that the sheriff and policeman are kept in reserve; and it is only because the nonconformists are occasional and comparatively few in number that the sheriff and policeman can have any effect at all. For the great mass of mankind, laws established by civil society are enforced directly by the power of public opinion, having, as the sanction for its judgments, the denial of nearly everything for which men strive in life.

The rules of international law are enforced by the same kind of sanction, less certain and peremptory but continually increasing in effectiveness of control. "A decent respect to the opinions of mankind" did not begin or end among nations with the American Declaration of Independence; but it is interesting that the first public national act in the New World should be an appeal to that universal international public opinion, the power and effectiveness of which the New World has done so much to promote.

In former times, each isolated nation, satisfied with its own opinion of itself and indifferent to the opinion of others, separated from all others by mutual ignorance and misjudgment, regarded only the physical power of other nations. Gibbon could say of the Byzantine Empire: "Alone in the universe, the self-satisfied pride of the Greeks was not disturbed by the comparison of foreign merit; and it is no wonder if they fainted in the race, since they had neither competitors to urge their speed nor judges to crown their victory." Now, however, there may be seen plainly the effects of a long-continued process which is breaking down the isolation of nations, permeating every country with better knowledge and understanding of every other country, spreading throughout the world a knowledge of each gov-

ernment's conduct to serve as a basis for criticism and judgment, and gradually creating a community of nations, in which standards of conduct are being established, and a world-wide public opinion is holding nations to conformity or condemning them for disregard of the established standards. The improved facilities for travel and transportation, the revival of colonization and the growth of colonies on a gigantic scale, the severance of the laborer from the soil, accomplished by cheap steamship and railway transportation and the emigration agent, the flow and return of millions of emigrants across national lines, the amazing development of telegraphy and of the press, conveying and spreading instant information of every interesting event that happens in regions however remote—all have played their part in this change.

Pari passu with the breaking down of isolation, that makes a common public opinion possible, the building up of standards of conduct is being accomplished by the formulation and establishment of rules that are being gradually taken out of the domain of discussion into that of general acceptance—a process in which the recent conferences at The Hague have played a great and honorable part. There is no civilized country now which is not sensitive to this general opinion, none that is willing to subject itself to the discredit of standing brutally on its power to deny to other countries the benefit of recognized rules of right conduct. The deference shown to this international public opinion is in due proportion to a nation's greatness and advance in civilization. The nearest approach to defiance will be found among the most isolated and least civilized of countries, whose ignorance of the world prevents the effect of the world's opinion; and in every such country internal disorder, oppression, poverty, and wretchedness mark the penalties which warn mankind that the laws established by civilization for the guidance of national conduct cannot be ignored with impunity.

National regard for international opinion is not caused by *amour propre* alone—not merely by desire for the ap-

proval and good opinion of mankind. Underlying the desire for approval and the aversion to general condemnation, with nations as with individuals, there is a deep sense of interest, based partly upon the knowledge that mankind backs its opinions by its conduct and that nonconformity to the standard of nations means condemnation and isolation, and partly upon the knowledge that in the give and take of international affairs it is better for every nation to secure the protection of the law by complying with it than to forfeit the law's benefits by ignoring it.

Beyond all this there is a consciousness that in the most important affairs of nations, in their political status, the success of their undertakings and their processes of development, there is an indefinite and almost mysterious influence exercised by the general opinion of the world regarding the nation's character and conduct. The greatest and strongest governments recognize this influence and act with reference to it. They dread the moral isolation created by general adverse opinion and the unfriendly feeling that accompanies it, and they desire general approval and the kindly feeling that goes with it.

This is quite independent of any calculation upon a physical enforcement of the opinion of others. It is difficult to say just why such opinion is of importance, because it is always difficult to analyze the action of moral forces; but it remains true and is universally recognized that the nation which has with it the moral force of the world's approval is strong, and the nation which rests under the world's condemnation is weak, however great its material power.

These are the considerations which determine the course of national conduct regarding the vast majority of questions to which are to be applied the rules of international law. The real sanction which enforces those rules is the injury which inevitably follows nonconformity to public opinion; while, for the occasional and violent or persistent law-breaker, there always stands behind discussion the ultimate possibility of war, as the sheriff and the policeman await

the occasional and comparatively rare violators of municipal law.

Of course, the force of public opinion can be brought to bear only upon comparatively simple questions and clearly ascertained and understood rights. Upon complicated or doubtful questions, as to which judgment is difficult, each party to the controversy can maintain its position of refusing to yield to the other's argument without incurring public condemnation. Upon this class of questions the growth of arbitration furnishes a new and additional opportunity for opinion to act; because, however complicated the question in dispute may be, the proposition that it should be submitted to an impartial tribunal is exceedingly simple, and the nation which refuses to submit a question properly the subject of arbitration naturally invites condemnation.

Manifestly, this power of international public opinion is exercised not so much by governments as by the people of each country whose opinions are interpreted in the press and determine the country's attitude towards the nation whose conduct is under consideration. International opinion is the consensus of individual opinion in the nations. The most certain way to promote obedience to the law of nations and substitute the power of opinion for the power of armies and navies is, on the one hand, to foster that "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" which found place in the great Declaration of 1776, and on the other hand, to spread among the people of every country a just appreciation of international rights and duties, and a knowledge of the principles and rules of international law to which national conduct ought to conform; so that the general opinion, whose approval or condemnation supplies the sanction for the law, may be sound and just and worthy of respect.



Part VI. Alkmaar, the Cheese Market---The Forbidden Kermis--- Hoorn---Enkhuyzen---The Island of Urk---Stavoren---Hindeloopen ---The Boer*

By George Wharton Edwards

OF course the great attraction of Alkmaar is its cheese market, at which 5,000,000 kilos of the commodity are sold yearly. Every Friday morning curiously shaped vehicles quite filled with yellow shiny cheeses are driven into town from all parts of the country round about. Contrary to our notion, these cheeses are not red, unless for export. The wagons are of light, varnished wood, high up above the wheels and painted bright blue inside. They are all headed for the market place, and the Weigh House. The Carillon is busily ringing out its sweet tones. The Wedding March from Lohengrin played upon these bells is a delight to the ear, and from the tower at intervals two little, mechanical, wooden horse-men charge each other to the notes of the mechanical trumpeter. The sight in the marketplace is most curious and unique, perhaps the most curious in all the Netherlands. There are huge heaps or mounds of cheeses which glow and glitter in the sunlight. Long lines of boats come in and discharge their cargos in

*Copyright 1908 by George Wharton Edwards. The series began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN.

turn before the painted and gilded Weigh House and the square is filled with buyers and sellers, shouting and getting in each other's way to such an extent that one wonders how they do any business. To the onlooker they seem to be shaking hands constantly, as if congratulating each other upon the amount of cheese in the marketplace. The peasants are tossing the cheeses down to the porters who are dressed in a kind of white canvas, and wear large, flat-brimmed hats of red or blue or yellow, as the case may be. They carry on small hand-barrows two or three hundred-weight of the yellow balls. They glide over the ground in a curious scuffling, shambling manner. There are scales scattered about, corresponding in color to the hats of the porters. The whole scene in fact, is a wild, kaleidoscopic revel of glaring colors. The bargaining presents a most peculiar ceremony. By dint of listening carefully, one hears a price named which is at once rejected by the other who seems to name his price, only to have it in turn, rejected, and after an interminable number of these rejections, the purchase is completed by both hands meeting with a quick sort of a slap and so the bargaining goes on until noon when a truce is declared. All adjourn to the little eating-places for dinner which is a most serious and formidable ceremony with them. Apart from this Alkmaar is not of very great interest. There is here a typical alms-house called in Dutch "De Oude mannen Enn-Oude vrouwen huis," with pretty, white walls and a picturesque tower. There is a picture of the siege of Alkmaar in the Museum, for this was the point of attack by the Duke of Alva after the conquest of Haarlem, when the citizens of Alkmaar defied him. Motley's vivid narrative describes how "The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on the 21st of August Don Frederick, appearing before the walls, proceeded formally to invest Alkmaar." In a few days this had been so thoroughly accomplished that in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city." The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand troops con-



Cheese Porters at the Cheese Market, Alkmaar.



Cheese Buyers in the Cheese Market, Alkmaar.



A Quiet Spot, Old Delft.



The Kermis.



Town Hall, Alkmaar.



Cattlemarket, Alkmaar.



St. Jan's, Hoorn.



The Weigh-house, Cheese Market, Alkmaar.



Canal in Alkmaar.



Fishing Boats in the Harbor of Hoorn.

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Mending Nets, Urk.



Admiral Tromp's Monument, Delft.



The Spaarne, Haarlem.



The Cathedral, Dordt.



Head Ornaments, Stavoren.



Headdress, Hindeloopen.



Holiday Costume, Friesland.



Peasant Type, Stavoren.



The Amsterdam Gate, Haarlem.



Leeuwarden.



Dutch Children, Island of Marken.



The Offer of Marriage.



The Sewing School.



On the Ice—Holland in Winter. Scene in Broek in Waterland.



Wealthy Farmer, Wife and Daughter, Hindeloopen.

stituted the besieging force. Within the city were a garrison of 800 soldiers, together with 1,300 burghers, capable of bearing arms. The rest of the population consisted of very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom about one-third were soldiers, to resist 16,000 regulars! On that bank and shoal says Motley, "the extreme edge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay." But after a heroic defence of seven weeks, the brave inhabitants triumphed; the siege was raised.

Here in August one of the famous trotting matches which attracts thousands from the country around is held in the park, and here one will have an unequaled opportunity for the study of North Holland manners and customs. *The Kermis* is now forbidden through most of the towns. But generally after harvest time it was celebrated, and the otherwise sleepy little town would rub its eyes, put on its best cap, and give itself over to a heavy sort of gaiety. The marketplace, generally so deserted and grass-grown, was then dotted with gorgeous booths, merry-go-rounds, and caravans, brilliant in tinsel and vermilion, the smoke from the lamps of which, for it is by night that the Kermis thrives, mounts high in the air to the tower. The groans and snarls of bag-pipes, the noisy rumble and discordant notes of large organs, the clash of cymbals, awaken the echoes of the marketplace to which the peasants are flocking from miles about, in high-waisted wagons, hay-cushioned, and drawn by huge, hollow-backed Flemish horses, bell-rigged, and brass-harnessed; in low two-wheeled carts, drawn by savage-looking yellow dogs, of non-descript breed; and in high polished and varnished "Tilburys," whose white, canvas hoods gleam in the soft light of evening. Still others are drawn by hardy-looking shaggy ponies. Some are entirely filled with rosy-cheeked, chattering girls from the farm clad in brilliant costumes and lace caps; some wagons are laden with sweet-smelling clover upon which is perched Mynheer and his comfortable-looking, shrewd-faced Vrouwe, who is generally the superintendent of the

farm, and to whom a silver gulden represents a good day's profit from cheese and butter; others are laden with thick-featured, phlegmatic, young men from the fields, who wear high-waisted jackets and wide leather belts clasped with huge, embossed, silver, circular buckles, each one smoking furiously. The roads leading into town are thronged also with long lines of the poorer peasants, men, women, and girls who own no conveyance of any sort, the laborers upon the roads and in the potato and beet fields, tanned a dark brown by the sun with hands thick and calloused by hard work. All these are bound for the town and the fleeting joys of the Kermis. From afar, the glare in the market-place can be seen and the massive Cathedral spire, aglow with lights. The noise of the peasants' wooden shoes upon the uneven stones is like the clattering of a giant mill-wheel, and they present a solid appearance like an army in motion. The air is filled with shouts and laughter, and now and then a company of girls who are arm in arm will break into song and not unmusically.

Although it is nine o'clock it is not yet dark, twilight lingers long in the low country, but high in the heavens a few stars show here and there and are reflected in the sluggish water of the canal, over the little bridge of which the peasants are now clattering noisily. Many children too are among the throng, queer-looking, old-faced children in short-waisted, brass-buttoned coats and skirts that spring voluminously from beneath their arm-pits and quite reach the ground; children to whom the sight of a real doll is a novelty and who, later on, are to sit at the long tables and drink huge mugs of foaming beer and consume piles of greasy waffles, the smell of which is nauseating at times; or who will stand open-mouthed and eager in long, struggling lines before the toy stands, their fingers itching to handle and caress the beautiful objects displayed, and who will eagerly hand up their scant coin to the jaded-looking woman who presides over the wheel of fortune, the prize of which is a sheet of paper containing as it may be, ten, twenty, or fifty little dabs of suspicious-looking, white sugar which they

lick off with delight. Whatever figure the brass arrow points out, that number of dabs is handed over to the winner.

In the square, one side of which is filled with tents and merry-go-rounds, the peasants struggle and push in a solid, evil-smelling mass, watching at one side the tumbling, wooden horses and lions upon which are straddled the peasants, screaming with delight to the blatant blare of heavy orchestrions, and upon the other side, the antics of a clown upon a barrel, his face whitened with chalk and a red spot upon either cheek, who rings a harsh-toned bell and roars out a coarse joke directed at the peasants, to which they respond with force. At intervals a couple of frowsy-looking women in soiled, pink tights, walk affectedly across the platform before the show-tent followed by a hideous dwarf who mouths and leers amid appreciative roars. Ordinarily the peasant is silent but upon these occasions makes up for his erstwhile taciturnity. Before another booth a hoarse-voiced showman roars out the attractions of the fat woman of incredible weight, becoming purple in the face in his simulated enthusiasm and frantically endeavors to coax the hard-earned "dubbeltje" from the phlegmatic, open-mouthed Mynheers. There is weight-lifting by champions and strong-lunged men, each surrounded by admiring crowds. At intervals small portions of colored fire are burned, now green, now red, lighting up the quaint gables of the houses and throwing complementary shadows of the poles, flags and people, magnified out of all proportion. In the cafés, dancing is being indulged in which becomes fast and furious as the night grows. The sanded floors are crowded with couples turning and twisting to the raucous tones of large orchestrions turned by jaded, heavy-looking men. Beer flows by the barrel and later on, a particularly evil sort of brandy made from potatoes which produces, sometimes, upon the peasant, a murderous frenzy. The police are everywhere, in and out of uniform, their watchful eyes taking in every movement of the crowd. The air is heavy with the fumes of tobacco and the smoke of oil lamps. Over head, the vast

square fabric of the tower rises majestically, its summit lost in the dark blue of the heavens, and even above the noise of the moving peasants, the hum of voices, the coaxing shouts of the showmen, the beating of drums, the blare of trumpets, and the countless, indescribable noises of a large crowd, there comes to one faintly from above the faint, mellow, jangle of the chimes, followed by the hollow boom of the big bell, striking twelve. The "Kermis" is well on. But there is another side to the Kermis, which is shown by the police records, and this I am compelled to say is the opposite to the picture which I have drawn. This is fraught with drunkenness and crime—even murder, and so the Kermis is now forbidden in the large cities, and only tolerated in the more remote communities, and even in these the church unites with the authorities in a careful watch over the peasantry, and the lines are more tightly drawn than formerly, when the predatory bands of foreigners, who accompanied the itinerant shows from town to town, were permitted to plunder the people at will. So in a few years at most the Kermis will be a custom of the past, known only in history.

Hoorn, is a most attractive little town, and its spires and tower appearing from the heavy masses of the trees, present a most beautiful picture. To see it in shadow against the warm, yellow sky at eventide and a big whitish dab of full moon rising behind a gable and a few velvety sailed fishing boats gliding by noiselessly while the peasants throng the coping at the harbor front, their red and blue waists reflected in the water, will give one great delight. It is said that Hoorn was named from the protecting mole at the harbor mouth and that the city was once very rich and great in the days of Tromp whose ships were from this port. Our own Cape Horn is its namesake, for it was Willem Schouten, its discoverer, who was a sailor from here. Van Diemen's Land was discovered by Abel Tasman and the country is now called for him, Tasmania, and it was Pieter Coen, whose statue may be seen here, who is said to have founded the Dutch East Indies. There is only one business day at Hoorn during the week and Thursday is the day. The

scene is a reproduction in miniature of the cheese market at Alkmaar. The streets are irregularly built and crowded with quaint architecture of three centuries ago. The tourist is an object of curiosity, but he will meet with great civility and often kindnesses. Admiral De Bossu surrendered here and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. He remained in prison three years. His goblet is preserved at Hoorn, his sword at Enkhuizen. At the corner of the "Grooteoost" one will be shown the houses from which the wives and families watched the great battle of Hoorn, and there is a bas-relief representation of the fight. Everything about Hoorn is particularly quaint, clean, and charming, the houses bending forward over the street and trimmed with black paint, and the whole effect against the thick trees indescribably mellow and rich in color. There is a fine museum and pictures of soldiers and burgomasters and a splendid portrait of De Ruyter by Bol, all shown smilingly by a nice girl in a most fascinating costume. From here we go to Enkhuizen which, by the way, need not detain us long, for we take here a little steamer to the Island of Urk.

The visitor to Urk will find it like a voyage to another country. It is a raised plateau above the surface of the shallow waters of the Zuider Zee, and the people are called Free Frisians. It seems to cower by itself behind its dykes but for which, one is assured, it would certainly be swept away. On a rainy day, it is the dreariest place that I have ever seen, and imprisoned in the small sitting-room of the inn, if it may be called such, one could only smoke, hug the fire of peat which burned most fragrantly upon the hearth, listen to the bubbling of the steaming kettle, and try to teach the starling in a wicker cage in the window a new whistling note or two, while the stolid Mynheers, drawn up on a bench opposite, smoking furiously, drank in every detail of my personal appearance. Outside the rain splashed dismally and an occasional peasant slopped by, his klompen sounding noisily. This was my first evening at Urk. The next day was much more amusing in the bright sunlight although I

spent a restless night in the bed built in the wall, to get into which I had to mount three steps and thence fall into a bottomless feathery abyss, which closed in upon me, and which I had to rearrange before I could rest upon it. Added to this, was a pattering noise made, I afterwards discovered, by fleas, who were performing acrobatics on a newspaper which I had left on the table. The proprietor in the morning gave me some powder to sprinkle about the bed and the floor which he said quieted "the little birds" as he called them and rendered them stupefied for the night! This operation has to be gone through with regularly in parts of the Netherlands. But the morning dawned bright and clear over Urk, and after a frugal breakfast, of eggs, several kinds of cheese and some hot tea, I sallied forth.

The streets of Urk are quite deserted save for a few women and children, the men being away with the fishing fleet. Those to be seen are mainly old ones who have practically retired from work and these, as I passed through the streets, invariably sallied forth, pipe in mouth, and their hands in their wide, breeched plackets, and, falling into line, stopping when I stopped, moving when I moved, followed me wherever I went, standing motionless when I paused to make a sketch, their heads moving in unison, and their eyes looking in vain search for what I sought in the prospect. The humor of the situation dawning upon me, I led them up one street and down another, walking now fast and now slow, and suddenly doubling upon my track to their confusion, but it did not feaze them in the least. Invariably they returned to the attack, escorting me finally in triumph back to the inn where they reseated themselves upon the long bench. This sort of amusement soon palled upon me, so I ordered beer for all of them and paid for it promptly. It was here that I made great fame for myself as a medical practitioner. I had a little case of homeopathic remedies for simple ailments and I ventured to prescribe for a slight, childish ailment from which the little daughter of a neighbor was suffering, and which produced the desired result, the child recovering during the night and being at

play in the morning when I came down to breakfast, to the manifest relief and delight of the mother, whose gratitude and enthusiasm could not be restrained, she insisting that I had saved her child's life. Thus my fame spread over Urk and when I returned from my work to dinner, found an array of patients awaiting me, to my discomfiture. So I fled from Urk by the afternoon boat with the grateful mothers waving me goodbye from the dyke, and with numerous presents of cake and sausage which they pressed upon me. The sausage was long and thin, bulbous in places and inclined to curl suggestively so that I surreptitiously threw it all overboard as Urk was fading in the distance.

The captain of the little boat is a genius in extracting guldens from the chance traveler. From a distance of considerably over 3,000 miles I salute him! On the upper deck of this boat near the wheel and in advance of the smoke stack is a small bench. The space for first-class passengers is at the stern of the boat, the peasants being supposed to go forward in the bow. I saw the deck-hand carry down some square blocks of coal-dust mixed with tar which he deposited at the door of the engine room. I had seated myself comfortably in the stern for the last glimpse of Urk, when there came vast volumes of black smoke from the stack and I was enveloped in a cloud of black smudges. The deck-hand invited me to mount the steps to the captain's bridge and I did so, taking a seat on the aforesaid bench before the smokestack, and in a few minutes the captain turned and said, "Tickets, please," and extorted from me an extra gulden for the "privilege" of sitting before the smokestack. It is not the amount but rather the skill of the extortion which interests one.

It is said that Stavoren was formerly so wealthy as a city and its inhabitants so opulent that the handles on their doors and the hinges of their windows were of beaten gold and very large in size. It was formerly the residence of the Frisian monarchs and was named from the god, Stavo. It is now silent and practically deserted and I presume I must relate the story of Guycciardini who informs us quaintly

that there was a certain rich widow who dwelt at Stavoren and who finally became so wealthy that she really knew not the sum total of her vast possessions. "This," says the writer, "produced in her, manners at once arrogant and petulant, and she treated all who came near her with great insolence." Loading a vessel for Dantzic, with all the commodities which the shopkeepers of Holland could find, she put it under the charge of her most skilful captain and commanded him to bring back to her the most exquisite, the rarest, the most useful and the most valuable article to be procured in the world. Not daring to question her further, the captain set sail and sold his cargo in foreign lands, searching in vain for the article which the widow desired but which she would not nominate. At length, after deep cogitation and many sleepless hours, the captain concluded that there was nothing in the world more valuable than wheat, so he loaded his ship with this and returned to Stavoren. When he appeared before the widow and delivered to her a sample of his cargo, she ordered the captain to throw the grain overboard into the harbor, and in her rage and disappointment, she ordered him from her presence and stripped him of his authority. The captain did as he was bid and the grain, taking root, a sand bank was formed at the entrance of the harbor which quite choked it up, preventing ships of any tonnage from entering, and the grass-grown sand bank which appears in front of the harbor is now known as the "Vrouwenzand."

My Dutch friend tells me that Hindeloopen means "stag hunt" and tells too that this is the headquarters for all the bric-a-brac dealers in the world, that it is here that all the spurious cradles, chairs, cupboards, gaily-painted "antique" sleds, and nearly all the modern Dutch silver are made in the little back streets. This may be so, I do not profess to know. I can only say I was filled with delight during my stay here, and that I left it with deep regret, and I have vivid recollections of beautiful interiors, lined with blue and white tiles, and filled with exquisite painted wood work and cabinets of wonderful carving, groaning with curios and

massive silver beaten vessels. I never have seen so many Delft plates, or so much beautiful, shining brass and copper anywhere else. There is a queer show room with wax figures, showing typical peasants of Hindeloopen and here one may see the Friesland women who are said to be the handsomest in the country. They wear a skull cap of solid gold, beaten gold. It fits over the whole head closely, and forms an heirloom, descending from mother to daughter for generations. It is covered with lace through which it gleams most attractively. This head dress had its origin, so it is said, when the favorite daughter of one of the early rulers of the free Frisians, suffering from an incurable skin disease, had the misfortune to lose her hair. Her father offered a large reward to anyone who could suggest an ornamental head covering which would enable her to appear to advantage before the court, and the cap which she wore and which was designed by a gold worker, found so much favor in all eyes, that it was adopted by the court ladies and then became part of the provincial costume. It is called in the language "Kapsel."

The Boer. I am told that the Dutch Boer or farmer has not changed in character within the last hundred years and that he is not discontented. We have seen him at the "Kermis" and in the sea-port towns, and perhaps we have in our minds a very good picture of him. We have seen him also in the cheese market, and we know that his cheese making and his farm is the object of his life, but it seems to me that the old Boer with his shaven, mahogany colored face and his bright, keen gray eyes, is certainly much more attractive than the younger ones. I have in mind one fine old fellow I fell in with, and with whom I became quite friendly, who was arrayed in a most picturesque costume. Calling one morning in a high-backed "tilbury" on his way from market, over a glass of foaming beer he invited me to inspect his "Spul" (that is to say, his farm plant). As we drove up to the house which was in the "Polders" in the midst of a flat country and backed by a beautiful clump of trees, he showed me his idols which were two score of clean

black and white cows, with large, full udders, a stable full of fine young horses, a "stive" full of the cleanest white pigs I have ever seen, a chicken and duck yard in immaculate order, a gorgeous pagoda, or summer house, painted green with a minaret surmounted by a gilded weather vane; a beautiful Sunday carriage for church going, in the form of a chaise, with golden wheels picked out with red and blue flowers, the property of his wife and daughters, and a dog house of large proportions mounted on a pivot, in the midst of a paved circle of brick, which he explained to me he had arranged so that the dog that was chained to the house could, when it so pleased him, drag it around on its pivot to face the sun in whatever direction it might be shining. The gardens were in "apple-pie" order. His pear trees were groaning with fruit, his straw ricks were numerous, and his sheep were scattered over the landscape as far as one could see. He was a typical specimen of the Boer, a man of some education, and of great native shrewdness, a member of the town council, or what we would call an alderman, and was worth, probably, in the neighborhood of half a million gulden. But he was a *Boer* as his father had been before him, and of this he was very proud, and a conservative, rooted adherence to the ways of his forefathers is the dominant keynote of his character.

I was most hospitably entertained and the prevailing bad times have certainly not yet penetrated this quaint land. I noted in the principal sitting-room that the walls seemed composed of closed paneled doors, and remarked upon this, when the Boer opened one of these panels, and showed me that the recess behind it contained a bed and that all these doors I saw were simply the entrances to the beds. They therefore all sleep in the one room, the Boer, his wife, son, and the three daughters. When they get into bed, they simply pull the doors to, and there without any ventilation whatever, save that which enters through the small, pierced hearts in the upper panel, they sleep "the sleep of sweet content." The Boer can and does rise to positions of high estate, but once and for all he remains, rich or poor, a peasant.

He is of sterling character, keenly intelligent, extremely bigoted, and withal, the vital strength of the Netherlands.

Passing through the country one sees on every hand droves of black and white cows, ample in size, generally clothed in a jacket, and almost invariably wearing ear-rings which are pieces of tin, stamped each with its registry number. I forgot to obtain one of these as a souvenir. These cows and the pigs are a familiar sight. Somewhere I have read of a character in the Netherlands who had amassed such a fortune from pork that whenever he met one of the beasts, he raised his hat politely. The town of Edam even displays upon its municipal arms the figure of a fine fat cow, and I saw upon one of the house fronts over the doorway of a rich retired Boer, who is said to have been a butcher, a pig carved in wood with a knife sticking through its throat. Thus was this man proud of his vocation. It is over the rich country called "Betuwe" (Goodland) on account of its fertility, that the Boer is seen in his glory. Surely there was never a more restful country. There are broad, grass-grown roads, considerably above the level of the belt of fields, and the rich cherry orchards and farm-steadings, and it is hard to understand that the safety of the whole countryside depends upon the watchful care of the dyke, standing so firmly underfoot. But with study and observation, we see that every point in the landscape is significant and that each building of the farms has its own scheme of protection and its own level, and also why the farms and villages in the "Binnenwaarden" hug so closely the protecting dyke. In the summer there is peace for the farmer, but in the late winter when the ice breaks up, and the river becomes a torrent beneath the ice, and the wind changes and the ice melts and the enormous blocks some sliding down, mounting the dyke, then it is that the watchmen cry out "D'r uut! D'r uut! De Waaol die kruut!" (Come out, come out, the wall is drifting) and so the country-side is warned of the danger to their property, if not to their lives, and gather in defence.



VI. The Landscape and Marine Painters*

By George Breed Zug

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JUST as we have noticed that while the Dutch genre painters were not the first artists to introduce scenes from everyday life into their paintings they were the very first to find in such domestic scenes a subject worthy in itself of artistic expression, so the landscape painters of Holland were not the first to paint landscapes, but they were the first group of artists devoted to the rendering of nature purely for its own sake. And though to say that Ruysdael and Hobbema painted beautiful landscapes may invite the remark that Leonardo and Raphael, Bellini and Titian did the same, yet certain characteristics of Dutch landscape painting of the seventeenth century make it seem, when compared with that of earlier schools, like a new art. To realize this one need only to notice some features common to the landscape art of Italy, France, and Flanders.

In the first place, landscape in all these schools serves only as an accessory, as a setting for human figures which always dominate the picture. For it is the human, or, more often, the religious element which is the leading motive to which landscape is always subordinate. In literature we find the same thing. In the older poets, Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton, the main theme is human or religious with only

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here and there a few magic lines of beautiful nature poetry that serve as a decorative background. Again the same is true of the great Flemish painter Rubens, one of the supreme masters of landscape art, as it is also of the Frenchman Nicholas Poussin (1603-1663) and Claude Lorraine (1600-1682). True, it is that in the works of these later men the figures are often smaller in proportion to the size of the whole canvas than in the old Italian pictures, thus giving to the landscape greater space, nevertheless, the dominant theme remains human or divine. It was, then, the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century who formed the first school of painters who took the canals and the dunes, the fields and the villages of their native land as themes worthy of a noble art. Another limitation of the early painters was elaboration of detail in their conscientious effort to reproduce nature in all truthfulness. Everyone remembers how such fifteenth century painters as Benozzo Gozzoli and Botticelli, because they knew that a tree was made up of a great number of leaves, felt that they must try to paint every one. Thus they painted what they knew, not what they actually saw, since what one sees when one looks at a tree as a whole, even if only at a short distance, is an irregular mass of various greens, shot through with light and shade. To reproduce the minute details of nature was the method of the earlier painters who, however, defeated their own end by confusing the eye and thus marring the general effect. Now the Dutch realized this and substituted for the laborious method of the primitives a broader treatment of nature; they painted trees as masses of foliage, and flowers as dots of brilliant color, with the result that they achieved a greater semblance of reality.

Still another characteristic of the landscape painting of the earlier men was a certain abstraction, or lack of concreteness, of definiteness. In the works of such primitive masters as Giotto and his followers of the fourteenth century Florence a tree is little more than a symbol; a stick with a dozen leaves at the top does duty for a whole forest. Even such later and more skilful masters as Claude Lorraine

in France and Gainsborough in eighteenth century England, represent what might be called the generic tree, something with a trunk and branches, which spreads its foliage aloft, but which cannot be recognized as of any particular species. How different is this from Corot's accurate portraits of willows, and Rousseau's realistic rendering of oaks! And as the early painters thus lacked concreteness in their rendering of trees, so they show a want of definiteness in their representations of flowers and even of rocks and hills. Here again the Dutch made great advance in the care with which they produced careful portraits of the oaks, and poplars, and willows of their fields and their forests, and even the lilies and grasses of swamps and marshes.

Finally, there is a certain monotony or lack of variety in the work of any given painter of the early schools.* Fra Angelico always shows the same flower-strewn meadows; Botticelli and Lippi always similar views of the environs of Florence; Leonardo the same rocky background for his mysterious smiling faces; Perugino and Raphael invariably give the same Umbrian valleys with their fern-like trees against the sky. In other regards also there is both want of concreteness and lack of variety in the works of these early masters. In their landscapes there are no distinctions in regard to the time of the day, the season and the kind of weather. In all there is an even distribution of light over the whole canvas,—a kind of light which, it has been said, beats only in the studio. Moreover, these men were not successful in rendering the texture or surface appearance of things; the solidity of earth and rocks, the luminosity of atmosphere, the lightness of clouds, and the liquidity of water. Now just as the Dutchmen are vastly more concrete than their predecessors in nearly all regards, so they are infinitely more various, representing a great variety of subjects under still greater variations of atmosphere, of light and of weather. The painters of Holland, therefore, make long strides forward in the new importance that they give to landscape as a fitting theme for a nation's art; in their greater breadth of vision; in their greater truth to nat-

ural appearance; in their greater concreteness and definiteness; and in their presentation of nature in various moods.*

Little as we know about the lives of the figure painters, we have still less definite knowledge of the landscapists. In this regard Jakob Ruisdael, the greatest of the Dutch landscape artists, fares no better than the rest. No painted portrait, no description, no appreciation of his character as a man has come down to us. Short and simple is the story of his life so far as it is certainly known. He was the son of Isaak Ruisdael, a frame maker, and the nephew of Salomon Ruisdael, the landscape painter. He was born in Haarlem about 1628 and lived there until 1659 when he removed to Amsterdam. He belonged to the Mennonite Community, and in 1681 he was so reduced in circumstances that the "friends" of the faith petitioned the burgomeister of Haarlem for a place for him in the almshouse, and agreed to pay a sufficient sum for his care so that he should be no cost, but a source of profit to the institution. In a word, Ruisdael's life was one long struggle with poverty and he died in an almshouse when only a little over fifty years of age. To judge from his works he must have been a man of imagination and of intellect, and the possessor of a strong personality. From the internal evidence of his pictures we believe that he learned the elements of his art from his father and his uncle Salomon. It seems likely that he was influenced in later years by Allaert van Everdingen, who had visited the North, and "had brought a breath of Norway with its pines and tumbling waters, into the flats of Hol-

*The chief predecessors of the school of landscape painters of which Jakob Ruisdael and Hobbema were the leaders were Esaias van de Velde (born about 1590), Jan van Goyen (1596-1666), Jan Wynants (born about 1615), Salomon Ruisdael (born about 1600, the uncle of Jakob), Allaert van Everdingen (1612-1675), and Aert van der Neer (1604-1677). Of these the most distinguished was Jan van Goyen who is considered the first to have introduced that mode of treating nature which has been adopted by the great masters of the school. He is important not only for the beauty and truth of his paintings, but also for the influence he exerted over many other painters.

Reproductions of the work of many of these pioneers may be had in the University Prints. (See note on illustrations at the end of this article.)

land." However, the four or five hundred pictures by him that have come down to us tell better than words of his devotion to his art and to nature, to his industry, sincerity and high mindedness. It seems as if some of Ruysdael's earliest works were such distant views of his native town as "Haarlem from the Dunes of Overveen." He painted this subject more than twenty times, with ever varying effects of point of view, of lighting, and of shadow. This picture is a bird's-eye view taken from the dunes in the vicinity of Overveen, about a mile and a half from Haarlem. Fields and cottages occupy the foreground, while beyond a wide stretch of country, brightened here and there by gleams of sunlight, the town of Haarlem is visible with its red roofs, its windmills, and its church towers, all dominated by the great dark mass of the Groote Kerk, the church of St. Bavon. Over all, occupying two-thirds of the canvas, extends the vast gray sky, with its dull clouds showing occasional patches of pale blue. The reader should notice the cloud shadows in the foreground, which by contrast of their dark tone heighten the effect of the brighter sky. Notice too that in this picture the low horizon helps to give an impression of spaciousness and solemnity.

Another masterpiece representative of a whole group of similar pictures is the "View of the Rhine near Wyk-by-Duurstede." Eugène Fromentin, the greatest of all critics of Dutch painting, has more nearly than any other writer expressed in words the subtle charm of the painting.

"This picture," he writes, "would be better named The Wind-mill and under this title no one would be able to treat without disadvantage a subject which in the hands of Ruysdael has found its incomparable typical expression. On the right, terraced ground with trees and houses, and on the summit the black mill with wide-spread arms, rising high in the canvas; a palisade against which the water of the river softly undulates,—a sluggish water, soft and admirable; a little corner of a vague horizon, very slight and very firm, very pale and very distinct, on which rises the white sail of a boat,—a flat sail with no wind in its canvas, of a soft and perfectly exquisite value. Above it a wide sky loaded with clouds, with openings of pale blue, grey clouds scaling to the top of the canvas,—no light, so to speak, anywhere in this powerful tone, composed of dark browns and dark slate colors, but a single gleam in the middle of the picture, which comes from the far distance, like a smile, to



View on the Rhine near Wyk-by-Duurstede. By Jakob Ruysdael. In the Rijks Museum Amsterdam.



Wooded Landscape with Waterfall. By Jakob Ruisdael. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



An Oak Forest. By Jakob Ruysdael. In the Berlin Museum.
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.



*The Stormy Sea. By Jakob Ruisdael. In the Berlin Museum.
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.*



The Avenue, Middelharnis. By Hobbema. In the National Gallery, London.
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographische Company, New York.



The Beach at Scheveningen. By Adriaen van de Velde. In the Cassel Gallery.



The Cannon Shot. By Willem van de Velde, the Younger. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



*A Quiet Sea. By Jan van de Capelle. In the Berlin Gallery.
Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.*

illumine the disk of a cloud. It is a great square picture, *grave*, of extreme sonorousness in the lowest register. All Ruysdael is here,—his noble way of working, little charm, except by chance, a great attractiveness, an inwardness which is revealed little by little, accomplished science, very simple means. Imagine him in conformity with his painting, try to represent him to yourself beside his picture, and if I am not mistaken you will have the double and very harmonious image of an austere dreamer, of warm heart, and laconic and taciturn spirit.”*

“An Oak Forest” presents another of Ruysdael’s favorite themes. A similar picture in the St. Petersburg collection is called “The Swamp,” but this Berlin picture certainly does not represent a true swamp with stagnant water, but a woodland pool surrounded by trees. The great trunk of a dead beech shows its blanchéd bark white against the sombre oaks. To the right a distant hillside loses its outlines in vague mist. Very vigorous is the drawing of the rugged trees, very delicate and very true the representation of the quiet water, bordered with reeds and bright with the yellows, whites, and greens of the water lilies. How much truer and more real is this concrete delineation of nature than the beautiful abstractions of the Italians or the decorative dreams of Claude Lorraine. But it is a more rugged aspect of nature which the master most often repeats as in “The Wooded Landscape with Waterfall” in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. Similar representations of a mountain torrent dashing over a rocky bed can be found in more than a score of galleries in Europe and America. Some of these pictures present a more mountainous country than does our reproduction, but this picture contains the chief elements of the theme. In the middle distance, often on more rocky heights than here, a group of oaks or pines is outlined against the grey clouds; below the still dark waters of the quiet stream contrast with the foaming falls that dash between the bowlders of the foreground. In this picture the falls stretch almost across the picture, and in it there are miracles of blue-black water and of seething foam. Again there is the blanchéd trunk of a fallen tree; something this

*“The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland” by E. Fromentin. Translated by Mary E. Robbins. Pages 192-193.

painter uses frequently as the symbol of man's mortality. It is particularly in this kind of composition and in the use of this particular subject that Everdingen's influence is supposedly traced. But Ruisdael's treatment of the theme is so far superior to Everdingen's as to make it seem hardly probable that Ruisdael's knowledge of mountain scenery was all gained at second hand, for his rocks appear more solid, his water more liquid, and his verdure more natural.

As a marine painter Ruisdael is well represented in "The Stormy Sea" in the Berlin Gallery. In the foreground a vessel with red sails is bending before the breeze, while behind it a Dutch man-of-war has just fired a salute; far off on the horizon the towers and steeples of Amsterdam are dimly visible. Between the gathering storm clouds and the shadows of the foreground, a gleam of sunshine is struggling in faint gleams on the water of the middle distance, brightening the foam of the waves and making the dark clouds seem still darker. In picturing agitated waters and stormy skies Ruisdael excels even those painters who devoted themselves to marines, for they are fully successful only when rendering calm skies and quiet waters.

It should be noticed that each of the five Ruisdael pictures which have been chosen for comment is representative of a whole series of paintings. In addition to these he had other favorite themes, as the beach of Scheveningen, the quiet valley of the Rhine, the Dam and Fishmarket of Amsterdam, the canals, gates, and bridges of the same city. The tendency in Ruisdael to treat all his subjects in a way that connotes the ideas of solemnity and majesty has led to some adverse criticism, to charging the master with narrowness, and with monotony. But it is well to insist that this apparent monotony is part of the master's greatness, it is nothing less than the domination of his personality, the subjective element in his art, which makes his landscapes among the most modern and the most appealing works of the school.

If little is known of Jakob Ruisdael, still less definite information exists about the life and personality of his

great rival Meyndert Hobbema. Hobbema was born in 1638, probably at Amsterdam, although four other towns claim the honor of his birth. In 1668 he was married, and in 1709 he died in poverty at Amsterdam. In the year of his marriage he was appointed gauger of foreign liquids, which on their importation had to be remeasured according to Dutch standards. It is difficult to say whether it was, perhaps, due to a less impelling creative impulse than Ruisdael's, or to his occupation as gauger, that he was not nearly so productive as Ruisdael. Whatever the reason we have less than one-third as many paintings by Hobbema. Nor was he the only painter of his time who found it necessary to eke out the bare subsistence afforded by his art in other and more lucrative employment. Salomon Ruisdael was a frame maker, Jan Steen was a brewer and an inn keeper, van Goyen bought and sold house pictures, and tulips. Indeed, it is believed that he was more successful as a dealer in tulips than as a painter of pictures. Their countrymen, it seems, did not appreciate the beauties of nature as did the landscapists, for, while Dou, Mieris and others who depicted the infinitely small were able to sell their works at high prices and live in luxury, the best of the landscape men died in poverty. During their lifetime the masterpieces of Ruisdael and Hobbema sold for five and ten dollars apiece. And even fifty years ago a Hobbema went begging at thirty and forty dollars. But clearer ideas about the principles of landscape art together with the increased appreciation of English collectors in recent years have brought the value of Hobbema's best pictures up to over a thousand times their original price. Hobbema's range of subjects is more limited than Ruisdael's. He seems not to have possessed the romantic temperament of his rival which led the latter to seek subjects unusual to Holland, such as waterfalls, ruined castles, and mountain scenery. He remained at home in spirit as in reality, and was content to paint again and again a water mill at the edge of a village, or a group of quiet cottages. Much more than Ruisdael he favors a formal arrangement and a careful balance of parts. This is seen in

what is, perhaps, his most famous picture, "The Avenue, Middelharnis." Directly from the eye of the spectator a road bordered by tall poplars green and bushy only at the top, runs down the center of the picture to a village in the distance. A market garden in the lower right hand corner is balanced by a field to the left, and the trees and cottage on one side in the middle distance correspond to the trees and the church tower on the other side. The lines of the trees, of the roadway, and of the horizon all lead to the distant point, and together make a pattern which is one with the carefully arranged cloud masses in the sky. Thus an unambitious view is glorified by the painter's art and dignified by his formal arrangement. John C. Van Dyke says of this painting, that it would be almost a "perfect picture were it not for its slaty greys and mildewed greens." But from what has been proved of the changes in the pigments of these old masters it is clear we must be slow to condemn their color sense. No critic can say just what changes in color have taken place, and just how much gain or how much loss is due to the mellowing of time. Besides this balanced composition Hobbema often used the diagonal form of composition as seen in the "Watermill." Here, as in dozens of similar pictures, he divides the canvas into two triangles, the upper one being given to the light sky, and the lower to the cottage, the trees and the earth. It is easy to point out wherein the "Mill" differs from nature, the water seems to fall in too straight a sheet; the direction of the twigs and leaves seems to repeat itself, and the sunlight on grass and trees and figures seems at once too spotty and not quite true in color. But a painter's aim is not to furnish material for the geologist and the botanist, but to combine the details which he finds in nature into something based upon, yet different from, nature, into something that in color, form, and light and shade is a unified and beautiful whole.

Another and less formal phase of our painter's work is represented by "The Village Street." The little painting, which is only a few inches in height, seems filled with afternoon sunlight, the effect of which is emphasized by the

shadows on the road and the darks of the trees. One is here so charmed by the spirit of quietude and peace, that one does not object to the slight olive tint of the greens. The marvel is, not that there may have been changes in colors, but rather that the changes have been so slight that after nearly two centuries and a half we still get the impression of sunlight flooding the quiet street, the cottages, and the trees with its softened yellow light. Hobbema and his contemporaries have taught later artists many a lesson in the art of landscape painting. They have shown how the effect of reality is gained, not by drawing infinite details, but by painting in masses. They have handed on to others the device of cloud shadows in the foreground to contrast with the brightness of the sky. Their pictures have been object lessons of careful arrangement, of skilful drawing, and of sincerity of purpose. And by the way in which Hobbema makes his sunlight flicker through the branches of the trees, and play upon the rocks and grass and tree trunks, he led Constable and Diaz and Rousseau to a similar treatment, and was thus responsible for the sparkle and play of light in the works of generations of later painters.

Adriaen van de Velde should be mentioned here as one who painted the figures into the landscapes of his more famous contemporaries, such as Ruisdael, Hobbema, and others. It was a very common thing for the seventeenth century Dutch landscapist to call to his aid an artist especially skilled in figure painting, and this may explain the occasional lack of harmony between figures and setting in certain pictures. But whether the figures be in or out of harmony, they are of such small proportions and of such mediocre execution that they count for little in the compositions which were painted wholly for the sake of the landscape. Adriaen van de Velde was, however, much more than an assistant to other artists; in his own right he was distinguished as an animal and landscape painter of no mean attainments; moreover, he was one of the best etchers of the Dutch school, as his twenty-six plates testify. Born in Amsterdam in 1635, he produced to the time of his death in

1672, at the age of thirty-seven, nearly two hundred paintings in addition to his etchings. In landscape he was a pupil of his father Willem van de Velde, the Elder, and of Jan Wynants. He studied figure painting with Wouverman, and animal painting with Paul Potter. Indeed he is frequently considered a follower of the latter, and as such might be discussed among the animal painters were it not for his figure painting and his series of pictures of the coast near Scheveningen. One of the best of these is the painting in Cassel here reproduced. The first impression of "The Beach of Scheveningen" is of the freshness and brightness of a sunny day by the sea. The sky seems to be luminous as in nature and to shed its light on the breaking waves, the shore, and to play upon the people. These figures cast natural shadows on the beach and reflections in the pools of water. One's eye wanders from the sky down to the ripples of the sea, and to the happy people on the beach, and returns gladly to the sky, for not only is it brighter than the skies of most Dutch paintings, but the clouds seem to be such evanescent, floating things as we know, the reflectors of brilliant daylight; they possess length, breadth, and thickness as well as lightness. They are as different as can be from the flat, pastboard clouds of many paintings old and new. In a word, van de Velde here stands one of the great tests of a good landscapist; he can paint that most difficult of subjects, the sky with its clouds and, moreover, he here gives some suggestion of the movement of the people, the waves, and the clouds. In fact this is an unusually bright and animated picture in a school whose landscapes are often dark and almost gloomy. Many people have the notion partly derived from the sombre tones in the landscapes of these Dutch painters that the skies in Holland are usually overcast and that the moisture laden atmosphere reduces the colors of nature almost to a monotone in grey. This is not true. There are misty and foggy days in Holland, but in summer the sun often shines brightly and the atmosphere is as luminous as in France, Germany, or England. The prevalence of sombreness in the pictures may be

partly explained by the artist's device of lowering the key of light in view of the limitations of his materials. These painters felt unequal to the reproduction with pigments of a radiantly sunny sky, and chose, therefore, grey days and cloudy skies as more possible of imitation. After having reduced the key of the sky they were compelled by the canons of artistic consistency to render the foreground still darker. Hence their dark foregrounds with cloud shadows are the result of a purely artistic convention that helped to keep the proper relation of lights and darks in a picture. Another reason for the darkness of many of the pictures lies in a custom prevalent among Dutch painters of the last half of the seventeenth century, the custom of first painting in a dark preparatory color and then superimposing the brighter colors. Time has, on thousands of canvases, brought up the undercolor and so darkened the entire canvas. Another consideration is the chemical changes in the pigments. Some greens change, under action of the oil, to browns. So we may conclude that the Dutchmen were not color blind. They must have seen that grass and trees are green, that tiled roofs are red, and they must have appreciated the brilliancy of sunlight, but the three causes indicated above have led to the prevailing dark tones. It might also be mentioned that many of these landscapes look dark and gloomy when seen across the gallery but show upon close inspection a gentle play of light and subtle variety of color.

The names of the chief marine painters are Willem van de Velde, Jan van de Capelle, Simon de Vlieger, Hendrik Dubbels, and Ludolf Backhuysen. The last has suffered the severest criticism from the pen of Ruskin, and he may deserve it, for his waves seem made of loaf sugar, and to be wholly without fluidity and movement. Moreover, he is an uneven painter, usually working below the level of his talent. De Vlieger is a better and more convincing painter and one of the best of the group. But, as Sir Walter Armstrong has said of them all, they seem "Never to have lighted on a formula—to put it so low—for the wetness, or the mass, or the

indifference or the chill, or the obedience to the moon and wind, of the sea." In fact the members of the group seem "to charm in proportion to the success with which they suppress the sea, as sea," and draw our attention to the fishermen bending over their nets, the picturesque ships, the brownish yellow sails, the smoke curling from a man-of-war, or to the beauty of the sky. We have chosen for reproduction two pictures by Willem van de Velde, the Younger, and by Jan van de Capelle which, with their quiet harmonies, represent this group at their best. The gentle ripples on the shore and the quiet waters are well suggested by van de Capelle's "Calm Sea." Willem van de Velde, the Younger (1633-1707), a brother of Adriaen, was, perhaps, the best known of all the marine painters. He executed many large pictures representing actions between the English and the Dutch fleets. These huge canvases are not, however, so successful as his smaller and simpler paintings, such as "The Cannon Shot," in which the drooping sails, the clouds of smoke, and the calm waters suggest the hush that follows the salute, the quiet after storm.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

For general works on Dutch painting see bibliography in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, September, 1908, page 83. Of all the books there mentioned the most helpful for the understanding of the landscape painters for this month and for the animal painters next month are those by Armstrong, by Fromentin, and by John C. Van Dyke ("Old Dutch and Flemish Masters").

Other references are as follows:

Masters in Art on Ruysdael, 20 cents (contains ten illustrations, text and bibliography).

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Greenshields, E. B.: *Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists*, New York, 1906. (Contains brief references to Ruysdael. This book will be especially useful in connection with the studies of modern Dutch painters in the articles for April and May.)

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Michel, E.: *Jacob von Ruysdael et les paysagistes de l'école de Haarlem*, Paris, 1890.

Michel, E.: *Hobbema et les paysagistes de son temps en Hollande*, Paris, 1890. (These are important books in French, by one of the leading critics in Europe.)

ILLUSTRATIONS.

As it is so important to use illustrations in connection with the study of art, the reader is reminded that not only Ruisdael and Hobbema, but many other landscape painters are represented in the University Prints. See note on illustrations in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, September, 1908, page 84. Original paintings by many of these artists may be seen in the Wilstack Collection, Philadelphia, and in the galleries of Boston, New York, Washington, and Chicago.

SEARCH AND REVIEW QUESTIONS ON REQUIRED READING WILL BE FOUND IN THE ROUND TABLE SECTION AT THE BACK OF THIS MAGAZINE.

(End of C. L. S. C. Required Reading, pages 322-389.)

The Progress of the German Woman

By Mary Alice Barrows

TO discuss with fairness the German women of today is an undertaking which would require much investigation and broad acquaintance within their various circles. Their characteristics and conditions vary so greatly with their rank and locality, that a general estimate seems almost impossible.

Certain qualities they have, however, seemingly "in the blood," else their development would scarcely have led to the conditions existing among the more advanced classes. As the eastern, western and southern woman of our own land, the business and society woman, the educated and the half educated or wholly untrained woman all differ in essentials in America, so the German woman is of different thought, purpose, and undertaking, according to her environment. The Berlin woman is a class apart, the peasant woman as much so. The Hanover and the Munich woman have each their distinguishing difference aside from their language, and the educated and uneducated divisions throughout are even less to be compared in Germany than in our own land.

But we may take them in general upon three different bases, and form an approximate idea of the purposes and

tendencies of the women of the land at present. They separate most comprehensively into official circles, educated circles, laboring circles.

The "official" circle, which of course does not exclude a certain proportion of the "educated," stands for the high social life. As the same scandal-breeding habits of thought and life exist among the four hundred of any country, so this class includes the choicely gowned and socially fast women. Their distinctive feature, as of the German rather than the American "high life," lies in the fact that their social value and influence rests in the rank of the husband, not in their own personality. The wife of the lesser officer must in all things show marked deference to the wife of the superior officer—and right there lies the one trait to be found throughout the land in nearly all its classes. It seems a demoralizing subserviency, it requires not wholesome respect and its symbols, but cringing self-belittlement to those women, not of higher worth, but of higher rank, the rank depending upon the title of the man she too nearly serves. For always the woman is subordinate to the man. The dawn of a new self respect is already spreading, however, and a movement towards a better proportioned relation is becoming fruitful among the more active circles.

There is, however, a softness of culture and thoroughness of intellect resultant from the education of these favored women, which untainted by the grossness and superficiality of their social intercourse, yields a very charming, thoroughly feminine woman. Dependence upon title makes them of necessity exclusive, their code of deference to superior officers tends to make them equally haughty toward those beneath them in rank. They are near enough the center of social illumination—the royal court—to make them a class to be considered above all else and all people. And since the awed public grant this foolish homage, theirs is a life rather too free from the restraining influence of personal criticism. The basis of office rather than personal attainment of character, has, it is plain, an unhealthy influence upon these women so delightfully educated in all things lit-

erary or of the art world, so deplorably undeveloped in independent thought and generous regarding of one's fellow men.

And that is much the criticism to be made throughout, in the educational provisions for the women of Germany. From childhood on, their education is almost exclusively literary and domestic. Until now there have been no mixed schools: the girls have been on one side of the fence, the boys on the other. The girls have been learning of literature, art, and the languages, and instructed in the things which fit them for eminently successful housekeepers. The boys, besides their literary studies have had their reasoning powers developed and been trained for practical, active life. It is interesting to observe that the usual German housewife understands her housekeeping according to the needs and appliances of the class in which she moves, in a way quite superior to the ordinary woman of America. She does not always understand the science of combining certain foods, but she nearly always knows and uses the right combination. And in various phases of her duties, the same traditional customs which she practises lead to really skilful home-making.

Trained from babyhood to believe the embellishments of life to be the peculiarly feminine inheritance, her best education has been giving her only her worthy accomplishments, in careful exclusion from the youth being much more broadly educated on the other side of the wall. Could it well lead to any other condition than that of humble submission to the men of the land?

And that in its turn can scarcely do otherwise than foster the one life purpose for a girl—to find a man to marry. Not to find a good man to marry, not to found a home for the sake of that home, but to be known as "Mrs." instead of a "Miss." One noticeable indication of this can be seen in the modes of dress. The tendency is too much to dress to please the fancy of the men, regardless of real taste or personal adaptation. Of course in every land the young girl hopes to win the approval of the young men in her attire, and is much influenced by that desire, but the

wish has become a motive in too many cases in Germany. Personality expressed in tasteful dress has too often yielded to unsuitable adornment meant to please the eye of the all-powerful men. Just now, the "reform dress" is the badge of independence. Cut wholly without regard to its effect upon the eye, it is a very comfortable, but equally ugly, form of dress. The woman who is following her own interests without desire for marriage, very often adopts this dress! Could anything be much more significant? It seems to speak too plainly the fact that the idea in tasteful dress is not to make one's presence pleasing, one's personality attractive, but to win the approval of the men. If no husband is desired, why dress becomingly? Suicide also tells its pitiful tale. The rate of suicide is very high, and in the majority of cases the cause is found to be despondency over marriage,—not altogether love trouble, but a disappointment from one cause or another, in a hope of marriage. And this is not strange when one catches its significance. A "Miss" has until recently been cruelly unprotected and ill treated after her early womanhood is reached. In no way trained, either in thought or purpose, to take care of her own livelihood, she was in very trying conditions when she attempted to face her own problems. Naturally then, her first aim has been to get married some way, to any sort of a man, so long as he was not below her in station.

Happily for both woman and man, that day has passed its noon. Women of Germany's educated classes are demanding other education, and are slowly gaining it. There is even a beginning in mixed schools, where boys and girls may learn together,—but that is very new, and frightens many good Germans very much! However, it is sure to gain ground eventually, if present progress on the part of the women continues. They are already demanding in their education a wider development of their reasoning powers, and some real insight into the problem of the outer world. Now they are reaching out for the means through which they may meet a newly enlarged idea of motherhood. And of course, with broader education, more of independent pur-

pose and less of unwomanly seeking for a marriage will result.

To meet socially, the woman of the "educated" class is quite a delight. Conservative in mind, her little manners and ideas of etiquette are very set and allow of small variation. But they are all pretty, graceful customs when not quaintly stiff. Her literary and art training coupled with her conversational ability, make her an interesting and often very charming companion, guest or hostess. One feels a difference in her favor when discussing certain subjects, but often becomes conscious of an impassable chasm caused by difference in conception and view point, when a topic requiring free investigation or unhampered judgment is ventured upon. If she can add breadth of view and independent study to her present intellectual acquirement, she will become a very fine type of woman. But before this can prevail, much of a certain narrow conservatism must be overcome, and her spirit must grow bolder, her purpose soar higher. She is often a real child in grasp while a woman of intellect. Rather the direct opposite to the American woman's tendency!

Among the less favored, the hard working class, conditions are distressing. Lack of opportunity goes hand in hand with lack of purpose. With no school training other than their mite of thorough elementary and domestic instruction, they are struggling with poverty in a world whose every gift must come from the men, who in all things have right of way. It is a dreary prospect for a young girl who wishes to protect her womanhood and cherish her self respect. Little is open to her beyond very poorly paid hard work, unless she be the favored of some more or less condescending man. As men's earnings are also meager, prohibiting any justifiable marriage in most cases, the girls who marry at all comfortably are very fortunate.

Ignorance seldom discerns, and naturally the prevailing thought of the girl is "marry." This idea, over-developed among the educated people leads of course to error, but made the only hope of endurable existence among unthink-

ing classes, it becomes most deplorable and a serious destructive influence in their chance for betterment. In a small town with healthy influences, the girl grows to the wholly purposeless, submissive, gentle woman. But in the cities! In Berlin a girl born to the life of a clerk or its like, has to yield almost her very youth to keep her ideal and often, her honor. For there are few friends for her. She who has other ambitions than that of chance acquaintances and happy patronage from the men, stands pitifully alone. It is so in all lands, but exaggerated by the slowly yielding class distinction in Germany.

To be born into a family of good standing and sufficient means in Germany today, means for the girl the opportunity to become a very fine, though still a somewhat restricted, woman. A culture of taste, feeling and manner to be envied by any land, are open to her. And slowly, too, a broader independence is becoming her birthright. But to be born the daughter of a laborer or small merchant her chance lies largely in her luck in marrying! She cannot resort to teaching small schools, for such positions are not easy to attain. Yielding only a meager salary, they demand a high degree of preparation involving both time and expense which the average girl cannot afford. So that chance is open only to the very fortunate and exceptionally able ones among them. This is good for the schools, but hard upon the salary seekers. In Berlin, her lot is hard, and her choice lies between her honor and a reasonable share of the pleasure of her own class.

So a summary of the circumstances of the women of Germany cannot easily be given briefly and with justice. But that in all their circles their life has been too confined and and that their better women are now demanding better things, we may say without hesitation; and, too, that they are today a very delightful class of women in their homes, and will undoubtedly become a preëminently fine class of women when the present movement toward expansion has had time to yield its results.

Famous European Short Stories

Tatyana Borissovna and Her Nephew*

By Ivan Turgenev

GIVE me your hand, gentle reader, and come along with me. It is glorious weather; there is a tender blue in the May sky; the smooth young leaves of the willows glisten as though they had been polished; the wide even road is all covered with that delicate grass with the little reddish stalk that the sheep are so fond of nibbling; to the right and left, over the long sloping hillside, the green rye is softly waving; the shadows of small clouds glide in thin long streaks over it. In the distance is the dark mass of forests, the glitter of ponds, yellow patches of village; larks in hundreds are soaring, singing, falling headlong with outstretched necks, hopping about the clods; the crows on the highroad stand still, look at you, peck at the earth, let you drive close up, and with two hops lazily move aside. On a hill beyond a ravine a peasant is plowing; a piebald colt, with a cropped tail and ruffled mane, is running on unsteady legs after its mother; its shrill whinnying reaches us. We drive on into the birch wood, and drink in the strong, sweet, fresh fragrance. Here we are at the boundaries. The coachman gets down; the horses snort; the trace-horses look round; the center horse in the shafts switches his tail, and turns his head up towards the wooden yoke above it . . . the great gate opens creaking; the coachman seats himself . . . Drive on! the village is before us. Passing five homesteads, and turning off to the right, we drop down into a hollow and drive along a dyke, the farther side of a small pond; behind the round tops of the lilacs and apple-trees a wooden roof, once red, with two chimneys, comes into sight; the coachman keeps along the hedges to the left, and to the spasmodic and drowsy baying of three pug dogs he drives through the wide open gates, whisks smartly round the broad courtyard past the stable and the barn, gallantly salutes the old housekeeper,

*Reprinted from "A Sportsman's Sketches" by Ivan Turgenev, through the permission and courtesy of the publishers, The Macmillan Co.

who is stepping sideways over the high lintel in the open doorway of the storehouse, and pulls up at last before the steps of a dark house with light windows. . . . We are at Tatyana Borissovna's. And here she is herself opening the window and nodding at us. . . . "Good day, Ma'am!"

Tatyana Borissovna is a woman of fifty, with large prominent grey eyes, rather broad nose, rosy cheeks and a double chin. Her face is brimming over with friendliness and kindness. She was once married, but was soon left a widow. Tatyana Borissovna is a very remarkable woman. She lives on her little property, never leaving it, mixes very little with her neighbors, sees and likes none but young people. She was the daughter of very poor landowners, and received no education; in other words, she does not know French; she has never been in Moscow—and in spite of all these defects, she is so good and simple in her manners, so broad in her sympathies and ideas, so little infected with the ordinary prejudices of country ladies of small means, that one positively cannot help marvelling at her. . . . Indeed, a woman who lives all the year round in the country and does not talk scandal, nor whine, nor curtsy, is never flurried, nor depressed, nor in a flutter of curiosity, is a real marvel! She usually wears a grey taffeta gown and a white cap with lilac streamers; she is fond of good cheer, but not to excess; all the preserving, pickling, salting she leaves to her housekeeper. "What does she do all day long?" you ask . . . "Does she read?" No, she doesn't read, and, to tell the truth, books are not written for her. . . . If there are no visitors with her, Tatyana Borissovna sits by herself at the window knitting a stocking in winter; in summer time she is in the garden, planting and watering her flowers, playing for hours together with her cats, or feeding her doves. . . . She does not take much part in the management of her estate. But if a visitor pays her a call—some young neighbor whom she likes—Tatyana Borissovna is all life directly; she makes him sit down, pours him out some tea, listens to his chat, laughs, sometimes pats his cheek, but says little herself; in

trouble or sorrow she comforts and gives good advice. How many people have confided their family secrets and the griefs of their hearts to her, and have wept over her hands! At times she sits opposite her visitor, leaning lightly on her elbow, and looks with such sympathy into his face, smiles so affectionately, that he cannot help feeling: "What a dear, good woman you are, Tatyana Borissovna! Let me tell you what is in my heart." One feels happy and warm in her small snug rooms; in her house it is always, so to speak, fine weather. Tatyana Borissovna is a wonderful woman, but no one wonders at her; her sound good sense, her breadth and firmness, her warm sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others—in a word, all her qualities are so innate in her; they are no trouble, no effort, to her. . . . One cannot fancy her otherwise, and so one feels no need to thank her. She is particularly fond of watching the pranks and follies of young people; she folds her hands over her bosom, throws back her head, then all of a sudden she heaves a sigh, and says, "Ah, my children, my children!" . . . Sometimes one longs to go up to her, take hold of her hands and say: "Let me tell you, Tatyana Borissovna, you don't know your own value; for all your simplicity and lack of learning, you're an extraordinary creature!" Her very name has a sweet familiar ring; one is glad to utter it; it calls up a kindly smile at once. How often, for instance, have I chanced to ask a peasant: "Tell me, my friend, how am I to get to Gratchevka?" let us say. "Well, sir, you go on first to Vyazovoe, and from there to Tatyana Borissovna's, and from Tatyana Borissovna's anyone will show you the way." And at the name of Tatyana Borissovna the peasant wags his head in quite a special way. Her household is small, in accordance with her means. The house, the laundry, the stores and the kitchen, are in charge of the housekeeper, Agafya, once her nurse, a good-natured, tearful, toothless creature; she has under her two stalwart girls with stout crimson cheeks like Antonovsky apples. The duties of valet, steward, and waiter are filled by Policarp, an extraordinary old man of seventy, a queer fellow, full

of erudition, once a violinist and worshipper of Viotti, with a personal hostility to Napoleon, or, as he calls him, Bonaparty, and a passion for nightingales. He always keeps five or six of the latter in his room; in early spring he will sit for whole days together by the cage, waiting for the first trill, and when he hears it he covers his face with his hands, and moans, "Oh, piteous, piteous!" and sheds tears in floods. Policarp has, to help him, his grandson Vasya, a curly-headed, sharp-eyed boy of twelve; Policarp adores him, and grumbles at him from morning till night. He undertakes his education, too. "Vasya," he says, "say Bonaparty was a scoundrel." "And what'll you give me grandad?" "What'll I give you? . . . I'll give you nothing. . . . Why, what are you? Aren't you a Russian?" "I'm a Mtchanin, grandad; I was born in Mtchanin." "Oh, silly dunce; but where is Mtchanin?" "How can I tell?" "Mtchanin's in Russia, silly!" "Well, what then, if it is in Russia?" "What then? Why, his Highness the late Prince Mihalo Ilraionovitch Golenishtchev-Kutuzov-Smolensky, with God's aid, graciously drove Bonaparty out of the Russian territories. It's on that event the song was composed: 'Bonaparty's in no mood to dance, He's lost the garters he brought from France.' . . . Do you understand? he liberated your fatherland." "And what's that to do with me?" "Ah! you silly boy! Why, if his Highness Prince Mihalo Ilarionovitch hadn't driven out Bonaparty, some mounseer would have been beating you about the head with a stick this minute. He'd come up to you like this, and say: 'Koman voo porty voo?' and then a box on the ear!" "But I'd give him one in the belly with my fist." "But he'd go on: 'Bonzhur, Bonzhur, veny ici,' and then a cuff on the head." "And I'd give him one in his legs, his bandy legs." "You're quite right, their legs are bandy. . . . Well, but suppose he tied your hands?" "I wouldn't let him; I'd call Mihay the coachman to help me." "But, Vasya, suppose you weren't a match for the Frenchy even with Mihay?" "Not a match for him! See how strong Mihay is!" "Well, and what would you do with him?" "We'd get him on his back, we

would." "And he'd shout, 'Pardon, pardon, seevooplay!'" "We'd tell him, 'None of your seevooplays, you old Frenchy!'" "Bravo, Vasya! . . . Well, now then, shout, 'Bonaparty's a scoundrel!'" "But you must give me some sugar!" "You scamp!"

Of the neighboring ladies Tatyana Borissovna sees very little; they do not care about going to see her, and she does not know how to amuse them; the sound of their chatter sends her asleep; she starts, tries to keep her eyes open, and drops off again. Tatyana Borissovna is not fond of women as a rule. One of her friends, a good, harmless young man, had a sister, an old maid of thirty-eight and a half, a good natured creature, but exaggerated, affected, and enthusiastic. Her brother had often talked to her of their neighbor. One fine morning our old maid has her horse saddled, and, without a word to anyone, sallies off to Tatyana Borissovna's. In her long habit, a hat on her head, a green veil and floating curls, she went into the hall, and passing by the panic-stricken Vasya, who took her for a wood-witch, ran into the drawing-room. Tatyana Borissovna, scared, tried to rise, but her legs sank under her. "Tatyana Borissovna," began the visitor in a supplicating voice, "forgive my temerity; I am the sister of your friend, Alexy Nikolaevitch K——, and I have heard so much about you from him that I resolved to make your acquaintance." "Greatly honored," muttered the bewildered lady. The sister flung off her hat, shook her curls, seated herself near Tatyana Borissovna; took her by the hand. . . . "So this is she," she began in a pensive voice fraught with feeling: "this is that sweet clear, noble, holy being! This is she! that woman at once so simple and so deep! How glad I am! how glad I am! How we shall love each other! I can breathe easily at last. . . . I always fancied her just so," she added in a whisper, her eyes riveted on the eyes of Tatyana Borissovna. "You won't be angry with me, will you, my dear, kind friend?" "Really, I'm delighted! . . . Won't you have some tea?" The lady smiled patronizingly: "*Wie wahr, wie unreflectirt*," she murmured, as it were to herself. "Let me embrace you, my dear one!"

The old maid stayed three hours at Tatyana Borisovna's, never ceasing talking for an instant. She tried to explain to her new acquaintance all her own significance. Directly after the unexpected visitor had departed, the poor lady took a bath, drank some lime-flower water, and took to her bed. But the next day the old maid came back, stayed four hours, and left, promising to come to see Tatyana Borisovna every day. Her idea, please to observe, was to develop, to complete the education of so rich a nature, to use her own expression, and she would probably have really been the death of her, if she had not, in the first place, been utterly disillusioned as regards her brother's friend within a fortnight, and secondly, fallen in love with a young student on a visit in the neighborhood, with whom she at once rushed into a fervid and active correspondence; in her mis-sives she consecrated him, as the manner of such is, to a noble, holy life, offered herself wholly a sacrifice, asked only for the name of sister, launched into endless descriptions of nature, made allusions to Goethe, Schiller, Bettina and German philosophy, and drove the young man at last to the blackest desperation. But youth asserted itself: one fine morning he woke up with such a furious hatred for "his sister and best of friends" that he almost killed his valet in his passion, and was snappish for a long while after at the slightest allusion to elevated and disinterested passion. But from that time forth Tatyana Borisovna began to avoid all intimacy with ladies of the neighborhood more than ever.

Alas! nothing is lasting on this earth. All I have related as to the way of life of my kindhearted neighbor is a thing of the past; the peace that used to reign in her house has been destroyed for ever. For more than a year now there has been living with her a nephew, an artist from Petersburg. This is how it came about:

Eight years ago, there was living with Tatyana Borisovna a boy of twelve, an orphan, the son of her brother, Andryusha. Andryusha had large, clear, humid eyes, a tiny little mouth, a regular nose, and a fine lofty brow. He spoke in a low, sweet voice, was attentive and coaxing with

visitors, kissed his auntie's hand with an orphan's sensibility; and one hardly had time to show himself before he had put a chair for one. He had no mischievous tricks; he was never noisy; he would sit by himself in a corner with a book, and with such sedateness and propriety, never even leaning back in his chair. When a visitor came in Andryusha would get up, with a decorous smile and a flush; when the visitor went away he would sit down again, pull out of his pocket a brush and looking-glass, and brush his hair. From his earliest years he had shown a taste for drawing. Whenever he got hold of a piece of paper, he would ask Agafya the housekeeper for a pair of scissors at once, carefully cut a square piece out of the paper, trace a border round it and set to work; he would draw an eye with an immense pupil, or a Grecian nose, or a house with a chimney and smoke coming out of it in the shape of a corkscrew, a dog, *en face*, looking rather like a bench, or a tree with two pigeons on it, and would sign it: "Drawn by Andrei Byelovzorov, such a day in such a year, in the village of Maliya-Briki." He used to toil with special industry for a fortnight before Tatyana Borissovna's birthday; he was the first to present his congratulations and offer her a roll of paper tied up with a pink ribbon. Tatyana Borissovna would kiss her nephew and undo the knot; the roll was unfolded and presented to the inquisitive gaze of the spectator, a round boldly sketched temple in sepia, with columns and an altar in the center; on the altar lay a burning heart and a wreath, while above, on a curling scroll, was inscribed in legible characters: "To my aunt and benefactress, Tatyana Borissovna Bogdanov, from her dutiful and loving nephew, as a token of his deepest affection." Tatyana Borissovna would kiss him again and give him a silver rouble. She did not, though, feel any warm affection for him; Andryusha's fawning ways were not quite to her taste. Meanwhile, Andryusha was growing up; Tatyana Borissovna began to be anxious about his future. An unexpected incident solved the difficulty to her.

One day eight years ago she received a visit from a certain Mr. Benevolensky, Piotr Mihalitch, a college councillor with a decoration. Mr. Benevolensky had at one time held an official post in the nearest district town, and had been assiduous in his visits to Tatyana Borissovna; then he had moved to Petersburg, got into the ministry, and attained a rather important position, and on one of the numerous journeys he took in the discharge of his official duties, he remembered his old friend, and came back to see her, with the intention of taking a rest for two days from his official labors "in the bosom of the peace of nature." Tatyana Borissovna greeted him with her usual cordiality, and Mr. Benevolensky. . . . But before we proceed with the rest of the story, gentle reader, let us introduce you to this new personage.

Mr. Benevolensky was a stoutish man, of middle height and mild appearance, with little short legs and little fat hands; he wore a roomy and excessively spruce frock-coat, a high broad cravat, snow-white linen, a gold chain on his silk waistcoat, a gem-ring on his forefinger, and a white wig on his head; he spoke softly and persuasively, trod noiselessly, and had an amiable smile, an amiable look in his eyes, and an amiable way of settling his chin in his cravat; he was, in fact, an amiable person altogether. God had given him a heart, too, of the softest; he was easily moved to tears and to transports; moreover, he was all aglow with disinterested passion for art: disinterested it certainly was, for Mr. Benevolensky, if the truth must be told, knew absolutely nothing about art. One is set wondering, indeed, whence, by virtue of what mysterious uncomprehended forces, this passion had come upon him. He was, to all appearance, a practical, even prosaic person . . . however, we have a good many people of the same sort among us in Russia.

Their devotion to art and artists produces in these people an inexpressible mawkishness; it is distressing to have to do with them and to talk to them; they are perfect logs smeared with honey. They never, for instance, call Raphael,

Raphael, or Correggio, Correggio; "the divine Sanzio, the incomparable di Allegri," they murmur, and always with the broadest vowels. Every pretentious, conceited, home-bred mediocrity they hail as a genius: "the blue sky of Italy," "the lemons of the South," "the balmy breezes of the banks of the Brenta," are forever on their lips. "Ah, Vasya, Vasya," or "Oh, Sasha, Sasha," they say to one another with deep feeling "we must away to the South. . . . we are Greeks in soul—ancient Greeks." One may observe them at exhibitions before the works of some Russian painters (these gentlemen, it should be noted, are, for the most part, passionate patriots). First they step back a couple of paces, and throw back their heads; then they go up to the picture again; their eyes are suffused with an oily moisture. . . . "There you have it, my God!" they say at last, in voices broken with emotion; "there's soul, soul! Ah! what feeling, what feeling! Ah, what soul he has put into it! what a mass of soul! . . . And how he has thought it out! thought it out like a master!" And, oh! the pictures in their own drawing-rooms! Oh, the artists that come to them in the evenings, drink tea, and listen to their conversation! And the views in perspective they make them of their own rooms, with a broom in the foreground, a little heap of dust on the polished floor, a yellow samovar on a table near the window, and the master of the house himself in skull-cap and dressing-gown, with a brilliant streak of sunlight falling on his cheek! Oh, the long-haired nurslings of the Muse, wearing spasmodic and contemptuous smiles, that cluster about them! Oh, the young ladies, with their faces of greenish pallor, who squeal over their pianos! for that is the established rule with us in Russia; a man cannot be devoted to one art alone—he must have them all. And so it is not to be wondered at that these gentlemen extend their powerful patronage to Russian literature also, especially to dramatic literature. . . . The *Jacob Sannazars* are written for them; the struggle of unappreciated talent against the whole world, depicted a thousand times over, still moves them profoundly. . . .

The day after Mr. Benevolensky's arrival Tatyana Borissova told her nephew at tea-time to show their guest his drawings. "Why, does he draw?" said Mr. Benevolensky, with some surprise, and he turned with interest to Andryusha. "Yes, he draws," said Tatyana Borissova; "he's so fond of it! and he does it all alone, without a master." "Ah! show me, show me," cried Mr. Benevolensky. Andryusha, blushing and smiling, brought the visitor his sketch-book. Mr. Benevolensky began turning it over with the air of a connoisseur. "Good, young man," he pronounced at last; "good, very good." And he patted Andryusha on the head. Andryusha intercepted his hand and kissed it. "Fancy, now, talent like that! . . . I congratulate you, Tatyana Borissova." "But what am I to do, Piotr Mahalitch? I can't give him a teacher here. To have one from the town is of great expense; our neighbors, the Artamonovs, have a drawing-master, and they say an excellent one, but his mistress forbids his giving lessons to outsiders." "Hm," pronounced Mr. Benevolensky; he pondered and looked askance at Andryusha. "Well, we will talk it over," he added suddenly, rubbing his hands. The same day he begged Tatyana Borissova's permission for an interview with her alone. They shut themselves up together. In half an hour they called Andryusha—Andryusha went in. Mr. Benevolensky was standing at the window with a light flush on his face and a beaming expression. Tatyana Borissova was sitting in a corner wiping her eyes. "Come Andryusha," she said at last, "you must thank Piotr Mahalitch; he will take you under his protection; he will take you to Petersburg." Andryusha almost fainted on the spot. "Tell me candidly," began Mr. Benevolensky, in a voice filled with dignity and patronizing indulgence; "do you want to be an artist, young man? Do you feel yourself consecrated to the holy service of Art?" "I want to be an artist, Piotr Mahalitch," Andryusha declared in a trembling voice. "I am delighted, if so it be. It will, of course," continued Mr. Benevolensky, "be hard for you to part from your reverend aunt; you must feel the liveliest gratitude to her." "I adore

my auntie," Andryusha interrupted, blinking. "Of course, of course, that's readily understood, and does you great credit; but, on the other hand, consider the pleasure that in the future . . . your success . . ." "Kiss me, Andryusha," muttered the kind-hearted lady. Andryusha flung himself on her neck. "There, now, thank your benefactor." Andryusha embraced Mr. Benevolensky's stomach, and stretching on tiptoe, reached his hand and imprinted a kiss, which his benefactor, though with some show of reluctance accepted. . . . He had, to be sure, to pacify the child, and, after all, might reflect that he deserved it. Two days later, Mr. Benevolensky departed, taking with him his new *protégé*.

During the first three years of Andryusha's absence he wrote pretty often, sometimes enclosing drawings in his letters. From time to time Mr. Benevolensky added a few words, for the most part of approbation; then the letters began to be less and less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. A whole year passed without a word from her nephew, and Tatyana Borissovna was beginning to be uneasy when suddenly she got the following note:

"Dearest Auntie—Piotr Mahalitch, my patron, died three days ago. A severe paralytic stroke has deprived me of my sole support. To be sure I am now twenty. I have made considerable progress during the last seven years; I have the greatest confidence in my talent, and can make my living by means of it; I do not despair; but all the same send me, if you can, as soon as convenient, 250 roubles. I kiss your hand and remain . . . " etc.

Tatyana Borissovna sent her nephew 250 roubles. Two months later he asked for more. She got together every penny she had and sent it him. Not six weeks after the second donation he was asking for a third time for help, ostensibly to buy colors for a portrait bespoken by Princess Tertereshenev. Tatyana Borissovna refused. "Under these circumstances," he wrote to her, "I propose coming to you to regain my health in the country." And in the May of the same year Andryusha did, in fact, return to Maliya-Briki.

Tatyana Borissovna did not recognize him for the first minute. From his letter she had expected to see a wasted invalid, and she beheld a stout, broad-shouldered fellow, with a big red face and greasy, curly hair. The pale, slender little Andryusha had turned into the stalwart Andrei Ivanovitch Byelovzorov. And it was not only his exterior that was transformed. The modest spruceness, the sedateness and tidiness of his early years, was replaced by a careless swagger and slovenliness quite insufferable; he rolled from side to side as he walked, lolled in easy chairs, put his elbows on the table, stretched and yawned, and behaved rudely to his aunt and the servants. "I'm an artist," he would say; "a free Cossack! That's our sort!" Sometimes he did not touch a brush for whole days together; then the inspiration, as he called it, would come upon him; then he would swagger about as if he were drunk, clumsy, awkward, and noisy; his cheeks were flushed with a coarse color, his eyes dull; he would launch into discourses upon his talent, his success, his development, the advance he was making. . . . It turned out in actual fact that he had barely talent enough to produce passable portraits. He was a perfect ignoramus, had read nothing; why should an artist read, indeed? Nature, freedom, poetry were his fitting elements; he need do nothing but shake his curls, talk, and suck away at his eternal cigarette! Russian audacity is a fine thing, but it doesn't suit every one; and Polezhaevs at second-hand, without the genius, are insufferable beings. Andrei Ivanovitch went on living at his aunt's; he did not seem to find the bread of charity bitter, notwithstanding the proverb. Visitors to the Home found him a mortal nuisance. He would sit at the piano (a piano, too, had been installed at Tatyana Borissovna's) and begin strumming "The Swift Sledge" with one finger; he would stroke some chords, tap on the keys, and for hours together he would howl Valamov's songs, "The Solitary Pine," or "No, doctor, no, don't come to me," in the most distressing manner, and his eyes seemed to disappear altogether, his cheeks were so puffed out and tense as drums. . . . Then he would suddenly strike up: "Be

still, distracting passion's tempest?" . . . Tatyana Borissovna positively shuddered. "It is a strange thing," she observed to me one day, "the songs they compose nowadays; there's something desperate about them; in my day they were very different. We had mournful songs, too, but it was always a pleasure to hear them. . . . For instance:

"Come, come to me in the meadow,
Where I am awaiting thee;
Come, come to me in the meadow,
Where I'm shedding tears for thee . . .
Alas! thou'rt coming to the meadow,
But too late, dear love, for me!"

Tatyana Borissovna smiled shyly.

"I agonize, I agonize," yelled her nephew in the next room.

"Be quiet, Andryusha!"

"My soul's consumed apart from thee!" the indefatigable singer continued.

Tatyana Borissovna shook her head.

"Ah, these artists! these artists!" . . .

A year has gone since then. Byelovzorov is still living at his aunt's, and still talking of going back to Petersburg. He has grown as broad as he is long in the country. His aunt—who could have imagined such a thing?—idolizes him, and the young girls of the neighborhood are falling in love with him. . . .

Many of her old friends have given up going to Tatyana Borissovna's.

The Church of the Madeleine

By Edwina Spencer

THE Church of St. Mary Magdalen is considered the most fashionable church in Paris and is famous for its sacred music. During Passion Week and on great religious festivals the orchestral and vocal music is very beautiful.

The building, which is in the style of a Greek temple, is 354 feet long, 141 feet wide, and 100 feet high, standing upon a basement eleven feet in height, and surrounded by fine Corinthian columns. The pediments (gables), at either end, and the niches along the side are filled with modern sculptures of saints and religious subjects. The bronze doors are embellished with illustrations of the Ten Commandments. The interior forms a single immense hall, having no windows and lighted by openings in the roof. Its sides are lined with small chapels; and the whole church is gorgeously decorated with sculpture and painting, and with a lavish use of gilding wherever possible. The subjects portrayed are Biblical, but most of them are connected with Mary Magdalen. Above the high altar, a marble group represents her as being borne into Paradise by angels. In the apse is a large frescoe representing Christ receiving and blessing the chief champions of Christianity in the East and West; while below this Napoleon is depicted, receiving the Imperial Crown from the hands of Pope Pius VII.

In 1806 Napoleon ordered the erection of this building upon the foundations of a church which had been planned and begun under Louis XV but stopped by the Revolution. Napoleon decreed it to be a "Temple of Glory," in honor of the soldiers of the Grand Army. After the restoration it was finished as a church. Behind the Madeleine, on Tuesdays and Fridays, there is held a very fashionable and popular flower-market. The Madeleine is situated in the center of the busy life of Paris where the "Boulevards" teem with activity, and at certain hours are crowded with vehicles. In the street which leads to it are situated many of the fine shops.



The Church of St. Mary Magdalen—"The Madeleine"—Paris.



Castle of Old Heidelberg, Germany, and Bridge over River outlined
in Fire on a Gala Night—An Annual Illumination.

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Hugo Grotius: the Founder of International Law*

HUGO GROTIUS, founder of the science of International Law, was born in Delft, Holland, on Easter day, 1583. "It was," writes Mr. Andrew D. White, "at the crisis of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. That struggle had already continued for twenty years, and just after the close of his first year, in the very town where he was lying in his cradle, came its most fearful event, that which maddened both sides,—the assassination of William of Orange, nominally by Balthazar Gerard, really by Philip II of Spain."

It is difficult for people of a modern time, in which war is by no means extinct, to realize the inhuman nature of warfare and political intrigue in the century to which Grotius was born. Mr. White in a hasty survey of the cruelties of the period recalls both the massacre of St. Bartholomew of 1572 in France, and the merciless struggle of the Netherlands with Spain, a struggle in which the Inquisition with the sanction of Phillip II condemned all the inhabitants of Holland to death as heretics. That this edict was not carried into effect verbatim was due not to lack of inclination on the part of the Spaniards, but merely inability to realize it completely. In such a period when the whole of Europe was in a state of constant turmoil, when there was no international public opinion to control the acts of ambitious and unprincipled rulers, when religious intolerance was more bitter than in any other period of history, it was eminently

*The following account of the life and work of Grotius is based upon articles which Mr. Andrew D. White contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1904, and January, 1905.

fitting that a man should be born who by the force of his intellect and the nobility of his character should create for the world a code of international morality, the basis of modern international law.

Hugo Grotius showed his remarkable powers at an extremely early age. It is said that at the age of nine years his Latin verses won the applause of scholars; that at twelve years he was admitted to the University of Leyden; that at the age of fifteen he held, after the scholastic fashion of the day, public disputes in mathematics, philosophy, and jurisprudence. At the age of fourteen, moreover, he revised a vast encyclopedia, one of the most learned books of the day, the revision of which demanded a scholarly acquaintance with all classical authors and a thorough knowledge of such subjects as rhetoric, logic, geography, arithmetic, astronomy and music. Despite these intellectual requirements Grotius remained unspoiled, for his moral gifts were no less extraordinary than his mental accomplishments. At the age of fifteen when as an *attaché* to the Dutch ambassador to France he excited the admiration of all the great French scholars and of the king, Henri IV. Yet when he returned to Holland, unmoved by the flatteries he had received, he again took up his scholarly work.

In order to guard himself against the dangers of pedantry Grotius now determined to take up the study of jurisprudence and as an advocate keep himself in touch with the current of life of his time. In this branch of study as in everything else he was immediately successful and soon became Advocate General of the Treasury for the provinces of Holland and Zeeland. It was while he was engaged in these legal duties that Grotius laid the foundation for his most enduring work in the study of international law. The first of his youthful essays in this new field of human thought was written by Grotius in 1604, though never published. The title of this was "*De jure predæ.*" This was followed in 1609 by the first of his books which became widely known, that entitled "*Mare Liberum.*" This was an argument which endeavored to overthrow the claims put forth

by many of the more important European nations to absolute and exclusive control over the high seas or portions thereof. Certain nations claimed the right of prohibiting vessels or fishers from other countries from encroaching upon these private waters without special permission. The Pope in 1493 had even gone so far as to divide the seas between Spain and Portugal. Naturally the effort to enforce these illogical and unjustifiable pretensions caused much international jealousy and warfare, and moreover, prevented the peaceful expansion of commerce.

Mr. White says of the work of Grotius:

"His whole argument was mainly a development of two postulates. The first of these was that the right of nations to communicate with one another had been universally recognized; that it was based on a fundamental law of humanity; that, the liberty of the sea being necessary to enable nations to communicate with one another, it could not be taken away by any power whatever. The second was that the sea should not be made property on account of its immensity, its lack of stability, its want of fixed limits. This argument in places seemed thin. The book, after the custom of the time, was filled with an array—far more than sufficient—of learned citations, but its most significant feature—that which went to make it the herald of a new epoch—was that it took its stand upon the inalienable rights of mankind; that it mainly deduced these rights neither from revelation nor from national enactments, but from natural law as ascertained by the human mind."

The principles so powerfully set forth by Grotius were not, it is true, immediately, or even soon, put into actual practice by the maritime nations of Europe. Nevertheless his arguments were so strong that many attempts were made by the scholars of his day to refute them; and because of their essential logic they gradually found their way into the practice of nations, until, at a comparatively recent date, it has become universally recognized that the sea is common property, a neutral ground on which the rights of all nations are equal.

In the years which immediately followed these successes Grotius extended his reputation for scholarship by works in many fields of thought. Many honors were heaped upon him and he held position after position of growing importance in the service of the state. But permanent good fortune seemed impossible in such an age to a man who combined the highest morality with great ability. The un-

fortunate religious conflict which culminated in the judicial murder of John Barneveld brought disaster also to Grotius, the friend and follower of Barneveld. These two men both unselfishly patriotic, seeking only the best interests of Holland, incurred the enmity of the Stadtholder Maurice and of the religious faction with which he allied himself. Barneveld was executed. Grotius, who had striven for peace and who had done his best to promote a spirit of religious toleration, was imprisoned for life. Attempts were also made to blacken the character of Grotius by showing him to have been a traitor to his friend Barneveld, but recent historical investigations have shown the charges to have been purely malicious.

Grotius remained in confinement for two years, devoting himself during that time to the pursuance of his studies. He then escaped in a most romantic manner: Through the aid of his wife he was smuggled from his prison in a large chest which was supposed to contain borrowed books. He fled in disguise to France and was there received with honors, granted a pension, and recognized as one of the great scholars of the age.

In 1622, during his exile in France, Grotius devoted himself for three years to the completion of his greatest work, that which served as the foundation for international law, "*De jure belli ac pacis*." The work was published in 1625, and, as might be expected of a work of so great an import, seemed to have little immediate effect, for the reason doubtless that it was too far ahead of its time. Nevertheless it was appreciated by thoughtful and scholarly men and aroused the hostility of the Roman church which soon placed it upon the *Index expurgatorius*, a certain tribute to its power and originality. A practical demonstration of the effect of the work upon thinking men is, says Mr. White, to be found in the policy of Cardinal Richelieu in relation to the captured Huguenot city La Rochelle. It was customary at this period in military history to massacre the inhabitants of fortified towns which had offered resistance to a besieging force. Richelieu refrained from taking advantage of this prac-

tice of the times and his conduct is to be explained only in the light of the more humane principles of warfare laid down by Grotius. It is known that Richelieu was acquainted with the work, for he was something of a patron of Grotius, and always took a kindly interest in his behalf. Moreover, the principles laid down in the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War give evidence of the influence of Grotius upon the ethics of international relations.

Says Mr. White of this epoch-making work of Grotius:

"The first characteristics which the book of Grotius revealed were faith and foresight. Great as it was,—the most beneficent among all volumes not claiming divine inspiration—yet more wonderful than the book itself was the faith of its author. In none of the years during which he meditated it, and least of all during the years when it was written, could any other human being see in the archaic darkness of the time any tribunal which could recognize a plea for right reason in international affairs or enforce a decision upon it. The greatness of Grotius lies first of all in the fact that he saw in all this darkness one court sitting supreme to which he might make appeal, and the court—the heart and mind of man.

"What the darkness was which his eye alone could pierce was stated in his preface. He says: 'I saw many and grave causes why I should write a work on that subject. I saw in the whole Christian world a license of fighting at which even barbarous nations might blush. Wars were begun on trifling pretenses or none at all, and carried on without any reverence for law, Divine or human. A declaration of war seemed to let loose every crime.'"

Mr. White in his essay then traces the history of international relations throughout the centuries preceding the time of Grotius. It is a melancholy record of cruelty and treachery. The vanquished had no rights, and in religious warfare even more than in purely political warfare was there no pretense to an adherence to the principles of Christianity as we understand them as laid down in the New Testament. The period immediately preceding the time in which Grotius lived was, if anything, worse than any previous epoch. It was the age of the Medici, of the Inquisition, of the worst popes in the history of the church, a time which marked the lowest ebb of human morality as expressed in statecraft and religion. Thus it is doubly extraordinary that this book of Grotius should have been written at such a time; first of all because it had no predecessor in the thought of world; and second, because of the astonish-

ing faith of its author, who, living in such a time, could look forward hopefully to a better time to come.

Grotius, says Mr. White, developed his work from two sources: the first, the principle of natural morality, the commands of justice written by God on the hearts and minds of men, these to be ascertained by right reason; and second, those things in the institutions, enactments, or ideas which the nations or gifted men have agreed upon as right, necessary or final. From these two sources Grotius derived first a so-called "Law of Nature," and second, a "Law of Nations."

In such a method there would obviously be often great conflict of authorities. In the discussion of these the genius of Grotius is most manifest. Says Mr. White:

"No man of less splendid powers, intellectual and moral, could have grappled with such opponents and triumphed over such difficulties. His genius as a reasoner, his scholarship so vast in range, his memory bringing to him the best thoughts of the best thinkers in all literature, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, his skill in applying the doctrine of Roman jurisprudence, enabled him to develop out of these elements a system. But his main guide through all the labyrinth of difficulties was his own earnestness and unselfishness, his nobility of mind, heart, and soul. He fused together right and authority on every fundamental question, and with precious results."

It is impossible to indicate the whole scope of this great work. But it will be sufficient to point out its fundamental morality which has since been embodied in the practice of international warfare. War is legitimate at all only, says the author, if just. War against infidel nations or heretics is unjust. To the question, "What cruelties practiced by a hostile force upon another are justified?" he answers, "The substance of the evil ought to be in proportion to the right sought, and the culpability of the enemy refusing to grant the right." It follows, therefore, that the massacre of prisoners or the slaughter of noncombatants can rarely, if ever, be justified.

Many more citations might be made which would reveal the nobility of the philosophy of Grotius as applied to many important points in the relations of hostile states. But most important for us of today is his discussion of the possibility

of the pacific settlement of international disputes. Reason, he maintains, is that to which the appeal must first be made in the settlement of a disputed matter. Only when reason fails is it justifiable to resort to violence. From this principle Grotius evolves the idea of conferences for international arbitration. This principle is, of course, only imperfectly realized even today when three centuries have elapsed since its first enunciation. Grotius may, therefore, still be regarded as having matter for us to discuss.

Mr. White points out weaknesses in the method which Grotius employed. He is somewhat pedantic after the manner of his day and the repeated citation of classical authorities is of a manner tedious to the present generation. Yet a recognition of these weaknesses should not prevent us from giving the recognition due the founder of a science which seems destined to be ultimately of the vastest importance to the general welfare of humanity. As we read of the successive peace congresses and what they are endeavoring to accomplish we will do well to recall the unselfish work of the man who more than any other was responsible for their creation.

Grotius wrote other books which are important and which were received in his own day with more demonstration than that accorded his masterpiece. Moreover he again entered political life, this time in the service of Sweden, whose ambassador he was to Paris. This work, however, became irksome and in the last years he returned to Holland where he was finally permitted to live in peace. He died at sea on the 28th of August, 1645, while returning from a visit to the Swedish court. His body was brought back to the Netherlands and it is said that as his coffin was borne through the streets of Rotterdam stones were thrown at it by the bigoted mob. He was buried beneath the great church of Delft, the city of his birth.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.
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MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, *Executive Secretary.*

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Many readers will find time for a good deal of supplementary reading in connection with the "Studies in European Literature." Others will plan a campaign of summer reading to make their acquaintance with this little volume still more fruitful—and again, many of the Circles will be able to work out plans by which the leisure of the few may help to supplement the meager opportunities of the many. For instance in the study of a group of masterpieces the Circle might be divided into four groups each of which would undertake to be responsible for reading some one novel or play as assigned. All members who could, would be urged to do this supplementary work, but each member would feel responsible for not more than one masterpiece per month. Each group in charge of a given piece of work would appoint a chairman and conduct the study as seemed most practicable. In many towns a teacher of literature could be secured who would be glad to guide the discussion. Or the group could select its own leader, different members making reports according to the following suggestions. It would add much to the impression if the last half hour of the meeting were devoted to a "reading" of some of the most striking selections from the story or play.

STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE.

No study is more stimulating than the works of the great masters of literature. Each interprets life as it has impressed itself upon him, and no two writers bring the same message. Just as an artist often embodies a fugitive idea in a "study" which serves as a suggestion for larger effort in the future, so the lover of literature may through a brief "study" of a masterpiece under a skilled teacher gain some insight into the mind of a creative personality and discover through this partly opened door a new world of ideas into which he may enter as time and ambition bring him the opportunity. For this reason though one may not know the work of such men as Dumas, Balzac, or Zola on all sides it is possible to see things in some measure as they saw them and feel the broadening influence of contact with men of strong individuality.



THE STUDY OF A NOVEL.

Our appreciation of a novel or a play is in proportion to our familiarity with it. This familiarity can be gained not merely by repeated reading but by wisely directed study of the novel as a work of art. Circles and readers who are able to give some special attention to the works discussed in our "Studies in European Literature" will find the following suggestions helpful. They are taken from two interesting works, "The Study of a Novel," by Selden L. Whitcomb, and "A Study of Prose Fiction," by Bliss Perry. Only a few of the many topics suggested are here given but these offer abundant material for making the study of any novel a delightful and profitable experience.

The Plot:

1. What are the main lines of action in the story? 2. How many leading characters are there? 3. Note the incidents which are introduced simply to inform the reader, either as to what is going on, or to give him further insight into the nature of the characters. 4. Discriminate between such explanatory incidents and those which really develop the characters themselves. 5. What stage of the story marks its climax? 6. Is the climax seemingly brought about by some trifling incident as often happens? 7. Has the story a subordinate plot? If so, what is its character? Does

it simply reflect the main plot or is it necessary in order to justify some feature of the main plot or is it merely introduced to give variety?

The Setting of the Story:

1. How long a period of time does the novel occupy? 2. What shorter periods are made prominent in giving emphasis to parts of the story? 3. What is the place setting in general? Has it to do with nature, social life, romantic associations, resorts of special types of characters, etc.? 4. Are these settings idealized? 5. If so, are they true to the essential qualities of the facts which they represent? 6. Is natural scenery given much prominence? 7. Has it close connection with the action of the story? 8. Is the setting of the story so important as to give a unity to it?

Characterization:

1. How is a given character introduced? 2. Are his traits brought out at certain marked turning points of the plot or are they introduced slowly, the character gradually revealing himself? 3. Is his nature suggested by his physiognomy? 4. What part does costume and physical environment play? 5. How does he appear in relation to the men and women about him? 6. What are his characteristic habits as to pose, gesture, etc.? 7. How does he express himself in speech? Is he reserved, loquacious, careless? What of the quality of his voice, etc.? 8. Does he develop through conscious or unconscious struggle? 9. Is he typical or purely individual? 10. If typical, in what way?

The Author:

1. What of his character, temperament, and philosophy of life? 2. His age when his different works were written? 3. Does his race or nationality reveal itself? 4. Is he an expression of his own time? 5. How far does he show the influence of his own immediate environment? 6. In what do you think is his greatest strength? In description, character drawing, analysis of events, etc.? 7. Has he a sense of humor? Sympathy? Has he sense of spiritual values?



Longfellow's well known description of Agassiz and the methods by which Nature lured him on in the pursuit of truth might be applied to many another scientist who has not only delighted in unravelling Nature's mysteries but has freely made known her wonderful tales to others. This was particularly true of Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University, whose little volume, "Man and the Earth," we take up for study this month. Professor Shaler realized that his own love of peering into the future was shared by many persons less gifted than he and in "Man and the Earth" he attempted to point out some of the things that may be expected to happen in future days when we shall

have turned over our earth problems to others. Professor Shaler was born in Newport, Kentucky, in 1841, graduated at the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard in 1862, served two years in the Union Army, and in 1868 became identified with the Lawrence Scientific School which he served throughout his life, being Dean at the time of his death in 1906. He was the author of many books,—his versatility leading him into various fields, "Kentucky, a Pioneer Commonwealth," "The Nature of Intellectual Property," and others. Of purely scientific works were "A First Book in Geology," an admirable text book for schools, "Features of Coasts and Oceans," "Domesticated Animals," "Sea and Land," "American Highways," "The Story of Our Continent," "Interpretation of Nature," etc. He also wrote upon the economic life of the country, a subject which interested him greatly. He was a man of very broad culture and wide sympathies, a ready writer, and master of a style that at times set forth scientific truths with the charm of a story.



SIDE LIGHTS ON "MAN AND THE EARTH."

In our study of "Man and the Earth" many circles may enjoy following out some of the interesting problems touched upon by Professor Shaler. We shall publish in the Round Table each month certain practical questions for debate or discussion on the several chapters and a number of suggestions for papers on subjects which will repay further investigation. This material has been prepared by a specialist in geology in one of our leading universities who has, as far as possible, selected his reference material from publications accessible to large numbers of CHAUTAUQUAN readers. Persons living in college towns can usually borrow these from the college library and the government publications suggested can be secured by any reader or circle by writing to the congressman of that district. Many of these government publications, though somewhat forbidding externally, contain material of very great interest to the general reader.

DEATH OF MR. CLIFFORD LANIER.

A very great loss has come to Chautauqua in the recent death of Mr. Clifford A. Lanier of Montgomery, Alabama. Mr. Lanier was first known to Chautauquans as one of "The Laniers," the brother poets Sidney and Clifford for whom the C. L. S. C. Class of '98 was named. The motto of the class "The humblest life that lives may be divine," was taken from one of Mr. Clifford Lanier's poems. Not until a few years ago did Mr. Lanier and his family find their way to Chautauqua, but their gentle courtesy and friendliness endeared them to an ever widening circle of friends. Mr. Lanier's talks at the Vesper Hour and his participation in other exercises of the season gave a rare, indefinable quality to every such occasion. He was one of those high minded generous natures which give themselves gladly to the service of others. Throughout his life he devoted himself by critical articles and public lectures to the wider recognition of his brother Sidney's work. His own literary ideals were high, and in the later years of his life although leisure for study came to him, he did not allow it to exclude him from the activities of civic life. His standards of literary composition were exacting and hence only the best of his writings were allowed to be used for publication.



"There is a universal law of growth and achievement. The man who knows himself, understands his own powers and aptitudes, forms purposes in accord with them and pursues these purposes steadily, is the man of success. He who takes no account of his own nature, makes his will the father of his thought, shuts his eyes to unwelcome truths, places himself in false positions, and turns from the good within his reach to strain after the unattainable, is predestined to vexation and failure. Everyone has his place in the world and the wise and fortunate find it."



THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR 1908.

On several occasions the Committee of Award of the Nobel Peace Prize has deemed it wise to bestow the honor upon two recipients. This has been the case in 1908, the prize going to two parliamentarians, K. F. Arnoldson of Sweden, and M. F. Bajer of Sweden. It will be remem-



The Late Clifford A. Lanier.



The Home of the Nobel Institute, Christiania, Norway.



The Home of the Nobel Institute, Christiania, Norway.

bered that when Norway and Sweden separated, the award of four of the Nobel prizes was given to Sweden, Norway assuming the distribution of the Peace fund. Since that time the Peace Hall shown in our illustrations has been built in Christiania. Mr. Arnoldson who was present on December 10th when the prizes were announced, explained the plan of a proposed international demonstration in favor of peace to which he intends to devote his fund.

On December 10th also, in Stockholm, the other Nobel prizes were awarded as follows:

Literature—Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena University, who has written much on philosophical subjects.

Physics—Prof. Gabriel Lippman of the University of Paris.

Chemistry—Prof. Ernest Rutherford, director of the physical laboratory of the University of Manchester, England.

Medicine—Divided between Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Berlin and Prof. Elie Metschnikoff of Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Professor Eucken is a German philosopher, now sixty-two years old, who studied philology, history, and philosophy at Göttingen. He was professor of philosophy at Basle from 1871 to 1874, and has since held the same chair at Jena.

Dr. Gabriel Lippman has been a professor in the University of Paris since 1883. He was educated in Paris and in Germany, giving especial attention to physics and chemistry. He enunciated the principle of the conservation of electricity, and discovered, in 1891, a method of photographing in colors.

Professor Rutherford is a native of New Zealand, where he was born in 1871. He was educated at the New Zealand University and Cambridge University. He was professor of physics at McGill University, Montreal, from 1898 until he went to his present post in 1907. He has devoted much attention to radio-activity.

Dr. Metschnikoff has been a professor at the Pasteur Institute for several years. He is a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine and of the Royal Society of London. His publications include "The Nature of Man" and "Immunity in Infective Diseases."



C. L. S. C. REVIVAL IN CAPE COLONY.

Miss M. E. Landfear, who returned to South Africa last summer from Chautauqua to aid in working up funds for the Huguenot Seminary, writes that she is again at Wellington where she taught for so many years and aroused widespread interest in the work of the C. L. S. C. Although the famous Chautauqua Class of South Africa graduated in 1889, Miss Landfear's presence seems to have kindled latent enthusiasm in many directions. She says:

"About two weeks ago I was asked by the literary society of Robertson, Cape Colony, to give them a lecture on any literary subject I might choose—or the C. L. S. C.! The president of the society who wrote me is a graduate of the C. L. S. C. and is at the head of a school of six hundred pupils."

QUESTIONS TO WHICH INTERNATIONAL LAW HAS BEEN
APPLIED.

An eminent writer on the Law of the Constitution of England, Mr. Dicey, in discussing the momentous analogous question of whether the term Constitutional Law as that term is used in England is properly employed, speaks of the Professor of International Law as "being a teacher of law which is not law," and says that he is "accustomed to expound those rules of public ethics which are miscalled international law." Professor Dicey points out that the rules which make up constitutional law in England include two sets of principles. The one set of rules he regards as in the strictest sense "laws" since they are rules which are enforced by the courts. The other set of rules, he says, "are not in reality laws at all since they are not enforced by the courts." In the same way it might be said that the rules which make up International Law constitute two sets of rules, one set enforced by the courts and the other which there is no court to enforce. The municipal courts of the United States and of England determine and apply principles of International Law in those cases in which it is necessary to do so in order to adjudicate personal and property rights, but in other cases it does not do so.

It would be quite impossible in this brief space to set forth in any detail an account of the questions to which International Law has been applied. But it may be of some service to the reader to indicate in a very general way some of the matters with which that law is concerned.

International Law defines the rights of States in their pacific relations, and their rights in their hostile relations. It determines the duties of belligerent States towards neutral States, and the duties of neutral States towards belligerent States. It deals with the rights of legation, the right to send and to receive and to dismiss ambassadors and ministers, and with the privileges of such diplomatic representation. It defines the extent to which a belligerent can interfere in the commerce of a neutral, and determines

whether the enemy's property in a neutral vessel is subject to capture. It defines the right of one belligerent to visit and search the ships of a neutral, and it defines what is included in contraband of war and as such liable to seizure. It has to do also with the negotiation and effect of treaties.

To be more specific International Law, for example, forbids a belligerent from carrying on hostilities within neutral territory, and it requires a belligerent to abstain from making on neutral territory direct preparation for acts of hostility. As a further illustration International Law does not recognize the right of the land forces of a belligerent to enter neutral territory.



A TRAVEL TALK ON HOLLAND.

Some of the Circles in the Mississippi Valley will be glad to learn that Miss Georgie L. Hopkins, who has been prominent in club and circle work in Illinois and at various Chautauquas, can be secured for an informal travel talk on Holland, or on life in Paris, both subjects having a close relation to the work of the year. Miss Hopkins has been closely identified with the Lithia Springs Chautauqua for a number of years and spent several weeks at Chautauqua last summer when she rendered very valuable service to the C. L. S. C. in organizing the Class of 1912. She will be glad to meet with circles and discuss plans of work or help them in bringing the C. L. S. C. to the attention of their communities. Her experience and her personal charm make her a very welcome guest in any circle or club which is fortunate enough to secure her. Her terms can be secured by addressing her at Shelbyville, Illinois.

Some thirty-two years ago when Holland was less familiar to tourists than it is today, a very entertaining series of articles entitled "An Artist's Strolls in Holland," by George H. Boughton, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. They were illustrated with views by the author and Mr. E. A. Abbey. Methods of magazine illustration have advanced far since that day, yet these delightful sketches are still well worth looking up for their individuality and for the very entertaining account of personal experiences by Mr. Boughton which accompanied them. Readers who have access to bound volumes of *Scribner's Magazine*, volumes 66-69, covering the years 1882-5, will enjoy many a quiet laugh over the adventures of the author and the inimitable "Jacob."



SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF "MAN AND THE EARTH."

CHAPTER I.

Query: From a broad all-the-world standpoint, what are the effects of migration upon the peoples of the world? Is the world prosperity increased or diminished? Is the grand average standard of life raised or lowered?

Topic: The Effect of Civilization on Population.

References: "Population and Progress," *Fortnightly Review*, vol. 86:1001; *ibid.* 87:215. "Western Civilization and Birth Rate," *American Journal of Sociology*, vol. 12:607.

General References on the Chapter: "The Earth as Modified by Man," by George P. Marsh; "American History and Its Geographic Conditions," by Ellen Churchill Semple (contains a good bibliography). Geographic Influences in American History. Brigham.

CHAPTER II.

Query: In the Mississippi Basin much of the coal is taken from the third and fourth veins. This practically destroys the upper veins. Should the mine operators be compelled to mine the upper veins (of very inferior quality) first?

Topic: Peat as Fuel.

References: *Electrochemical and Metallurgical Industry*, 3:421 (Nov., '05); *The Scientific American Supplement*, Nov. 18, '05; *Engineering News*, Sept. 6, '06. General References. Coal: See *Engineering Index*, under Mining and Metallurgy.

Water Power: *Ibid.* under Electrical Engineering, Generating Stations, Hydro-electric.

Wind Power: *Review of Reviews*, 29:183.

Tidal Power: *Scientific American Supplement*, 60:24832.

CHAPTER III.

When the new construction work has caught up with the demands of the population will there be a decrease in the demand for material, or will the demand for maintenance be equal to the present demand for new construction? Will the new construction work catch up with the demands of the population at any time?

Topic: Low-Grade Ores as the Future Source of Metals.

References on Low-Grade Copper Ores: *Mining and Scientific Press* (Ely, Nevada), July, '05; Mining Porphyry Ore of Bingham, *Engineering and Mining Journal*, Sept. 14, '07. See also U. S. Geological Survey publications, contributions to *Economic Geology*, '05, '06, '07. Monograph on Bingham, Utah, copper deposits (these may be obtained from your Congressman).

General References: See *Engineering Index*, Mining and Metallurgy.

CHAPTER IV.

Query: How will the development of irrigation in the West affect conditions in the Mississippi Valley? Consider the shift of population, the decrease in the fertility of land due to continued tillage, the size of farms, etc. How will the population become adjusted?

Topic: Dry Farming.

References: *Independent*, 62:885, Apr. 18, '07; *Scientific American*, 99:120, August 22, '08; *Outlook*, 85:342, Feb. 16, '07.

References on Irrigation: *Review of Reviews*, N. Y., 29:305; *National Magazine*, 15:642; *ibid.*, 15:718; THE CHAUTAUQUAN, 35:586; *Forum*, 33:363; *World's Work*, 4:2491.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK. FEBRUARY 25-MARCH 4.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Friendship of Nations," Chapter VI.
 In the Required Books: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter VII. Alexandre Dumas and "The Three Musketeers."
 "Man and the Earth," Chapter I. Earth and Man.

SECOND WEEK. MARCH 4-11.

- In the Required Books: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter VIII. Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," Chapter IX. George Sand. "Man and the Earth," Chapter II. "The Future of Power."

THIRD WEEK. MARCH 11-18.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "A Reading Journey in Holland," Chapter VI. Dutch Farming, Dutch Pottery, etc.
 In the Required Books: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter X. Emile Zola: *Le Rêve*. "Man and the Earth," Chapter III, The Exhaustion of Metals.

FOURTH WEEK. MARCH 18-25.

- In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Dutch Art and Artists, Chapter VI. The Landscape and Marine Painters.
 In the Required Books: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter XI. Rostand: "Cyrano de Bergerac." "Man and the Earth," Chapter IV. The Unknown Lands.

FIFTH WEEK. MARCH 25-APRIL 1.

- In the Required Books: "Studies in European Literature," Chapter XII. Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," Chapter XIII. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." "Man and the Earth," Chapter V. Land from the Waters.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK. FEBRUARY 25-MARCH 4.

- Review and Discussion of article on Friendship of Nations.
 Reading: Selections from "By the Christmas Fire," S. M. Crothers part of the chapter on "The Bayonet Poker."
 Study of "The Three Musketeers." (See suggestions in Round Table.)
 Roll Call: Answered by a bit of striking description from the novel.
 Reports and Discussions on "Man and the Earth," Chapter I. (See suggestions in Round Table.)

SECOND WEEK. MARCH 4-11.

- Study of Balzac's Eugénie Grandet on plan suggested in Round Table.
 Roll Call: Current Events or items of interest relating to "The Future of Power" from current scientific news.
 Reports and Discussion on "Man and the Earth," Chapter II. (See Round Table.)
 Study of George Sand. (See Suggestions in Round Table.)
 Paper: Incidents in the life of George Sand. (See bibliography and much interesting material in the "Warner Library of the 'World's Best Literature.'")

THIRD WEEK. MARCH 11-18.

- Paper with Map Study: The Reclamation of the Zuyder Zee. (See *World '10-Day*, 8:283-8, March, '05, *Review of Reviews*, 30:318-22, Sept., '04, also *McClure's Magazine*, 21:648-58, Oct., 1903.)

Reading: Selections from "Well Worn Roads in Spain and Holland," F. Hopkinson Smith; also from *Charities*, 20:8, April 4, '08, "Insurance for the Unemployed." (Circles which have access to libraries will find other suggestions under Travel Club Programs.)

Paper: Vondel the Dutch Shakespeare. (See "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature," "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," E. Gosse.)

Reading: Selection from article in March CHAUTAUQUAN on Milton and Vondel.

Study of Zola's "Le Rêve." (See Round Table.)

Reports and Discussion on "Man and the Earth," Chapter III. (See Round Table.)

FOURTH WEEK. MARCH 18-25.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Presentation of one or more scenes in dialogue from the play. Cheap editions of the play can easily be secured and the leader of this study might select certain scenes which illustrate particularly well the qualities which it seems best to bring out. (The Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York, can furnish copies.)

Reports and Discussion of Chapter VI in "Dutch Art and Artists." (See bibliography.)

FIFTH WEEK. MARCH 25-APRIL 1.

Review Questions.

Roll Call: Quotations from Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." (The "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature" contains many selections in addition to those in our book.)

Study of Schiller's "William Tell." (See suggestions in the Round Table.)

Reports and Discussion on "Man and the Earth," Chapter IV.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

Special programs for Graduate Circles and Clubs specializing upon the two Dutch Series. (A copy of Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" is quite indispensable for such clubs.)

FIRST WEEK.

Reading of Selections: Experiences of a Dutch Kermis. (See chapter on "Alkmaar" in *Amicis* and in "Sketching Rambles in Holland" by Boughton, chapter X.)

Oral Reports: The South African Museum at Dordrecht (see Baedeker); Nicholas Beets (see "Dutch Life in Town and Country").

Reading: "The North Holland Boer" by Nicholas Beets. (See "Holland and the Hollanders," pp. 18-24.)

Review and Discussion of pictures by Hobbema. (See bibliography following Mr. Zug's article.)

SECOND WEEK.

Paper with Map Study: The Reclamation of the Zuyder Zee. (See *World To-Day*, 8:283-8, March, '05, and *Review of Reviews*, 30:318-22, Sept., '04.)

Reading: Selections from "Reclaiming an Ocean Bed," *McClure's Magazine*, 21:648-58, October, 1903.)

Book Review: "The Burgomaster's Wife," George Ebers; or "The Chaperon" by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Review and Discussion of pictures by Ruisdael. (See bibliography and Masters in Art.)

THIRD WEEK.

Paper: The Charity Colonies. (See chapter on Groningen and the North in "Holland and the Hollanders," Meldrum, also *North American Review*, 168:251, Feb., 1899, "How Holland Helps the Helpless.")

Reading: Selections from article entitled "Insurance for the Unemployed" in *Charities*, 20:8, April 4, '08.

Papers: The Veenhuizen penal colonists; the Fen peat colonies. (See above chapter in "Holland and the Hollanders.")

Review and Discussion of the remaining artists considered in Mr. Zug's current article. (See bibliography.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Paper: Thomas a Kempis. (See encyclopedias, also "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.")

Readings: Selections relating to Loo, Apeldoorn and Zutphen. (See "Holland Described by Great Writers," and other available books.)

Paper: Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare. (See article in "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature," and "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," by E. Gosse.)

Roll Call: Quotations from Vondel's "Lucifer."

Reading: Selection from article in *MARCH CHAUTAUQUAN*, "Milton and Vondel."



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON MARCH READINGS.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS. CHAPTER VII. WHAT IS INTERNATIONAL LAW?

1. Why is a knowledge of International Law particularly important for American citizens? 2. What does the term International Law mean? 3. How can the use of the word law in this connection be defended? 4. By whom is International Law made? 5. To whom is it applicable? 6. How is it applied? 7. By whom is it applied? 8. Who invented the term International Law? 9. What is the final source of law? 10. Why is the Peace of Westphalia important in the history of International Law? 11. How is International Law becoming of greater and greater importance in world politics?

CHAPTER VIII. THE SANCTION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

1. What are the apparent differences between municipal and International Law? 2. Wherein are they fundamentally alike? 3. How is international public opinion made manifest? 4. What happens when a nation defies the opinion of its neighbors? 5. How may International Law be brought to a higher and more effective standing than it now occupies?

A READING JOURNEY IN THE HOLLOW-LAND. CHAPTER VI.

1. For what is Alkmaar celebrated? 2. What was the siege of Alkmaar? 3. What was the relative strength of the contending forces? 4. What is the *Kermis*? 5. Why is it now rarely permitted? 6. Who are some of the famous men who have lived in Hoorn? 7. What is the legend concerning Stavoren? 8. What is its chief industry? 10. What was the origin of the golden cap worn by the women of Friesland? 11. What are the characteristics of the Dutch Boer? 12. Why is the protection of the dykes of such vital importance?

DUTCH ART AND ARTISTS, CHAPTER VI. LANDSCAPE AND MARINE PAINTERS.

1. How does the landscape painting of the Dutch school differ from that of the early Italian school in purpose and in method? 2. When was Ruisdael born? 3. What do we know of his life? 4. How many pictures has he left us? 5. Wherein is his greatness? 6. What are his favorite themes? 7. When did Hobbema live? 8. What do we know of him? 9. What were his usual themes? 10. What was his greatest quality as a painter? 11. What later painters have learned much of him? 12. How did the Dutch landscape artists introduce figures into their scenes? 13. Who was Adriaen van de Velde? 14. In what is he chiefly successful? 15. Why did the Dutch painters select dark days for their pictures? 16. What can we say of the original tints employed? 17. In what did the Dutch marine painters succeed? In what, fail? Who were some of them?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Can you suggest any war of the last hundred years which would have been prevented had there existed an enlightened public opinion in the warring nations? 2. Cite some recent instances of international relations which show the growth of the peace spirit.

1. What are some of the more recent triumphs of international unity of purpose? 2. What are some of the recent breaches of international ethics which have excited protest?

1. When did the Battle of Hoorn occur? 2. What were the contending forces? 3. When was Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) discovered? 4. To whom does it now belong? 5. When did the Dutch colonize South Africa? 6. What was the result of the English Boer war upon the political status of the Dutch in the Transvaal?

1. Who was Benozzo Gozzoli? 2. Who was Botticelli? 3. When did the following artists live: Gainsborough, Corot, Rousseau? 3. Of what school and time were Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Fra Lippo Lippi? 4. What great American marine painter is still living and working?



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

1. Octavius and Mark Antony representing the aristocracy of Rome, defeated in two battles. Brutus and Cassius, leaders of the republicans, both of them perished. This with other events, paved the way for the Empire. 2. A Roman legendary hero, born about 519 B. C. He is remembered chiefly for his military exploits. Called from his farm in 458 by the Senate to assume the dictatorship of the army. He conquered the Aequians, who had held the army captive, and in sixteen days finished his work and laid down his dictatorship. At the age of eighty he was again appointed dictator, successfully defeating the traitor Spurius Melius. 3. Caligula was the adopted son of Tiberius, whose death was in some measure attributed to him. He began his rule at twenty-five years of age and during his four years became cruel and licentious to the verge of madness. Claudius was grandson of Tiberius, feeble both in mind and body. Made Emperor by the pretorian guards. His ami-

able disposition was corrupted by his infamous wife and corrupt favorites. 4. Edward Gibbon. He had a varied experience of life. In his youth he spent a few months at Oxford followed by study under a private tutor at Lausanne, Switzerland. Served in the militia for seven years, was elected to parliament, and later retired to Lausanne, where he lived and wrote for the remainder of his life. 5. Cinna: A Roman general and statesman. Consul with Marius in 86 B. C. leader of the popular party against Sulla. Marius: A distinguished Roman general, who served in many campaigns in various parts of the Empire and held many civic positions. His rivalry with Sulla caused the first civil war in 88 B. C. He and Cinna captured Rome in 87 and proscribed the aristocrats. Sulla: An able Roman general. His rivalry with Marius led to the first civil war in Rome. He expelled the Marians and issued a sweeping proscription—the first of its kind in Roman history—a veritable reign of terror. Persons listed by him might be killed with impunity and their property confiscated and sold by public auction. Rewards were offered and no man's life was safe. 6. Three hundred years. 7. A collection of paintings by the gifted but eccentric painter Anton Joseph Wiertz. He painted some classic scenes, a Homeric battle, Polyphemus devouring the companions of Ulysses, etc. Others with moral purpose, namely a picture called Hunger, Madness, and Crime (to press the claims of orphanages), vision of a beheaded man (to protest against capital punishment), Napoleon in Hell (to illustrate the horrors of war), etc. The Museum which was formerly his country residence and studio, was purchased by the government after his death.

1. Adrian, or Hadrian VI. Pope from 1522-3. He was Vice Chancellor of the University of Louvain and tutor of Archduke Charles, later Charles V. He was Bishop of Tortosa and Grand Inquisitor of Aragon; Cardinal later for a time, regent of Spain. As pope he corrected some of the external abuses of the church, but failed to check the reformation. 2. The War of the Spanish Succession, between France on one side and Great Britain, Holland, Prussia, Savoy, and Portugal on the other, and acceded to by Spain. Philip V. (Bourbon) was confirmed as king of Spain but the crowns of France and Spain were never to be united. France recognized the Protestant succession in England. Holland was secured and the Spanish Netherlands ceded to Austria. 3. From the Latin *bullo*, a seal. 4. An Eastern romance by Beckford written in French and published in 1787. So called from the name of the hero. An English translation was published anonymously three years earlier and has superseded the original. 5. A twelfth night custom when the office of Bean King or Master of Ceremonies was filled by the one who found a bean in his part of the twelfth night cake. 6. The Family Concert, at the Art Institute, Chicago; Dutch Kermess, The Old Rat Comes to the Trap at Last, Metropolitan Museum; Family Scene, a Landscape and Figures, Family Fete, New York Historical Society. 7. Jacob Cats.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I must confess," said one of the Round Table delegates, "that about this time of year I feel the need of a mental change. I'm sometimes afraid that it's an evidence of fickle mindedness. I en-

joyed our historical book in the fall immensely, but now I seem to be tired of the history and am quite eager to get into our studies in literature and science." "Your experience is a good deal like mine," responded a New Yorker, "and I recently found at least a partial answer to my perplexity in a very suggestive new book by President King called 'The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life.' Let me quote these few lines:

"We are to expect from both physical and psychical conditions changing vital feelings, alternation of moods, altering power of attention and some consequent ebb and flow in conviction and in the sense of reality. We need not regard this as wholly a weakness; it is in part, at least, an evidence of the breadth of our nature."

"This is perhaps," said Pendragon, "one of the reasons why our Chautauqua Circle makes such a wide appeal. It provides for this fluctuation in our mental attitude, keeping us at the same time in one general line of study so that we may turn from history to literature or to art, as the case may be, and find that each tells a different aspect of the one story. We have all had the experience of finding a given book deadly dull when we are tired but when our minds are fresh or are stimulated by the influence of others we are astonished to see how much the book interests us. Don't be too exacting with yourselves. Make note of the thoughts that you want to remember and grow in your own natural way. Now we must hear from a new Circle at Monroe, Louisiana. They have all the ardor of youth!"

"The Monroe C. L. S. C. is a new Circle," replied the delegate. "We have some fourteen or fifteen members. Our membership embraces school teachers, bookkeepers, bankers, business men, and housewives. The 'Foundations of Modern Europe' has roused considerable interest among the students. The author has left the beaten paths and while many of our members do not agree with the opinions expressed, they are unanimous in the verdict that he is an original thinker and has made us think of things we never had thought of before. Ruskin tells us that that should be the goal of the author, and the author who merely makes us say, "That is just what I think," is a rank failure. A great diversity of opinion was expressed regarding the character of Napoleon. Most of us have been taught to regard Napoleon as an ambitious monster without a single redeeming quality. Since the study of this our first book, even the most sincere haters of Napoleon have modified their views regarding the man, while others are ardent admirers of the man's genius and his personal qualities, and consider him so far superior to the petty contemporary sovereigns that there can be no comparison. Some of our members expressed the well known fact, that the story of Napoleon, his rule, his power, his fall and degradation, is simply another picture of the fickleness of public favor. Our

Circle was unanimous in its expression of contempt for the reactionary measures following the downfall of Napoleon. We got an insight into the character of the rank and file of the Italian people as well as that of Cavour and Gambetta. Our conclusion regarding the characters who stand out so prominently during these various periods is, that any of these great characters are simply accentuated pictures of the people and conditions of the times in which they lived. The current events discussed have included the Presidential election, the Balkan question, and the 'calling down' of the German Emperor, much surprise being expressed over the emphatic manner in which the German people dared to express their disapproval. In the light of such events we have concluded that monarchy and monarchs are not such terribly irrepressible, unapproachable institutions after all. The above are only a few of the things we have considered. We are hampered somewhat in the fact that our little town 'suffers' from an over-supply of clubs, study sections, and organizations innumerable."



"We are an illustration," said the Dardanelle, Arkansas, delegate, "of a club which is no longer one of the 'over-supply' referred to by the Monroe delegate. We've been a Shakespeare Club for six years and our training as a club has given us twelve hard working members who have never enjoyed three months' work more than since we entered the charmed Circle of Chautauqua. The first chapter of the first book called for the most lively discussion and the severest criticisms, some of us thinking the American troops were not given proper credit in the author's treatment of the Revolutionary War. We got more real pleasure from the study of the chapters on Napoleon than from any others, but you know that is always a fascinating subject. The chapters on 'The Hollow-Land' were real eye-openers to some of us who had never given the subject much study or thought. One member who attended the St. Louis Exposition, is wishing she could have had Mr. Zug's Dutch Art studies before she went. We shall certainly make use of them the first time another World's Fair comes our way!"

"The Butler Circle of Missouri," remarked the next speaker, "is five years old. We have eighteen members and this year's work is considered the best yet. We feel sometimes that our lack of the artistic temperament keeps us from getting all we might from the Dutch Art and Artists, yet we give it due care in study and some of our members find it the most interesting subject in the course. Dr. Reich has presented an intricate and usually dull subject in a most interesting manner. His masterful grasp of historical data, his unprejudiced opinions, and his keen insight into the sequence of events have excited the admiration and favorable comment of

our members. The study of Napoleon has called forth discussions, and we have gained many new thoughts concerning this great world-character. The problems of how to interest more men in the Chautauqua work and how to establish and maintain a library have been discussed in the Circle without finding a solution."

"These are both live questions," commented Pendragon, "and the fact that large numbers of C. L. S. C. Circles have successfully organized and maintained public libraries may be emphasized for your encouragement. It is true also that in spite of the natural disposition in many cases to make the Chautauqua Circle purely a woman's club, the value of a mixed circle has outweighed all other considerations and the majority of the circles represent both men and women."

"I may say in passing," added the delegate of the Washington Circle of Brooklyn, New York, "that though I don't know how much we can claim in the way of the 'artistic temperament' we are finding great interest in the Dutch Art Studies. We have specialized upon them and are collecting pictures from various sources. We shall have quite an album for reference by the end of the year."

"We are a group of teachers, nine of us," reported a member from Marion, Alabama. "We feel as if the chief function of the first book of the course had been to take the wind out of our sails! but we learned some new and interesting facts. We are enjoying 'Seen in Germany' thoroughly and the magazine articles with the fine illustrations appeal to us greatly."

"Speaking of teachers," said a delegate from Tennessee, "I should like to mention that the members of the Bristol Teachers' Association have recently formed two flourishing Circles, one in Bristol, Virginia, and the other in Bristol, Tennessee. You shall hear more from us later."



"The Peace and War questions have stirred our fifteen members quite vigorously," reported the president of the Vincent Circle of Indianapolis. "Of course we are all enthusiastic advocates of peace but Professor Reich's book gave us some rather new points of view. The possibility that war might at times be preferable to peace was pressed upon us so ardently in one of our discussions that, shall I tell it?—a member confessed that being pugilistically inclined, she had about decided to keep on cherishing the fighting spirit! We found 'Foundations of Modern Europe' so interesting that we were sorry to come to the end."

"You will see from the following list of our occupations," said the delegate from Antwerp, New York, "that we are likely to have a good deal of variety in our points of view. Our music teacher, for instance, has traveled abroad and gives us many interesting

personal recollections, business men and teachers, housekeepers, clerks, and one dressmaker, all show various aptitudes. We've kept a good many of the old school traditions in our Circle with spelling and pronunciation matches, quizzes with books closed, etc., map reviews, written character studies, and an illuminating book review of 'Emile.' Visitors now and then drop in on us from other towns, on which occasions we try not to make our 'serious' methods seem discouraging for they are wonderfully stimulating to us! We have found great interest and pleasure in the study of the unusual words in 'Foundations of Modern Europe.'"



"As the Avon, New York, C. L. S. C. has not been represented at the Round Table for some time, I should like to report for 'The Invincibles,' as we are known locally," said the delegate. "We anticipated the ringing of the Bryant bell and 'had our ear to the earth,' its echo finding us fully organized. Seven of our members of last year's Circle were at Chautauqua Assembly last summer and their glowing accounts have increased the interest in Chautauqua so that the membership of our Circle has grown from eighteen to twenty-eight. We meet in the homes of members the second and fourth Monday evening of each month. A committee is appointed to arrange a program for each meeting, which is confined for the most part to the subjects covered by the required readings. An interesting, and we think valuable, feature of our system is the friendly competition for points during the season (the circle being equally divided for the purpose) as it insures regular and prompt attendance, reading done up to date of each meeting and a literary treat in quotations at roll call. A rule in connection therewith which provides that any member who refuses to do any regular work assigned shall lose two points has worked admirably. Points are made by attendance, being present at roll call, responding with quotation from the designated author, and having reading done to date; each member being able to make four points at each meeting.

"The interest in our meetings is such that it takes more than stormy nights or muddy roads to keep members away. You may laugh at my allusion to muddy roads, but I am sure you will not when I tell you that we have three farmers and their wives in our circle, one of whom has to drive six miles to meetings.

"We have been intensely interested in 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' but are not fully in accord with the views of the author. At a recent meeting four of our members debated the question, 'Resolved, that the influence of Napoleon I is beneficial to the world,' in which the author of the above mentioned work was severely criticised for his defence of the character and acts of Napoleon and leading Frenchmen of his day.

"Our programs are varied, but follow quite closely the subjects treated in the required reading. A critic reports at the close of each meeting on the deportment, etymology, superfluous words, etc., of the members. A little time is given each meeting to the discussion of current events in Europe, a field that has been prolific with events of interest to the student of history this winter. As an illustration of the range of subjects covered at our meetings I give herewith the program for December 14th: Miss C. gave a paper on 'The Unity of Italy;' Mr. G. briefly reviewed the history of the world peace movement; Miss C. led the discussion of the effects of the reaction of the war spirit in Europe, assisted by Rev. Mr. M. on 'The Benefits,' and Miss M. on 'The Effect on Music, Literature and Art,' which was followed by a general discussion; Miss H. gave a paper on 'The French Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and President P. gave a synopsis of a lecture delivered by Mr. Horace Fletcher before the Seventh District Dental Association at Rochester on 'Scientific Nutrition.'

"We have invited a member of the faculty of a Rochester institution of learning to address us at an early meeting on 'Conservation of Our National Resources—Human Life,' so we are widening our interests in many ways."

"Our study of 'Man and the Earth,'" said Pendragon, promises to touch many new fields well worth exploring. I note in closing, this report from Vineland, New Jersey, which refers to the Circle's study of conditions relating to the peat industry in this country. Many of you may be able to bring to the Round Table reports of local geological conditions unfamiliar to the rest of us. Don't forget it!



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON MAN AND THE EARTH.

CHAPTER I. EARTH AND MAN.

1. Show how as man becomes more civilized his use of iron increases. 2. To what extent is this true of other metals? 3. Show how substances unknown to the ancients have become most important in our time. 4. In what different ways is modern man taxing the resources of the earth? 5. How is this illustrated by the soils in certain countries? 6. Why is it a battle "with one of the inevitables?" 7. Why is man likely to remain upon the earth for a long time? 8. What possible increase in population may be anticipated? 9. Show how the different continents may or may not support a much larger population. 10. How are we to maintain the fertility of the soil necessary to the support of a great population?

CHAPTER II. THE FUTURE OF POWER.

1. What economic feature of our time most clearly separates our culture from that of the ancients? 2. What are the different kinds of solar energy available for man? 3. What possibilities

can we foresee in the use of wind? 4. How is the future of water power likely to bring about great changes? 5. What advantages will be found in the rivers in man's future quest for power? 6. Why is the tide likely to become important as a source of energy? 7. Why cannot the inner heat of the earth be utilized by man? 8. What seems likely to be the future of the forests? 9. What relation has peat to the future problem of power? 10. How and in what forms are the various compounds of carbon stored in the earth? 11. Why are these compounds of carbon not to be relied upon indefinitely? 12. What is true as to the amount and distribution of petroleum? 13. What future value will the beds of shale have?

CHAPTER III. THE EXHAUSTION OF METALS.

1. How did the ingenuity of man's ancestors compare with that of the birds and insects? 2. How would the exhaustion of metals affect man's needs for domestic and transportation purposes? 3. What are the most important of our metals and why? 4. Give a brief account of the iron fields of the United States. 5. Why is the world's supply of iron not likely to be increased from the resources of Australia, Africa, and South America? 6. What is the general outlook for the iron supply? 7. What is likely to be the case with copper, and why? 8. In what respects does aluminum seem to offer an admirable substitute for these metals? 9. What difficulties stand in the way of its use? 10. What has been the effect of the increased production of gold? 11. Why has silver become "a very pauper among the metals?" 12. Why are lead and tin not likely to hold their own in the future? 13. Why are mercury and platinum of great service to civilization? 14. What is likely to be the future of sulphur? 15. Why may we be hopeful regarding nitrates in spite of their lack in the earth? 16. What of the question of the transmutation of metals?

CHAPTER IV. THE UNWON LANDS.

1. What proportion of the present uncultivated land of the earth has been reclaimed by engineering processes? 2. Why do the arid wastes seem geologically "temporary?" 3. Why are desert soils often unfit for tillage when first irrigated? 4. Why do they require more water than soils supplied by rainfall? 5. Why are these soils more likely to be permanently fertile? 6. What parts of the world are most favorable to irrigation and why? 7. How is the subject of irrigation related to race development? 8. Compare Africa and Australia with respect to possible irrigation. 9. Compare the two Americas. 10. What are the great valleys in the United States which lend themselves to irrigation? 11. Show how these compare in importance and why. 12. How great will be the food bearing capacity of these soils in the future? 13. By what other means will the food supply be still further increased? 14. What gains to the earth and man will ultimately result from extensive irrigation?

CHAPTER V. LAND FROM THE WATERS.

1. From what natural causes is much land too wet for agricultural purposes? 2. Of how large a proportion of the earth's surface is this true? 3. What attempts have been made in Europe to reclaim this land? 4. Show how great are the possibilities of winning land along the sea shore. 5. How may land be won from the large rivers? 6. How are peat morasses formed? 7. What

are climbing bogs? 8. To what countries are they limited and why? 9. To what extent may land be won from drainable lakes?

CHAPTER VI. THE PROBLEM OF THE NILE.

1. How did the situation of the Nile Valley protect its population from invasions? 2. Describe the characteristics of this great river. 3. Why did the people of this region become agriculturists? 4. What ancient conditions still exist? 5. Why is British rule in Egypt likely to have a free hand? 6. Describe in general the engineering works so far undertaken. 7. Show how the rise of the Nile is affected by different kinds of currents. 8. How greatly could the cultivable regions of Egypt be extended? 9. Show how effectively the Nile water could be stored at various points. 10. How far would storage be possible in the eastern tributaries? 11. What possibilities for power does the river suggest? 12. Why is this kind of power especially needed in Egypt? 13. How large a population will the country in future be able to sustain? 14. What is the nature of the Egyptians? 15. How are they adapted to British rule?

CHAPTER VII. THE MAINTENANCE OF THE SOIL.

1. How is the soil coating formed? 2. Why is it important that this soil should be allowed to move seaward in some measure? 3. What destructive agencies affect the soil as soon as it is subjected to tillage? 4. Show how in America we have been especially prodigal in our waste of the soil. 5. What should be the first step in the effort to check the waste of soil? 6. How modern is the practice of enriching the soil with mineral fertilizers? 7. Describe the progress from the use of guano to rock fertilization. 8. How did the rocks accumulate these fertilizing elements? 9. What concentrated phosphates are at present available and where? 10. What will be available when these are exhausted? 11. What does this indicate as to the obligations of governments toward the soil?

CHAPTER VIII. THE RESOURCES OF THE SEA.

1. How is the ocean constantly reinforced with inorganic matter and how much does it receive? 2. How does the ocean vegetation compare with that of the land? 3. How abundant is the animal life of the sea? 4. How far do we at present make use of this life for food? 5. How may this food supply be increased? 6. Show how this has been done and how it may be further extended. 7. How may the study of sea life be conducted advantageously by our government? 8. Why is it possible that the seal industry may be largely developed? 9. How may the breeding of sea birds help to supply the needs of man?

CHAPTER IX. THE CHANGES TO COME IN THE HUMAN PERIOD.

1. How do our human measurements of time compare with those which relate to geologic changes? 2. For how many years is it possible that the human body has kept its general shape? 3. How far is this fixity of structure been noted in other organic series? 4. What interesting fact is illustrated by the crayfish? 5. In what respect are we to look for the greatest changes in the nature of man? 6. What great differences already exist among men and why are we slow to recognize them? 7. What general conditions indicate that the man of the future will be a "world power"? 8. Illustrate this by our growing attitude toward disease? 9. How does the earth compare with some other planets in "youthfulness"? 10. What great changes in climate has the human race already experienced? 11. What other changes does it seem likely

will occur? 12. Why does it seem probable that the continents will be enlarged? 13. What is to be expected from the volcanoes of the future and why?

CHAPTER X. THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.

1. How is it evident that the sense of beauty exists in the lower animals? 2. What is true of the esthetic instinct in the mammalia below man? 3. How do the earliest primitive men show this same lack? 4. What strange fact in this connection is noted as man develops? 5. Show how slowly and yet steadily man's sense of the beauty of landscape has developed. 6. What practical steps have been taken in many directions to preserve this beauty? 7. How may we feel assured that the possibilities of beauty in the earth will not suffer at the hands of the future man?

CHAPTER XI. THE FUTURE OF NATURE UPON THE EARTH.

1. How numerous are the organic species of plants and animals upon the earth? 2. What is the nature of their relation to each other? 3. How is this illustrated in the case of weeds? 4. What is likely to be the future of the back-boned animal world? 5. What are the great dangers from the insect world? 6. Why is man of this age morally bound to preserve specimens of forms likely to become extinct? 7. What species among the insects are most important to the psychologist? 8. Illustrate the danger of extinction of valuable birds. 9. Which of the mammals seem liable to be extinguished? 10. What peculiar importance has the elephant? 11. What reasons demand our preservation of many of the higher forms of animal life?

CHAPTERS XII AND XIII. THE LAST OF THE EARTH AND MAN, CONCLUSION.

1. What length of life do scientists give to the sun and why? 2. What is the general result of the earth's loss of heat? 3. How do the tides affect the movement of the earth? 4. How many years does it seem probable, are still ahead of our earth? 5. What question has been raised as to the supply of oxygen and carbon? 6. How is the loss of the latter made good? 7. What seems probably true of oxygen? 8. What questions as to the heat and cold of space have been discussed by geologists? 9. How is the fear of comets practically disposed of? 10. Discuss the dangers from meteorites. 11. What is the probable situation regarding planetoids and their kind? 12. What may we conjecture as to the character of the future men of our earth?



Esperanto News

The layman is often puzzled to know why some testimony is acceptable to the court while other is rejected and also why one item will appear almost simultaneously in all the newspapers of the United States to the exclusion of others. The first case is regulated by the law of evidence, the second by what the United Press considers as "news."

The introduction of Esperanto into the United States, the taking up of Esperanto by institutions of learning, the holding of conventions, the election of national officers, etc., were "news" at the time of their occurrence, and as such were chronicled by the United Press.

But now, Esperanto has become an established fact, therefore, its continued existence, to steady growth as proved by the fact that one or two hundred new members are joining the Esperanto Association of North America every month (271 last month), not taking into account the greater number who become interested without taking the trouble to join the association, etc., in short all that pertains to its regular existence is taken as a matter of course, and this ceases to be "news."

On the other hand, the death of Esperanto would be "news" and when five men, for reasons best known to themselves, decided by a vote of three to two to abandon Esperanto for something else, just as some people will take up Postum in place of coffee, and then sent word to the United Press that Esperanto was dead because the whole of New York had repudiated it, the press published the announcement broadcast, because it would have been "news," if true.

Not only is the Esperanto Association of North America progressing in a very satisfactory manner but the fairness and broadness of its constitution is attracting the attention of Esperantists all over the world and even now federations similar to our State Associations are forming all over Europe so that every country will soon have a regular Esperanto organization which will greatly facilitate international agreements.

PROGRAM SECOND ESPERANTO CONGRESS.

Chautauqua, N. Y., August 9 to August 14, 1909.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

Opening of reception headquarters. Examination for diplomas.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8.

Esperanto Service, 3 p. m. Higgins Hall.

MONDAY, AUGUST 9.

Opening of Congress, Auditorium, 11 a. m.

Raising of Esperanto Flag, College Hill, 2 p. m.

Council meeting, E. A. of N. A., College, 4 p. m.

Esperanto Concert, Auditorium, 8 p. m.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10.

Divisional meeting E. A. of N. A., 9 a. m.

Main Address, Auditorium, 2 p. m.

Amateur theatricals, Higgins Hall, 8 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11.

Caucus of Esperantists, Higgins Hall, 2 p. m.

Esperanto Play (professionals), Celoron Theater, 8 p. m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12.

Election of New Council and Officers, Higgins Hall, 2 p. m.

Dance, Lakewood Club, 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.

Business meeting, Closing of Congress, Higgins Hall, 2 p. m.

Informal reception, Higgins Hall, 8 p. m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

Excursion to Niagara Falls, 7 a. m.

ESPERANTO.

La infano reiras al la komodo, li haltas antaŭ la spegulo, Lia kombilo kaj lia harbroso kuŝas sur la komodo, li prenas la kombilon, li kombas sian hararon antaŭen, posten kaj flanken, li brosas ĝin per la harbroso, li dislimas la hararon, li glatigas la hararon, li metas la kombilon kaj la broson sur la komodon.	The child goes back to his bureau, he stops in front of the mirror, his comb and brush lie upon the bureau. he takes his comb, he combs his hair in front, behind and on the side, he brushes it with the hair brush, he parts his hair, he smooths his hair, he puts the comb and the brush upon the bureau.
Li iras al sia kamero, li prenas paron da ŝuoj el la kamero, li sidigas sur seĝon, li metas la ŝuojn planken, li senvestas la pantoflojn, li piedvestas la ŝuojn.	He goes to his closet, he takes a pair of shoes from his closet, he sits down on a chair, he puts his shoes on the floor, he takes off his slippers he puts on his shoes.
Li levigas, li metas la piedon sur la seĝon, li prenas la laĉojn, li tiras la laĉojn, li laĉas unu ŝuon kaj poste la alian, li portas la pantoflojn en la kaneron.	He rises, he puts his foot on a chair, he takes the laces, he pulls the shoestrings, he laces one shoe and then the other, he carries his slippers into his closet.
Lia veŝto dependas de hoko en la kamero, li decroĉas la veŝton, li brosas ĝin per balaileto, li pasigas la dekstran brakon trans la dekstra armtruo, li pasigas la maldekstran brakon trans la maldekstra armtruo, li kunigas la ekstremajojn de sia veŝto.	His vest hangs from a hook in his closet, he takes down his vest, he brushes it with the whiskbroom, he passes the right arm through the right armhole, he passes the left arm through the left armhole, he joins the sides of his vest.
Por fari tion: li prenas la unuan butonon, li pasigas la unuan butonon trans la unua butontruo, li ellasas la unuan butonon, li butonumas la duan sammaniere, li butonumas la trian, li butonumas sian veŝton de la supro ĝis la malsupro, kaj la veŝto kovras la supron de lia korpo.	To do this: he takes the first button, he passes the first button through the first buttonhole, he lets go the first button, he buttons the second like the first, he buttons the third, he buttons his vest from top to bottom, and the vest covers the top of his body.
Lia veŝto ankaŭ dependas de hoko en la kamero, li decroĉas la veŝton, li brosas ĝin, kaj li surmetas ĝin.	His coat also hangs from a hook in his closet, he takes down the coat, he brushes it, and he puts it on.

- Li de nove alproksimigas sin al la kmodo,
 li prenas puran poŝtukon,
 li metas ĝin en la malantaŭan poŝon de sia pantalono,
 Li prenas tondileton el tondilingo
 li detondas la ungojn,
 li purigas ilin per la pinto de sia ungofajlilo,
 li fajlas lin,
 li poluras ilin per polurilo,
 li pretigas sin forlasi la ĉambro.
- La infano malsupreniras en la salonon,
 li renkontas tie la patro kaj la patrino,
 li sin direktas al la dua,
 li kisas ŝin,
 li deziras al ŝi bonan matenon,
 poste li iras kisi la patron,
 kiu demandas al li
 kiel li sanas.
- Dume,
 la servistino metas la matenmanĝon sur la tablon,
 ŝi jetas jastan ripidan rigardon sur la tablon,
 ŝi igas sin certa
 ke ĉiu afero estas sur ĝia loko
 tiam ŝi sciigas
 ke la matenmanĝo estas preta.
- ili entasas en la manĝoĉambron,
 ili prenas placonje la tablo,
 ili kunmetas la manojn,
 ili kilmas la kapon,
 kaj la patro elparolas la benon.
- Post la preĝo ili prenas iliajn buŝtukojn,
 ili tiras ilin el la turkoringoj,
 ili malfaldas ilin,
 ili etendas ilin sur iliajn genuojn.
- Estas melonetoj sur la tablo,
 Tiujĉi melonoj estas duone tranĉitaj,
 ili estas plenigita per pistita glacio,
 ili leŝtis la tutan nokton en la glacikesto,
 tial ili estas tute malvarmaj kaj tre malsatigantaj.
- La patro al li proponas melonon, dirante,
 "Ĉu vi deziras melonon?"
 La infano respondas,
 "Jes, patro, mi petas."
- He again draws near his bureau,
 he takes a clean handkerchief,
 he puts it in the hind pocket of his trousers.
 He takes a small pair of scissors from the scissors-case,
 he clips his finger nails,
 he cleans them with the point of his nail-file,
 he cleans them,
 he polishes them with the polisher,
 he gets ready to leave the room.
- The child goes down to the parlor,
 he meets there his father and mother,
 he goes to the latter,
 he kisses her,
 he wishes her good morning,
 then he goes to kiss his father,
 who asks him
 how he is.
- Meanwhile
 the maid serves breakfast,
 she casts a last rapid glance upon the table,
 she makes sure
 that everything is in place,
 then she announces
 that breakfast is ready.
- They pass into the dining-room,
 they take places at the table,
 they fold their hands,
 they bow their heads,
 and the father says grace.
- After the prayer they take their napkins,
 they take them from their rings,
 they unfold them,
 they spread them upon their knees.
- There are small melons upon the table,
 these melons are cut in halves,
 they are filled with crushed ice,
 they stayed all night in the icebox,
 therefore they are quite cold and very appetizing.
- His father offers some melon by saying,
 "Do you want any melon?"
 The child answers,
 "Yes, father, please."

La patro prenas duonon da melono,
metas ĝin sur teleron,
kaj pasigas ĝin al la infano,
kiu diras,
"Mi dankas vin, patro."

The father takes half a melon,
puts it on a plate,
and passes it to the child,
who says,
"Thank you, father."

La servistino metas la sukerujon pro-
ksime de la infano,
tiu ĉi ŝutas la glacieron la teleron,
prenas pulvoran sukeron,
li supersutas la melonon per sukero.

The maid places the sugar bowl near the
child,
the latter pours the ice into his plate,
he takes some powdered sugar,
he sprinkles his melon with sugar.

Li prenas la kulereton,
li malkunigas la maturan fruktokarnon
de la melano,
portas plenegan kuleron da frukotokarno
al la buŝo,
ĝuas de la ĝusto,
li mangas ĝin,
li daŭrigas sammaniere,
li mangas la tutan maturan parton,
li lasas la nematuran parton.

He takes his small spoon,
he reaches the ripe flesh of the melon,
carries a spoonful of it to his mouth,
he relishes the taste,
he eats it,
he keeps on in the same way,
he eats all of the ripe part,
he leaves the green part.

Talk About Books

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN COUNTIES, TOWNS, AND VILLAGES. John A. Farlie, Ph. D., University of Michigan. Pp. 289. 7¼x5¼. The Century Company. \$1.25 net.

This book has one part devoted to historical matter, one each to the county and to minor divisions, and one to state supervision in local affairs. The book is systematic, admirably clear, and valuable as an examination of existing conditions. If it points the way to improvement at all, it does so by inevitable comparisons, and by records of actual workings. It is a candid study of things as they are.

THE SENSE OF THE INFINITE. Oscar Kuhns. Pp. 365. 7¼x7¼. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

Professor Oscar Kuhns, of Wesleyan University, is known to Chautauquans by "Studies in the Poetry of Italy" and more lately by "A Reading Journey through Switzerland." They will be the more interested, therefore, in his present attempt to show the influence of the idealistic, the transcendental, the mystical, in the best of what men call literature, old and new, in religion, and in the really individual experiences of personal life. All who know Professor Kuhns either personally or by his writings will easily believe him when he says that this has been "a labor of love" and that his first concern was "to convince himself." He has brooded much and been little eager for publication. The ideas, sentiments, attitudes of mind which he describes have become part of the texture of his own

thought, in affirmation or negation; and a quiet enthusiasm runs into even the passages which must be deliberately critical or expository. The book is to be admired for its exclusions as well as for what it attempts. Formal philosophy, theology, and the findings of modern science are not pertinent to it; neither is the mysticism of the Orient. It would show simply how the makers of what we hold high as literature from Plato down to the great figures of the Renaissance period and so on to Browning and Emerson, were moved by a personal sense of realities infinite and out of sight. This is done intelligibly, convincingly, and in a way to illumine a great deal in the study of literature. One of William Vaughn Moody's best passages is quoted to illustrate that the principle is not dead in our own time. That it is rooted in the common thought of the common people is proved by the eagerness of many to run pathetically after a deceiver like John Alexander Dowie. This, however, is only by the way.

The chapter on the Renaissance alone would make the book worth while.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS. Waldo Pondray Warren. Pp. 237. 7¼x5¼. Forbes & Co. Chicago. \$1.25.

This book is better than it looks. While it is no more cheaply bound nor cheaply printed than the average, yet the publishers have given it an unattractive appearance. Uneven paging, entire lack of ornamental heads or initials and also of effective spacing and typography, give one a dissatisfied feeling in handling the book. The contents are well worth reading. They have enough of humor and of grace to claim the attention and enough of substance to repay it. The brief discussion of points, originally written as editorials, are like a modernized Poor Richard's Almanac for their wisdom and for their insistence on the normal foundation of success. "Think Big," "Play Fair," "Please," "Waiting in the Anteroom," "The Contagion of Littleness" are among the titles.

SCOTTISH TOASTS. By Ivor Ben McIvor. And **IRISH TOASTS.** By Shane Na Gael. Pp. III. 6x5. H. M. Caldwell Co. New York. Each 50c.

Plaid and shamrock designs cover these two attractive looking little volumes and the pages have pretty margins. The contents are not great in quantity but various in quality. The most that can ordinarily be hoped of such volumes is that here and there a bit will have both humor and a meaning. The two volumes in question realize this hope. That the maudlin finds its way in, too, might almost be presumed from the titles.

ON THE WITNESS STAND. Hugo Münsterberg. Pp. 269. 7½x5¼. The McClure Co. \$1.50.

This is confessedly an adventure into new fields. Upon its main thesis it is very convincing, namely, that in the weighing and even

in the procuring of evidence, courts and juries might profit greatly by the advice of the psychologist, and that ill-grounded resistance to the use of available science in this direction must soon break down. By examples readily intelligible to the lay mind, it is illustrated how illusions and tricks of memory vitiate the testimony of intentionally faithful witnesses and how the psychologist could often detect these. A witness will testify that a gown seen in late twilight was red, while every psychologist knows that under the conditions red could not be distinguished; or that a sound came from in front whereas the sense of hearing registers no difference between sounds ahead and those behind the subject. It is shown that the sincerity of an accused person may be tested by the well established methods of the "associationists," when he professes to know nothing about a matter or when he professes to be disclosing his full knowledge. The danger of attaching too much value to confessions is well set forth, and the preposterousness of extracting confession by methods of suggestion and of cruel insistence. Under such treatment an innocent person is quite as likely to "confess" as a guilty. By human methods the psychologist is able to elude the knowledge of the subject, or to detect the wilful suppression of it.

This book, while only part of an intended larger work on "Applied Psychology" gives evidence of the unlimited pains for which the best of German investigators are provided. It betrays, too, some of the typical slowness to appreciate absurdity in one's own processes which has made German science, with all its achievements, often a source of amusement. If Professor Münsterberg asks his students what certain marks look like and one replies "hair in curling papers," while another says "a skunk on a log" (not a small dog, which would be sober and undiverting, but a *skunk*); it does not occur to him apparently, that the mind of American youth is perverse for humor's sake. So when he asks the size of the moon, he does not rule out as lacking seriousness the testimony which says "as large as a *lemon* pie." Maybe he thinks only a great psychologist would reflect that a custard pie or any other variety might be of equal proportions and so takes the answer as delightfully naive. In his chapter on the prevention of crime he shows very elaborately that after a moderate dose of alcohol "motor reactions have become easier," "apperception worse," "the whole ideational interplay has suffered, the inhibitions are reduced, the merely mechanical superficial connections control the mind and the intellectual processes are slow." "Is it necessary to point out," he asks, "that every one of these changes favors crime?" And yet he sounds the same warning against abstinence which appears in his recent article in *McClure's* and which David Starr Jordan characterizes as "arrant rot," namely, that to forget the evils of monotony is

dangerous, that man was intended to escape occasionally from dull routine, and that if to become occasionally intoxicated were denied, man would surely and of necessity find more harmful avenues of escape. It is difficult of course for the lay mind to follow the thinking of a great scientist and we cannot wholly account for the professor's logic here. Perhaps he is somewhat less severely logical on account of his own wine cellar, which he intimates was so well stocked that burglars who entered the house through the cellar door were diverted from doing much in the upper stories.

There can hardly be a field bearing at all directly on practical life, in which freedom from vagaries would be more difficult than in Professor Münsterberg's present one; and on the whole he shows himself an enemy of vagaries. We repeat, he is very convincing as to the main thesis; and unless judges and lawyers know more of his subject than he gives them credit for, we wish they might all read his book.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOR. By Hutchins Hapgood. Duffield & Company. N. Y. Pp. 410. 7½x5¼. \$1.50.

Of the types of character presented in this book the average polite reader has no intimate first-hand knowledge. Their way of thinking and speaking is likely to give him a strong shock now and then. Yet if he is healthy enough to desire understanding of realities in the life of American citizens, he will be held fast by the book and will be glad at the end that he has read it. For it has the unmistakable marks of artistic sincerity and of first-hand knowledge which give value to such revelation as it makes.

We question the use of so representative a title. Labor when most demonstrative and aggressive may frequently show the "Spirit" which Mr. Hapgood illustrates; but he admits that he had conscious difficulty in finding a type for his hero and it may be doubted whether labor is fairly represented by virile graduates from hoboism on the one hand and "anaemic" degenerates from the working grade to the grade of parasites on the other, all of whom have by common consent abolished the traditional forms of morality and know virtue only in its elemental forms. We have said that the existence of these types is undoubted; but that they represent labor in a broadly significant way is doubtful. We are still able to fancy the typical American workman as one who knows things are not wholly as they should be, who believes in a better future, but who meanwhile respects even capital if it is fair under the existing code, and who knows it is "not yet established that a man is a fool if he believes in God."

Certain undeniable tendencies in human nature and many significant facts regarding labor do strongly show in the book; and the thoughtful reader who does not mistake the occasional and the circumstantial for the fundamental will get only good from it.

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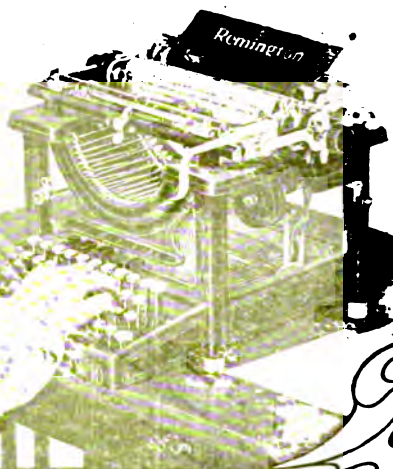
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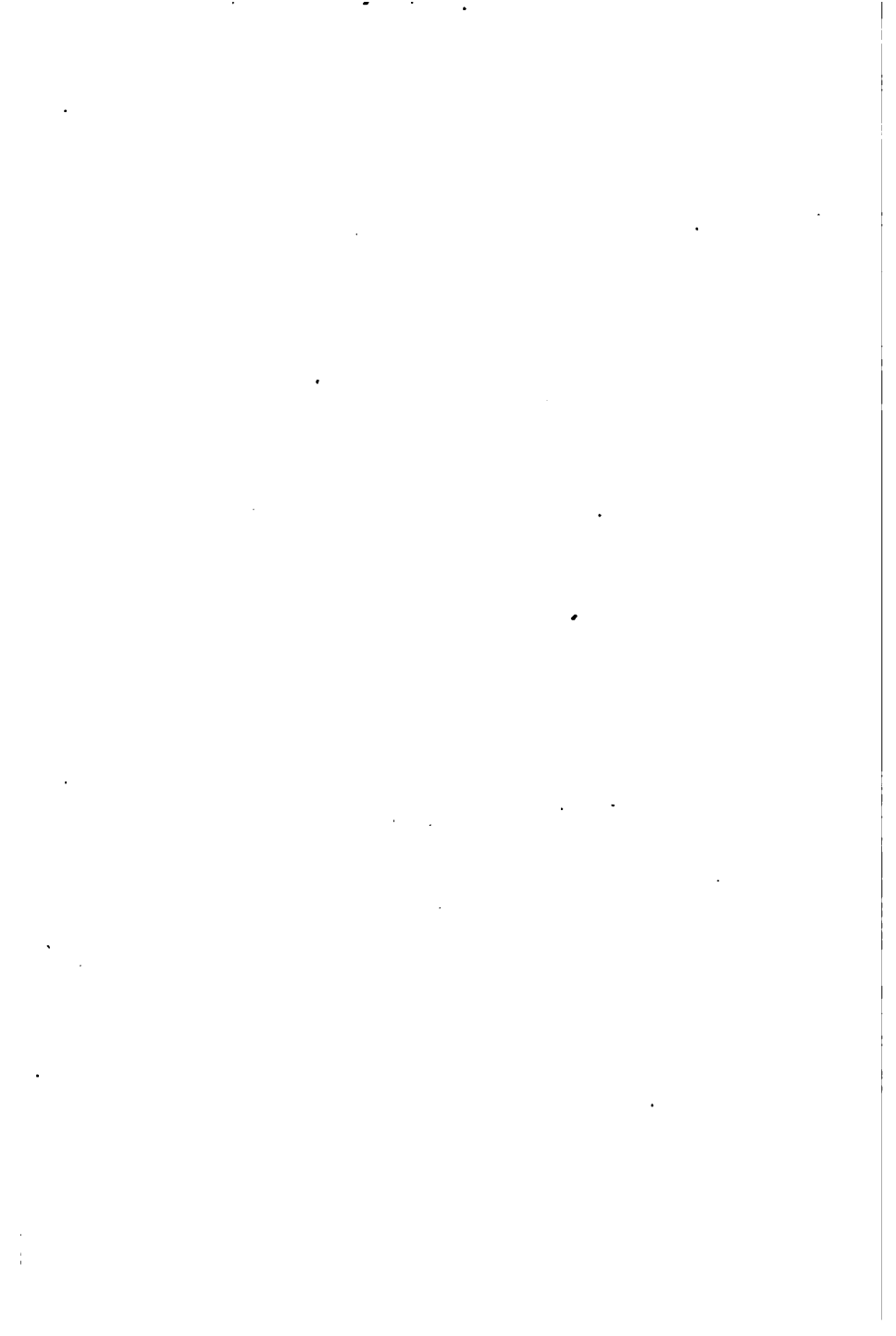
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